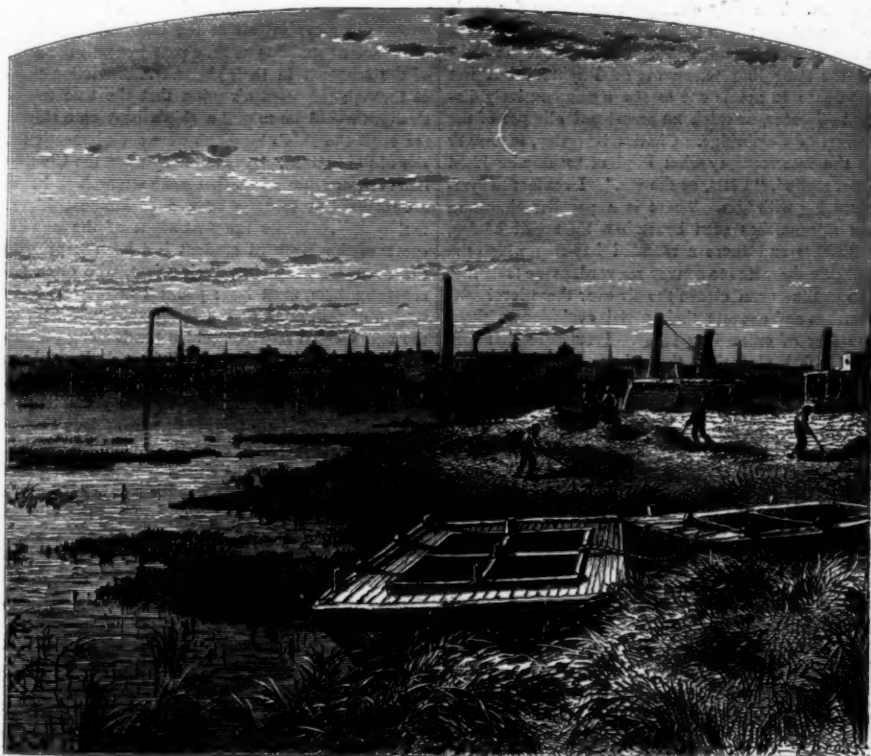


APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

CHARLES RIVER.

COMPARED with the great rivers of our continent, it is an insignificant rivulet; yet on its banks live two great American poets. The spires of Harvard University can be seen across its marshes, and Mount Auburn, the City of the Dead, where repose the eloquent statesman, the great jurist, the graceful

high tide. The citizens of Cambridge do not enjoy their river. There are no pleasant walks along its banks, no Lindenstrasse, no pleasant seats where one can see the moonlight tremble on the ripples, as there are at many places you and I can remember on the Rhine. After leaving Watertown it flows through



THE CHARLES, WITH VIEW OF CHARLESTOWN.

poet, and the great mathematician, rises steeply from its edge. It is a winding streamlet through New England hills and meadows, until it reaches Watertown, about three miles from Cambridge; there it escapes from a broad dam, forming a shallow river of thirty or forty feet in breadth, and gradually widens as it flows on its way to the sea. At Cambridge it is nearly one hundred feet in width at

salt-marshes and beside banks covered with tenements, the inhabitants of which do not recognize that they live on reclaimed ground, and still insist upon calling the locality "The Mash." Indeed, a poet would see little that was poetical in strolling along the banks of the Charles. There are stretches of low wooden tenements huddled together higgledy-piggledy: houses with no paint, and houses with a

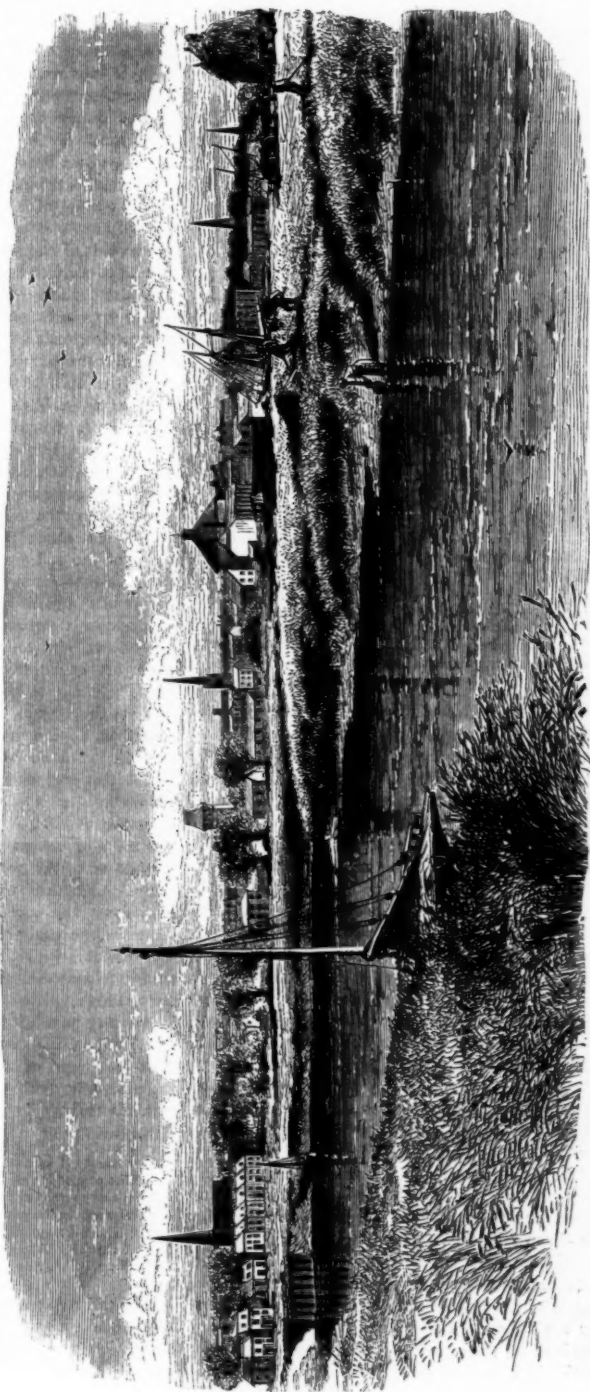
great deal of paint; flocks of ducks quarreling in pools of muddy water; goats upon door-steps; women haggling at the rear of butcher-wagons; boys, black and white, playing base-ball in open lots; and clothes-lines with bits of red and white color here and there. It is only when the stroller along the banks nears Boston that the river assumes a romantic aspect. He who lingers on West Boston Bridge at twilight then sees a sight which few cities in America can equal; the spires of the churches rise across a beautiful inland bay, and seem like the notes of a bar of music. Giotto's tower is there. In the moonlight, with the long row of twinkling lights at the base of the shadowy pinnacles and turrets, one thinks of Venice.

Charles River, however, possesses a charm of its own, and the way to enjoy it is to take a boat and float from Watertown to Cambridge through the salt-marshes. The only conditions necessary for one's enjoyment are: it must be high tide, and if there is a fog, it must be thick enough to shut out the sight of the straggling tenements of Brighton, but not too dense to enable one to see a comparatively distant schooner, or catch an occasional glimpse of the towers of Cambridge. Charles Kingsley, in answer to the interrogatory what kind of scenery he liked best, replied, "Flats, or the sea." I confess to sympathizing with him. There is a peculiar charm in the salt-marshes seen beneath a light veil of fog, with here and there a rounded hay-rick which the full tide threatens to convey seaward. One feels that the swallows can cleave the air over these level salt-marshes and execute their aerial evolutions without the fear of entangling twigs. I suppose that you and I feel also that there is a breadth here in which we can stretch our arms without the fear of knocking over the modern *bric-à-brac* of our surroundings. One must float on the tide to enjoy these marshes—locomotion, indeed, would be difficult, if not impossible. At Brighton the river quickly loses its fresh-water aspect. The salt-grass grows ranker; the occasional reach of flowering grasses, the patches of golden-rod, if in autumn, are swept back by the waves of the dark olive-green grass of the salt-marsh, to the distant uplands, the waters of which are fringed with trees waiting for some artistic eye which shall catch their grouping and suppress the pronounced American villas which peep forth in new paint here and there. In a fog, however, one cannot see these villas. At Brighton there is a wooden bridge which crosses the stream obliquely. Beneath this bridge the freshman from yonder university is apt to get his first involuntary bath in the turbid water of the Charles—for one must know how to guide a wherry through the narrow opening between the piers. The tide flows under the bridge with considerable force, and sweeps light cockle-boats first against the plank sheathing on one side, then against the bare, oozing piles on the other. At this point, about five miles from Boston and from the sea, is the head of navigation. Here, at a neighboring wharf, one frequently sees coasting-schooners drawn up to be unladen of wood and

lumber. How they get so far inland is at first a mystery, for the river is very narrow and winding. I remember one moonlight evening to have seen a schooner, with only her main-sail set, flying through the salt-marshes, her hull concealed beneath the banks of the river. Her masts and rigging swiftly penetrated the light wreaths of fog which were gathered here and there. Not a sound was to be heard. Here, indeed, was a spectral ship worthy to be classed with those apparitions which once terrified the phlegmatic Dutchmen of New Amsterdam. The shrill whistle of a little tug soon dispelled the illusion. These coasting-vessels, on a near view, are unpoetical objects. An odor of cooking comes up from a dingy hatchway; a rusty smoke-pipe sends a faint wreath of smoke amid the tarred rigging; and a dog, saddened by his confined life, sits upon the cabin-roof. In the early evening the swarthy captain leans over the taffrail and smokes his pipe, and gazes with a cynical air at the half-nude figures of the Harvard students as they pass beneath the stern of the schooner in their shells. A conviction passes through the seaman's mind that the true test of strength would be to pull a ship's boat on a stormy sea until the ship's topmasts were sunk beneath the rim of the horizon. A little delay upon the Charles, however, convinces him that some strength and skill are required to manage even a cockle-boat like a racing-shell. While the first sight of the aquatic sports of the Harvard student is a keen surprise to the down-East captains, their wives, who often accompany them, must have poetical memories of the stretch of salt-moor, of the shadowy city towers, of the lights which rest like golden beads along the distant uplands at night, and of the nebulous gleam of the great metropolis at the mouth of the river. Many an Evangelist, doubtless, with a romantic life-history, has sailed up this creek unconscious that in yonder lordly mansion, beneath spreading elms, but a short distance from the river's bank, resides a poet who could glorify the rude incidents of her life. The faces of these women, as they gaze over the schooners' rails, have great possibilities. Sailing through salt-marshes under the safe convoy of a tug, with the distant song of birds, and an occasional waft of the fragrance of fresh fields and blossoming orchards, must appeal far more powerfully to feminine hearts than the rough and stormy seas over which they have come.

After leaving Brighton, one floats beneath the tower of Mount Auburn. Across a neighboring field the great cemetery begins, and the hill-side rising to the tower is thickly covered with marble monuments. One should float here at night in the moonlight, if he has a taste for the weird. Yet one does not like to look up that hill-side; it is better to gaze freely across the reach of marsh to the bright lights of the distant city, and to the suggestions of the wide sea beyond. The stars come down to the city's lights and seem to twinkle with them in gentle friendship. Our friends are not in that graveyard; they are there—over there, among those bright, cheerful lights.

Beyond the City of the Dead one sees the towers of the university - tower Cambridge, viewed from the flooded marsh, reminds one a little of Antwerp. A slight veil of that fog which so often sweeps in from the sea is necessary to soften the view here and there. On the outskirts, beneath wide-spreading elms, is the home of the poet who saw the night-birds fly down to the marsh, and wrote "The Herons of Elmwood" in honor of a brother-poet who also has a keen poetic feeling for the pictures which the Charles River marshes present. Floating here, when the simmering heat of midsummer gives a tremulous outline to the breadths of meadow-grass, there is a certain feeling of coolness even beneath the hot rays of the sun. The salt-sea smell stimulates the imagination when one's neck is broiling. On hot summer afternoons, when the sky is full of cumuli, one can catch rare bits of effect in drifting along just beneath the level of the tall grass. The horizon is shut out; the clouds come down to the lush grass which is crested with sunlight on the bank, and lies in rank masses in deep shadow just above the tide. One can study cloud-forms without distraction of the eye; it is as if one should frame in a square bit of sky just over the edge of an upland pasture. There is nothing to disturb the contemplation of the cloud-palaces save the silently-floating bird, like a spread-out V, far up in the cloud-mysteries. The part of the marshes which we have now entered upon is overlooked by Longfellow's residence. In the summer afternoons the view from Washington's old headquarters is truly a beautiful one. The gleam of the sunlight on the winding river gives



VIEW OF CHARLES RIVER.

an immeasurable poetic distance. Longfellow, in his poem entitled "The River Charles," thus invokes it:

"River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!"

and, in dwelling upon old memories connected with that river, says:

"More than this: thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side."

One of those friends was the world's friend, too, and lies on the bank in the City of the Dead, above the reach of meadow where the winding river writes the letter S. From the top of Mount Auburn Tower the marshes, with the blue river passing through their midst, form a beautiful picture.

Lowell, in his turn, thus describes the view at this point:

"... The sliding Charles!
Blue toward the west, and bluer and more blue,
Living and lustrous as a woman's eyes
Look once and look no more, with southward curve
Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair,
Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold;
From blossom-clouded orchards far away
The bobolink tinkled: the deep meadows flowed
With multitudinous pulse of light and shade
Against the bases of the southern hills,
While here and there a drowsy island rick
Slept, and its shadow slept."

The New England salt-marshes have exercised a strong influence upon our poets and artists. When one visits the salt-meadows in the neighborhood of Salem and Marblehead, and all along the eastern shore of Massachusetts, one discovers a mystical, weird element in them which must have strongly appealed to Hawthorne. The artist who sketches on these meadows, and hears the ocean, scarcely visible as a blue line on the distant beach, must paint with a pervading sense of an immensity of space. To many artists the wealth of browns tempers that desire for bright, garish color which the American atmosphere stimulates. The writer can brood on these marshes over the thoughts which the view of many objects might distract: it is as if he wrote in an unfurnished room with a distant view of the sea.

The naturalist would doubtless find the marshes teeming with life; the general observer, however, sees at first nothing but desolation. Occasionally a brilliantly-colored butterfly flits across the narrow river, or balances on the tall spears of the sedge. In the shallow pools shoals of minute fish dart hither and thither, and trouble the water which before allowed one to see a snail here and there on the dark-brown bottom. The king-flycatcher poises himself for some moments a few feet above the river's bank, and then swoops down; you catch a glimpse of his fan-like tail flickering here and there over the billows of the marsh-grass. Where the grass is short, the cow-blackbird strides along, looking slowly here and there, and forming a strange

contrast to the nervous robin, which runs quickly for a short space, and then stops to survey the scene. The dark pools are full of shrimps—those minute ghosts of lobsters. On frosty mornings one often sees bent, picturesque figures of old men provided with shrimp-nets peering into the turbid inlets along the marshes. There is a wealth of sedge-grasses on these meadows, but no flowers which would attract any one save a botanist.

When a bit of strong color comes upon these marshes, how one enjoys it! The scarlet or blue flannel shirts of the sailors, who are striving in yonder boat to warp the sluggish schooner up the river, harmonize perfectly with the browns and the greens of their surroundings. One catches glimpses of the sky and the clouds in the placid pools on the marsh, which seem to gather added beauties from the poverty of the dark frames of the pictures. The distant ship, which has freed itself from the labyrinths of the river, and now with freshly-shaken-out sails is dropping freely into the open bay, carries one's heart outward with a throb, we hardly know why. When the thin veils of rain drop down here and there, and disappear over the hills, we thank them for the play of light and shade they cause. I suppose that the charm of the salt-marshes not too near a city is in the sense that among those distant towers there are never-ending tumult and noise; here, on the desolate salt-meadow, there are peace and freedom.

The amateur who attempts to paint these marshes in August or September with breadths of simple greens, will find to his surprise that there are subtle hues which transcend the powers of his materials. It is true, he can give the sweep of the salt-meadow with its bands of olive-green interspersed with light apple-green and purple madder; but there are a thousand shades of pink and gray and yellow and violet transfused into what seems at first sight to be a monotone of green. The deep cloud-shadows perplex with the contrasts of sunlit greens quivering against their purplish green and gray shades. For an instant on the middle of the meadow the river shines in the sunlight like silver, and the reflected rays throw an indistinct light over the deep shadows which lie between us and the silver ribbon of the river; then another cloud blots out the shimmer, and in the miry pool just in front of us there are a dozen reflections of the sun, serving to intensify by contrast the gloom of the cloud-shadows which lie on the marsh beyond. A poet's eye has seen these marshes truly. Lowell sings thus of the Charles River meadows:

"Dear marshes! vain to him the gift of sight
Who cannot in their various incomes share,
From every season drawn, of shade and light—
Who sees in them but levels brown and bare!
Each change of storm or sunshine scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
For Nature with cheap means still works her wonders vast."

An artist who should float beneath the rank grass of the banks might find much to transfer to his sketch-book. He must work rapidly, however, for the delicate and the gross, the elusive and the too pronounced,

succeed each other in rapid succession. The tide swings the boat from side to side, or leaves one high upon the repulsive ooze of the banks—the organic laboratory of an estuary. Nature here takes no pains to conceal her reactions. I am inclined to think that a poet can deal with this river better than an artist. In verse one sees the salt-meadows and the river through a silver haze of unobtrusiveness. Lowell's poems abound with pictures of this salt-marsh and this little, turbid river. In a "Song" he writes :

" O river ! dim with distance,
Flow thus forever by ;
A part of my existence
Within your heart dost lie ! "

And again, in his "Indian-summer Reverie" :

" Below, the Charles—a strip of nether sky—
Now hid by rounded apple-trees between
Whose gaps the misplaced sail sweeps bellying by,
Now flickering golden through a woodland screen,
Then spreading out at his next turn beyond—
A silver circle like an inland pond—
Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and green."

Floating just below Mount Auburn, we are in the region over which poets' eyes have ranged and subtilized the materialism of the marsh and the river. Beyond those sand-banks at the left lies the poet's house. In the garish light of noonday the meadows look prosaic enough. The unpoetic soul, who sees the river only at such times, is tempted to smile at a poet's pictures. The abattoirs of Brighton are plainly in sight and make their presence felt. Problems of Irish tenement-houses and sewerage of great cities crowd upon the mind. Yet there is a charm in that river and those marshes even at mid-day, for there is a great reach of sky over all, and a broad expanse of salt-meadow holding the unutterables widely apart. This is what the poet sees :

" On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses
Soak up the sunshine ; steep the brimming tide
Save where the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes
Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide
Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side to side."

The repulsiveness of the marsh, however, is like a passing frown upon a mobile human countenance. One must live near salt-marshes to discover their beauties as well as their ugliness. There is a close analogy between our feeling for the struggling river and its mud-embayed borders and our feelings for humanity. The fresh, dancing rivulet, issuing from green woods and flower-gemmed pastures, here runs sluggishly and turbidly on its way to the sea, which moans only five miles away. A crowd of similes rise in one's thoughts ; they are too patent to write on this page. The river and its wide salt-marshes have many delightful moods. Nowhere can the soft spring sunshine lie more gently than on these hazy meadows. In that "Reverie of Indian Summer" from which we have already quoted, Lowell writes :

" In spring they lie one broad expanse of green,
O'er which the light winds run with glimmering feet ;
Here, yellower stripes track out the creek unseen ;
There, darker growths o'er hidden ditches meet ;

And purpler stains show where the blossoms crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a cloud
Hung there becalmed, with the next breath to fleet."

When the grass grows in July and August so that it can wave with the passing breeze, there is great mobility on the green page spread before you. At times, before thunder-storms, the low-lying, angry-looking hills seem to be gnomes, who are shaking the green carpet spread from ridge to ridge. A canoe would be the best thing in which to float down the river. The voyage should be toward evening, at high tide ; then the cloud-effects are very beautiful in the west. But I would have you turn your back at what all the world is noticing, and mark the delicate gradations in the eastern sky, above the towers of the distant cities. The thunder-clouds lie oft in great white and rosy cumuli over the Cambridge steeples, as if loath to leave the brilliant sight of the western landscape, which has just been freshened by the rain. Low-lying in your canoe you bring the dark steeples high up against the pearly recesses of the cumuli. Now and then a flash of lightning competes in vain with the bright sunshine. At Cambridge great coal-sheds rise here and there, and tenement-houses have taken possession—probably forever—of the meadows at this point. As one floats onward one catches glimpses, through the bridges, of Boston. The gilded dome rises from the midst of steeples across the wide opening of the Charles.

After leaving the wharves of Cambridge the river rapidly widens, and is spanned by a succession of wooden bridges, through the piers of which one catches picturesque views of chance coasters and of river-banks. At night the Riverside Press lights up the river with hundreds of golden spears. But stay—we shall have a word to say presently in regard to the Charles by night ! Now we are floating seaward in the evening glow. When the eastern sky is clear on summer evenings, it shades from blue to rose-color and blue, then to madder and indigo. The river, at sunset, is often as placid as a lake ; only a silver line streams from the sluggishly-moving buoy which marks the channel, or from the stern of the shell which is rowed by yonder university-students. On the bridges the middle-aged man pauses and gazes at the university eight which drops down the river below him. His mind is doubtless full of sweet memories of the time when he, too, was an oarsman, and exulted in the possession of youthful vigor and sternly-trained muscles. An etcher could find many subjects on the river between Old Cambridge and Boston. The disjointed wooden bridges frame many tender bits between their piles ; and there are greater reaches of distant water with a horizon interrupted by city towers. On a knoll upon the marsh, surrounded by a few straggling pine-trees, is the humble fortification which defends the mouth of the Charles.

I know of no finer city-view than that which bursts upon the sight as one emerges from the last bridge across the river, and floats upon what is termed the Back Bay. Two miles from the edge of the salt-marshes the dome of the State House of Bos-

ton rises abruptly from the water. Every academy of art should send a congratulatory letter to the builders of towers. Steeples are like ships—a little distance makes them all beautiful. Boston possesses a rare beauty in its new towers; its citizens, however, will never appreciate them if they do not build a boulevard or lay out a drive-way around the beautiful inland bay into which the Charles River empties. In a few years tenements and manufactories will surround the water-edge, and the æsthetic will be merged in the practical.

We have floated down the river in the daylight, and, if we have well timed our voyage, we should have issued from the last bridge just as the roseate glow of sunset is fading from the distant walls of the city. Toward the east the sky is fast losing its roseate hues, but in the west the sunset is golden, and the inland bay seems to spread out like a great lake, and reflects every hue of the sky. If you can linger until the full moon soars over the city, contrasting its silvery radiance with the lurid glow of the gas-lights which come out one by one, you will be fully repaid. Imagine a city sleeping on the borders of a placid lake which reflects every light, save where the moon's wake usurps a way for itself, or where a light breeze cuts the reflection of the towers in two by a wash of pearly gray. If a poet dwelt upon the borders of this inland basin, and could see the lights here at night, how the world of literature might be enriched! Perhaps the poet would grow

less of a poet and more of a reformer: for those city lights have much to tell of struggling and suffering humanity. Perchance we should have fewer pictures, and more poems of human endeavor. Standing on some one of the numerous bridges which overlook the lighted city, Hood might have penned the "Bridge of Sighs." It must have been near yonder tower that Longfellow wrote:

"Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Come the thoughts of other years.

"And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then."

While the lights of the city are reflected in the placid bay at the mouth of the river, the inland marshes have lost all their play of color. Often they are covered with a sheet of mist, and the coasting-schooner, which the tide has left imbedded in the mud, seems to be anchored in an inland bay. This last scene upon the marshes Lowell has thus described:

"The moon shines white and silent
On the mist, which, like a tide
Of some enchanted ocean,
O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
Spreading its ghost-like billows
Silently far and wide."

TYROL AND THE TYROLESE.

THERE is now living in the Tyrol a gentleman who, though an Englishman, is on his mother's side an Austrian, to whom German is as familiar as his own tongue, and who knows perfectly, from long acquaintance, the feelings, social customs, and the sports, of the Tyrolese. He loves the Tyrolese landscape, the dizzy peaks and inaccessible mountain-walls, the verdant valleys, the innumerable castles which remain in this old theatre of feudal war, and of which one may see a dozen from almost any hill-top. He admires and loves the Tyrolese people. Having adopted their dress in his hunting-excursions, and speaking when he chooses with their southern accent, he has been received among them as one of themselves. In this way he has been brought into close intimacy with many an odd character lost to the world in some out-of-the-way nook among the little-known mountains and valleys of the land. He knows well the priest, the peasant, the wood-cutter, and the poacher. For many years he has pursued that most dangerous and exciting of sports, the chamois-hunt. Following the chase amid the silent mountain-retreats, and, looking down, rifle in hand, from the edges of sheer precipices thousands of feet in height, our Tyrolese-Englishman does not feel that he need envy the crowds in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square.

The scenery of the Tyrol, though nearly every-

where striking and grand, varies considerably in different parts. The number of castles is far greater in South Tyrol than in North Tyrol. These are everywhere, however, so numerous as to form a most picturesque feature of the landscape. The entire country, having but half the population of Yorkshire, contains five hundred and thirty-seven old castles. Mr. Baillie Grohman (for this is the name of the Tyrolese-Englishman of whom we have spoken) conducts us up a steep path to the iron-barred gate of the ancient castle in North Tyrol which is his own home, and, after compelling us to ascend many flights of stairs, seats us in a comfortable arm-chair at a window overlooking the verdant valley of the broad and flowing Inn. This valley, skirted by two parallel rows of noble peaks, terminates in the far distance with the glistening glacier-world of the Oetz and Stubai Thäler. From this window eight old castles are seen, occupying the eminences of hills or perched on the steep slopes of the mountains. Interspersed among them rise the amazingly slender, needle-shaped spires of three churches. These churches are each surrounded by a village, the broad-roofed houses of which are hidden behind groves of apple or nut trees. Such houses as are visible are of the velvety-brown timber which is so sunny and pleasing to the eye. There are only the rings of smoke rising into the sky to indicate the

presence of the human habitations secreted behind bowers of trees. The mountains, with their dark-green background of pine, terminating in the gray cliffs which form the eminences, bring into striking contrast the rich vegetation of the valleys. These are the peculiarities of the landscape of North Tyrol. South Tyrol, divided from it by the high, snow-peaked main chain of the Alps, shows a different landscape. North Tyrol is like the German cantons of Switzerland, having an Alpine climate, while the South, with its vineyards and genial air, is akin to Italy. From a castle-window in South Tyrol twenty-five castles are in view. The verdant pastures of the North are supplanted by scrubby brushwood, scorched to a sombre brown, and by large expanses of vineyards, while the pine-forests have been replaced by stunted fir and ashy-white dolomite rocks. In the valleys the apple and cherry trees have given way to the more variegated and luxurious vegetation of a warmer zone. The landscape also shows gigantic chestnut-trees, ivy-clad ruins, and ancient castles in a good state of preservation, with gardens and vineyards, surmounted in the background by gray cliffs.

The Tyrolese themselves are a bold, intelligent, and excessively hard-working people. They are distinguished even from other mountain-peoples by manly independence, and by an unquenchable love of their native soil. For ages they have been strongly attached to the house of Hapsburg, and their warlike spirit has been trained in innumerable wars. In the middle ages the country was hardly ever at peace. The Tyrol contains one of the lowest passes in the Alps; this pass formed the chief high-road between Italy and Germany, and through this the armies were constantly passing and repassing. But in all these wars, the heroism, superior muscular force, and deadly marksmanship, have generally brought the Tyrolese off victors.

The stubborn attachment of the people to their country is such that a genuine Tyrolese very rarely leaves it for good. Many go away on the errand of accumulating small fortunes—peddlers, musicians, and people in other vocations—but they never fail to return to their native valleys, and settle down to enjoy the fruits of their industry. Some of these men, particularly the singers, have been in all parts of the world. One of them, Ludwig Rainer, the owner of a charming hotel on the shores of the Achensee, in Tyrol, has been three times to this country, and on his last visit accumulated the fortune which he is now enjoying. Another man, now a well-to-do peasant, has been blown up on a Mississippi steamboat. Though few emigrants fail to return, the

stream of emigration is so continual that in some of the remote valleys, particularly during certain portions of the year, scarcely any men are left. In the Defferegger Valley, during the spring and summer months, there is probably not a man to be found above eighteen or twenty and under sixty or seventy years of age. The women are, therefore, compelled to do the work which men should otherwise do, such as felling trees, chopping wood, and gathering fodder. If you enter one of the village inns, you will see rows of women with their short pipes in their mouths, their elbows on the table, drinking, after their hard day's work, their pint of Tyrolese wine. Our Tyrolese-Englishman tells us that one Sunday



A DIFFICULT FIGURE IN DANCING.

evening he happened to be the only male occupant of the bar-room of an inn. There were a number of women present, and one of them was reading a letter which she had received that day from her husband, who had written from Salt Lake City. Though the writer was only a simple peddler, his graphic but singularly quaint description of the city and of its inhabitants was highly amusing to the listeners. It was very laughable to hear the comments of the women, who had never heard of such a thing as a plurality of wives, and who swore that they would rather be killed than allow any female rivals to enter their houses.

A curious evidence of the primitive virtue of

these people is, that in the joint-stock companies into which they put their earnings they keep no books. The men who contribute the largest sums to these companies have a proportionate share of the net gains. But they have no security in hand for the money invested save the mutual confidence engendered by a strong *esprit de corps*. Twenty or thirty years ago a brisk and remunerative cattle-trade was carried on between Russia and two of the Tyrolean valleys. Tyrolean traders drove their flocks of thirty head of cattle to Central and Eastern Russia; they sometimes penetrated far into Asiatic Russia. The journey usually occupied a year or so, and the profits made were often very high, twelve hundred dollars being by no means an unusual price to obtain for a beast which had been bought in the Tyrol for forty. But this trade has now ceased, the Russians being able to buy English cattle for much less money. One or two villages in the Tyrol are peopled by families which grew rich in the cattle-trade with Russia; these families are now slowly descending into the peasant class from which they emerged seventy years ago.

The *Wildheuer* is a cutter of grass on the mountain-side. The slopes are often so steep that cattle cannot be driven up them, so that the hay must be gathered and brought below. The male and female *Wildheuer* in the picture are engaged in this dangerous and difficult work. The leading characteristics of the Tyrolean rustic are a good-natured courteousness toward the female sex, and a bold and half-defiant, half-saucy manner among men. A muscular, smart young Tyrolean has a good deal the cock-of-the-walk air of an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair. This saucy bearing continues till he is twenty-eight or thirty years of age. A custom dear to a real Tyrolean youngster is to adorn his Sunday and fête-day hat, with the tail-feathers of the blackcock, and with the *Gamsbart*, which means literally "beard of the chamois." The tail-feathers of the blackcock are curved at the end; but if they are turned so that the "hook" comes in a direction contrary to the common manner of wearing it, it indicates a quarrel-seeking gallant, or *Robbler*. A fight is easily brought about by any young fellow who is irritated by the *Robbler's* challenge. He has only to step up to him and ask, "Was kost' die Feder?" ("How much for the feather?"). The answer is, "Fünf Finger und ein' Griff" ("Five fingers and a grip"). In an instant they are at it, and the struggle often ends in bloodshed. Some fifteen years ago this practice prevailed through the North Tyrol, but it has now disappeared in all except two or three of the remoter vales. There are places where it is still unsafe for a native to appear with a "turned" feather. The stranger need fear nothing, for the quick eye of the Tyrolean detects at once whether the wearer is a countryman or not. Mr. Grohman says: "I have often been amused in watching the broad grin settling on the face and mirth lighting up the eyes of a native, as he sees a specimen of that most terrible of Continental tourists—some spindle-shanked 'Berliner,' his *pince-nez*

on his nose, or a pale-faced, shrunken Saxon, strutting about with black-cock feathers on their hats, and displaying the invariable *Gamsbart*—both, in nine cases out of ten, shams thrice overpaid—representing animals which these would-be sportsmen have never seen outside of a zoölogical garden, much less shot." The fact that a village could boast of a famous *Robbler* as its champion at weddings and other *fêtes* was a great matter. If two such *Robblers* happened to meet, or if one, hearing his rival singing his loud, defiant *Jodler* from mountain to mountain, should hasten to the spot, guided by the sound, a fierce struggle for the supremacy in that part of the country would ensue. Severe injuries were often given and received. A year or two ago an old wrestler, and a famous *Robbler* in his youth, died at his native village in the Zillertal. This man had lost his left eye, the better part of his nose, the tip of his ear, and two fingers; he had also broken an arm and a leg. This is now in great part done away. Such meetings, by the laws and rules which now prevail, are confined to the limits of a mere wrestling-match. The use of the knife has generally been discountenanced by the Tyrolean. A man once caught lowering his hand to his knife-pocket is shunned afterward, and any quarrel with him broken off. Fights happen often on Sundays and fête-days at the *Wirtshäuser*, or village inns. The young men take a good deal of wine and schnapps, and the responsibilities of the *Wirth*, or innkeeper, on these occasions are greatly increased. The *Wirth* is, therefore, compelled to be a man of superior physical prowess or mental authority, for a man who cannot eject quarrelsome or drunken guests should not undertake to keep an inn. The *Wirth* is usually a man of considerable importance in the community. He is a farmer himself, and the owner of four or five horses. He is perhaps at the head of the municipality. He is the man who dares avow any anti-orthodox opinions in the face of an enraged priest; he heads the liberal party, if there be any in his village. These innkeepers played a memorable part in the wars with the French. Of the nine renowned leaders of the Tyrolean peasant-troops, seven were *Wirths*, among them Andreas Hofer, the Wallace of the Tyrol.

The Tyrolean-Englishman, Mr. Grohman, whom the people of the remote valleys have received into their midst, has been able to see many phases of Tyrolean character and habit which would not appear to travelers. He has been taken into the confidence and intimacy of peasants and hunters because he has adopted their dress and language, and loves their sports above all other pursuits. His Tyrolean dress and appearance have been the cause of some amusing adventures with tourists as well as with natives. His charming young countrywomen take him for a fine specimen of the native chamois-hunter, and want to sketch him. One day, just returning to the pass intervening between the villages of Matrei and Kals after three days' unsuccessful chamois-stalking among the snowy peaks opposite, he stopped for an hour to enjoy the exquisite view from this pass. The

voices of approaching tourists made him seek a retreat among a patch of rhododendrons. Lying there, he heard the exclamations, "Charming!" "Lovely!" "Delightful!" It was a party of his own country-people—a papa, a son, evidently a university man, and two bright and handsome girls. The young ladies, catching sight of him as he was about to get away, sent their brother to ask him to stop and permit himself to be sketched. He answered that it was a three hours' journey to Kals, and that he could not afford the time. The young man, the only one of his party who spoke German, asked, then, if he would be their guide to the town, and the ladies requested that he would carry their shawls. He started on, leading the party, carrying the shawls and knapsack. The latter article had been surreptitiously in-

good fellow, are two florins for you," said *paterfamilias*, holding out his hand. But the porter was off, and fancied himself safe, when the unwelcome *dénouement* was brought on by an acquaintance, who slapped him on the back, and, speaking to him in English, called him by name. "A London barrister," continues Mr. Grohman, "whom I had accidentally met some weeks before while on a mountaineering tour in the Dolomites, was thus destined to tear off my porter-disguise, and, what was far more disagreeable, made me the object of profound excuses on the part of my late 'masters.' Of the blushes of the two charming conspirators on seeing the Tyrolese chamois-hunter transformed into a fellow-countryman, whom they had unwittingly made their confidant on more than one point, it is unnecessary to



LIFTING THE DANCER.

serted into his *Rucksack* from behind. "These fellows don't feel fifteen or twenty pounds more or less on their backs," was the off-hand speech with which he quieted the remonstrance of one of his sisters. For two hours it was his privilege to listen to the talk of the young ladies, who were close behind him. The chief subject of their constant chatter was the concoction of a strategical device for getting him into their sketch-books; and their conversation was interspersed with remarks, not always flattering, upon his personal appearance. When near the inn at Kals, the chamois-hunter, knowing that he would be recognized by some one about the entrance, put down his burdens and was on the point of making off. There was considerable whispering and jingling of loose money among the party. "Here, my

speak; nor of the upshot of the whole mystification—a charming supper in the little parlor of the inn, and a far more charming tour in their company back to Lienz and into the heart of the Dolomites, followed five or six months later by several very merry dinners in a certain house not a hundred miles from Hyde Park corner."

Mr. Baillie Grohman gives us an account of a wedding which he attended in Brandenburg, a little Alpine hamlet in the valley of the same name. He had to traverse a narrow bridle-path, which was covered with snow to the depth of three and in some places four or five feet; it was a seven hours' battle with the snow before he reached the inn of the village, in which the weddings are always held. He was moved to overcome these difficulties, be-

cause he had promised to honor the wedding of a charming young peasant-girl with a special *protégé* of his own. "Countless outstretched hands," he says, "brawny and muscular, small and plump, clean

ments is to throw one's self on one's knees, fold both arms over the chest, and bend backward till the back of the head touches the floor, and gives a few sounding raps on the hard boards; then, with one jerk,



GATHERING WILD-GRASS.

and dirty, were immediately stretched out to greet me." It was Sunday, and the eve of the wedding-day; the bar-room, or *Gaststube*, was filled with young and old, fair and ugly Brandenburgers. It is not usually the custom to dance on the eve of the wedding-day, but, at his special request, his old patron, the "Herr Vicar," very soon put the musicians at work. In the dancing-room he was immediately surrounded by a group of young fellows offering him, as a mark of courtesy, their bright-eyed lasses. Finding a choice easy, he was soon dancing the *pas seul*—that is, one dance round the room, while the other couples line the walls and fall in at its termination. In Brandenburg and in some other valleys, the male dancer encircles the waist of his partner with both arms, while she embraces him with both arms round the neck. For the first few minutes of every dance the motion of the whole group is slow, and the floor trembles beneath the iron-shod shoes of these immense fellows. Suddenly the music changes, and with it the entire aspect of the room. The man, letting go his partner, begins a series of gymnastic capers and jumps; their heavy frames display an unlooked-for agility. One of the commonest move-

round the floor. The men are strapping fellows, and it must be muscular young women who can perform this feat. There are sometimes four or five men hoisted at a time, and the singular spectacle adds much to the striking appearance of the ballroom. The girls are fond of smoking, and are seen treading the paces of the dance with a cigar or pipe between their lips.

The dances are short, and follow each other closely. The intervals between them are filled by the *Schnaderhüpfel*, a short song or series of rhymes, sung by a man, expressive of derision or defiance toward some rival. It is sung by one of the dancers standing in front of the slightly-raised platform upon which the musicians sit; his sweetheart stands by his side with downcast eyes and profuse blushes on her cheeks. The object of this affront will compose his rhymed reply with great rapidity. In this way rival bards will continue to throw contempt on one another for a considerable length of time. The girl, if there should be no refrain to her lover's song, has to stand in silence by his side. Love is the subject of most of these songs. A girl changing lovers, or refusing the hand of an ardent wooer,

the man regains his erect position without touching the floor with his hands. In another movement the man kneels down and with his bare knees beats a sounding rat-ta-ta-tat on the floor. To jump high up in the air and come down upon the knees with full force, is very common. All these capers are accompanied with loud, shrill whistling and peculiar smacking sounds of the lips and tongue, in imitation of the sounds made by the black-cock and capercaillie. The sounding slaps on the muscular thighs and on the iron-shod soles of the heavy shoes by their great, horny hands, the crowing, loud shouts, snatches of song, intermingled with shrill whistling and furious stamping of the feet with the greatest possible force upon the floor, produce a prodigious din.

In Brandenburg and one or two other Tyrolese valleys which have a particularly muscular fair sex, the girl, at the conclusion of her partner's feats, catches him by his braces, and, aided by a corresponding jerky action of the man, hoists him up bodily. The youth, balancing himself with both hands on her shoulders, treads the ceiling of the low room to the music, while she continues her dance

forms a frequent and welcome subject for *Schnaderhüpfel*. The songs are generally of very dubious morality. It is not every young fellow, however, who has skill enough to improvise one of these compositions. A good many have to be satisfied with singing one of the usual national lays, and in this the sweetheart joins.

At twelve o'clock the priest enters, carrying a stable-lantern in his hand, and orders the music to cease. But the dance, on the occasion of the Brandenburg wedding, was afterward kept up till four o'clock, when each dancer accompanied his girl to her home. The guest was compelled to be in the church before nine the next morning in order to see the wedding. On leaving the church each of the guests, or persons invited to partake of the meals at the table with the bride and bridegroom, was presented with a bunch of artificial flowers adorned with gold and silver tinsel. A huge specimen, placed by fair hands on the hat of Mr. Grohman, made it evident to him that he would have to partake of the ten-o'clock wedding-dinner instead of joining in the rifle-match then just beginning. It would have been considered a mark of great pride and rudeness to have refused, so that there was nothing for it but to accept the seat of honor between the bride and Herr Vicar, the priest. The dinner lasted three hours, and consisted of meats cooked in various manners, in all of which fat predominated. The last dish consisted of huge cuts of bacon swimming in a sea of molten butter. The frugal Tyrolese peasants taste of meat but two or three times in a year, and they attacked these viands with an energy and a persistence truly astonishing.

The guests then went to the rifle-match, which had already begun, and which is always the important feature of a Tyrolese fête-day. The innkeeper had arranged the match in this instance; he had placed two "running stags" and two fixed targets in the rifle-range, and had himself paid the marker at each target. In honor of the occasion he had also given three prizes, consisting of silver florins sewed on large, bright-colored handkerchiefs. The priest had given a prize. A citizen from the next village had sent a huge pipe; another had added a new rifle. Mr. Grohman added a few florin-pieces, and took his stand in the little shed, open on all sides, from which the competitors fired. The fixed targets were placed at two hundred yards. The bull's-eye was six inches in diameter, and all shots outside the bull's-eye were counted as blank. The "running stag" consists of a wooden figure of a stag swinging by a huge pendulum. When loosened, it darts across a space eight feet wide between thick bushes. The imitation stag traveled at a rate about equal to that of a live stag at full run. A bull's-eye painted on the heart had to be hit in the same way as a fixed target. This was, of course, very difficult; yet our Englishman testifies that there were three or four men present who had, out of six shots, five times hit the bull's-eye.

The dancing has in the mean time been going on ever since ten o'clock in the morning. It is kept up

till six in the evening, when supper is announced. At the morning dinner the relatives and next friends only, or, as in the case of the young Englishman, some one who is to be particularly distinguished, are invited. At the supper everybody was present, and all drank at the expense of the new-married couple. Wherever there was room, huge tables with benches on both sides were fixed. The dishes consisted of *Knödel*, huge balls of cooked dough, with small pieces of fat bacon, and *Geselchtes*, smoked pork boiled in fat; these viands were placed in huge bowls upon the table. At about half-past nine began the *Ehrengang*, an ancient institution in use as early as the fourteenth century. It consists of the presentation of a sum of money by each person present at the wedding, be it man, woman, or child. The chief table, at which the couple had sat at supper, is cleared, and a large brass or pewter dish, covered by a clean napkin, is placed at the head before the godmother of the bride, the mother being rigorously excluded from being present at any portion of her daughter's wedding. At the side of the godmother sits the bride's uncle or brother, pencil and paper in hand, to mark down the gift of each person. The gift of each guest is to consist of at least two florins (a florin is about a half-dollar). One florin is a present to the bride, and the other pays for the supper. Those who are present at both meals give three florins, while those who come in after the dancing is over give one. The money is placed in the hands of the godmother, and is hid by her under the napkin. Each donor expects from the bridegroom at his own wedding the exact sum which he gives him. The bride and bridegroom stand a little apart from the table, she with an ever-full wineglass in her hand, and he at the side of an immense basket of buns. The bride presents a wineglass to each guest as he steps from the table, and the bridegroom a bun; the wine is drunk to the happiness and prosperity of the couple, and the bun disappears in the coat-pocket, to be hoarded up for the next Sunday's cup of coffee.

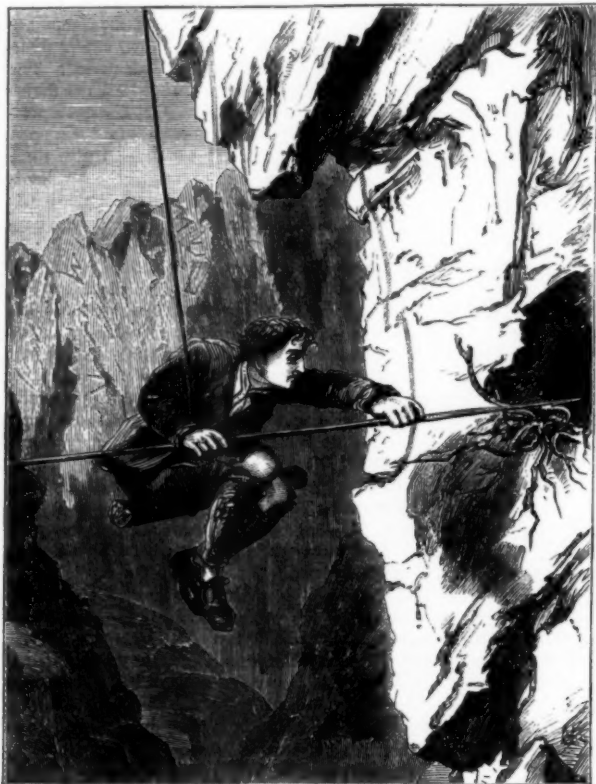
In other parts of the Tyrol, pieces of furniture, such as a bed, a chest, or a table, are sometimes given. Another and much more singular custom is to be met with in some of the remotest Tyrolese valleys. This is the presentation of a cradle to the bride by each of her discarded lovers. The fact is significant of the state of morality among the Tyrolese, since the presentation of a cradle to the bride has reference to the former improper relations of the bride and the donor. A rustic belle, who has for years held her court in an Alp-hut, where during the summer she guards the cattle alone, may have at her wedding a present of five, six, or seven cradles, from as many admirers!

The *Ehrentanz*, or dance of honor, takes place just after the last guest has made his present. In this solemn dance the bride and bridegroom join with the nearest of the bride's relatives, and any guest whom the bridegroom desires to honor. The rest of the dancers line the wall, while the innkeeper and his wife stand near the musicians. The

couples waltz slowly round the room, and, as each passes the innkeeper, a full glass of wine is presented to the man, who must present it to his partner, and who, after she has drunk of it, may drain the glass. Upon the brother of the bride, or, if she has none, of the bridegroom, falls the duty of singing, after each of his rounds, a short song in praise of the event. Then comes the most singular part of the ceremony. If the bridegroom has been somewhat of a Lothario, or the bride too fond of her admirers, or if there are any tangible proofs of misconduct on her part, any one of the dancers lining the wall may stand forward and in a few gay rhymes accuse them to their faces. These accusations must be answered by the brother, who is the champion of the couple. This very questionable custom does not exist to so great an extent in Brandenburg as in some of the other valleys, but Mr. Grohman testifies that he has seen as many as fifteen or twenty of

The reputation of these huts was such that the Archbishop of Salzburg and the Bishops of Trent and Brixen issued a mandate that Alp-huts were to be kept by men only. In this way the *Senner*, unknown a hundred years ago, has in some places supplanted the *Sennerin*, or female *chalet* keeper. But the *Sennerin* has more recently got back into her old position. The Alp-huts are placed in elevated pasturages, whither the peasants drive the cattle in the summer months. In May, when the mountains of lesser height are bare of snow, the peasants, having exhausted their winter stock of fodder, lead their cattle to the grassy mountain-slopes that encircle the valleys. These "Alps" are resorted to at different periods of the summer. When the lower ones are exhausted, the cattle are led to the next higher. The highest pastures are reached in July, and these are often at an elevation of six or seven thousand feet above the sea. Each pasturage is provided with an Alp-hut. A rich peasant will tell you that he has three or four of these "Alps." The poorer peasants have generally two; a few of the poorest only one. The *chalets* are simply log-huts divided into two unequal divisions. The larger part in the rear gives shelter to the cattle during the rough weather. The smaller part is the kitchen, bedroom, and parlor, of the *Senner* or *Sennerin*.

The Arcadian leisure which poetry ascribes to the occupants of these *chalets* has little existence in fact. They milk the cows twice a day, they make cheese, they churn butter, they clean and air the dairy utensils, and have other work which leaves them little idle time. Saturday night is the grand reception-night of the merry and buxom *Sennerin*. Work is over in the distant valley, and each young fellow who may sing—"A rifle on my back, a buck-chamois in my bag, and a black-eyed, merry Alp-girl in my heart"—is off, rifle in hand, to the *chalet* of his sweetheart. She hears his echoing *Jodler* as he climbs the mountain-side, and her own silvery answer in the evening calm floats downward from the door of her hut. It is no poetical ex-



ROBBING THE EAGLE'S NEST.

these public accusers step forward at a wedding and proffer their rhymed disclosures.

The Alp-hut, or *chalet*, has been usually occupied by a young woman, who cares for the cattle.

aggregation to speak of the voice of this peasant-girl as silvery. Music is the gift of the Tyrolese. The commonest lout has often a fine ear and an excellent voice. To be able to join with a second or a

third voice in a song which they have not heard before, is a very usual accomplishment among the peasants of the Tyrol. The *Sennerin* sitting on the low steps before her *chalet*, in the evening, joins her voice to the tinkling of the many bells; her song wakes the echoes of the heights, and is answered from the neighboring huts.

When the snow falls in October or September the Alp-girl, with the aid of a peasant or a boy, drives her twenty or thirty cattle downward to her home in the valley. This is a festival time. Happy is the lass who has made her allotted quantity of cheese, and churned her hundred-weight of butter, and who brings back her herd in safety from their summer sojourn "on high." Bells and wreaths of flowers are hung from the necks of the cattle.

The sports of the Tyrolese consist mainly in hunting the blackcock, capercaillie, and chamois. The blackcock and the capercaillie both belong to the grouse species. The capercaillie is much the larger—weighing, indeed, as much as a turkey—but the blackcock is considered, owing to the greater difficulty of shooting him, far the nobler game. He is, we believe, still kept on the preserves of some English noblemen. White, in his "Selborne," mentions with great particularity the last blackcock shot in Wolmer Forest. But the chamois is the great game of the Tyrol. The chase of the chamois, as followed by the Tyrolese, is a dangerous and exciting one. It is very much easier to hunt than to kill this animal. We met last winter, in Washington, an Austrian lady, who told us that she had passed the previous summer chamois-hunting with her husband in the Tyrol. She said, however, that they killed no chamois. The best way of forming acquaintance with the animal is, perhaps, that offered by an enterprising Swiss innkeeper, who had placed a stuffed chamois on a high rock overhanging his inn, and called upon the delighted cockneys to examine it from the window. The Tyrolese-Englishman whose adventures we have been narrating has shot his blackcock and the chamois many times. But he has done a still greater thing. He has robbed the eyrie of a golden eagle of its young. This is the rarest and greatest achievement of the Tyrolese mountaineer. It is like stealing the fire from heaven, or the golden apples from the gardens of the Hesperides. It must be remembered that it is a great feat to shoot a golden eagle; there are none of them left in Switzerland, and not more than eight or ten

pairs in the whole of the Tyrol. It is a greater feat to rob the nest of its young. Some wood-cutters had discovered the eyrie opposite to them in a crevice of a perpendicular wall a thousand feet high, which forms one side of the peak of Falknerwand. Mr. Grohman took with him six men. On arriving at the edge of the precipice, they discovered, to their dismay, that the crevice was shut out from view by a shelf-like projection some ninety feet below them and just over the crevice. The ledge to which they lowered themselves by a half-inch cord was from two to seven feet wide. By this cord Mr. Grohman was lowered till, dangling nine hundred feet above the bottom of the valley, he came opposite the eyrie, and there, to his great joy, saw, not one, but two young eagles. "A peal of shrill shrieks and sundry rather ominous-sounding hisses," says Mr. Grohman, "greeted my unlooked-for appearance. Vainly flapping their enormous wings, while with their small but inexpressibly wild eyes they kept staring at me, they opened their beaks—hooked at the end and already of an alarming size and strength—to their widest extent, plainly indicating that their break-fast-hour was nigh." It is very rare that a nest contains more than one eaglet. Accordingly, Mr. Grohman had provided himself with only one bag. This, one of the eagles, when bound and secured, filled completely. Pinioning the other by flinging his coat over him, he resolved to carry him in his hand. Before leaving the nest, Mr. Grohman had the curiosity to count the remains of the prey which it contained. There was a half-devoured carcass of a chamois, three pairs of chamois-horns with corresponding bones of the animal, the skeleton of a goat picked clean, the remains of an Alpine hare, and the head and neck of a fawn. On being drawn up, the pulley on which the rope was running gave way and fell downward. The wood-cutters were afraid to continue hauling without first contriving and adjusting another pulley, dreading lest the slender cord, scraping against the rocks, would be broken. Some hours passed before anything could be done. The men above were neither to be seen nor heard. During this time, the adventurer, not in the least knowing what had happened, dangled in the air, holding his young eagles, and expecting every moment the arrival of the old birds. Fortunately, they did not come. The old eagles were away that day, circling in majestic swoops over some distant mountain-gorge. The hunter with his quarry was hauled safely upward to the edge of the wall.

TO BE DEAD.

IF I should have void darkness in my eyes
While there were violets in the sun to see;
If I should fail to hear my child's sweet cries,
Or any bird's voice in our threshold-tree;

If I should cease to answer love or wit:
Blind, deaf, or dumb, how bitter each must be!
Blind, deaf, or dumb—I will not think of it.
Yet the night comes when I shall be all three.

ETON COLLEGE.

TOWARD the middle of the fifteenth century, at a time, as we have been told, when the Latin of the English clergy had grown hopelessly corrupt, and the very tradition of Greek scholarship had passed away from their land, the King of England took into consideration a plan of reviving classical learning among them. Having revolved in his mind how, or in what manner, or by what royal gift, he could best attain this purpose, and at the same time do fitting honor to the Church militant of which he was no unworthy supporter, Henry .I.—for this was the king who thus laudably desired to increase the love of learning among his subjects—resolved to create a nursery for boy-students, whose foster-mother was to be the University of Cambridge. This idea was not a new one. Henry was

fore had founded those famous seminaries of learning, New College at Oxford, and that college at Winchester which, to this day, is proud to call its sons Wykehamists, and which remains one of the noblest monuments of the charitable spirit of the fourteenth century. The king had examined personally into the working of this latter institution, and so pleased does he seem to have been with the advantages it secured to poor students, that he forthwith took in hand the founding of two colleges of his own, based upon the admirable constitution of Wykeham's foundations. Henry was the man of all others well qualified to engage in such a work. "Fitter for a cowl than a crown," as Fuller quaintly says, he was heartily in sympathy with the work of the Church for whose service he intended his brood

ETON.¹

indebted for it to the wise and charitable example of William of Wykeham, who about fifty years be-

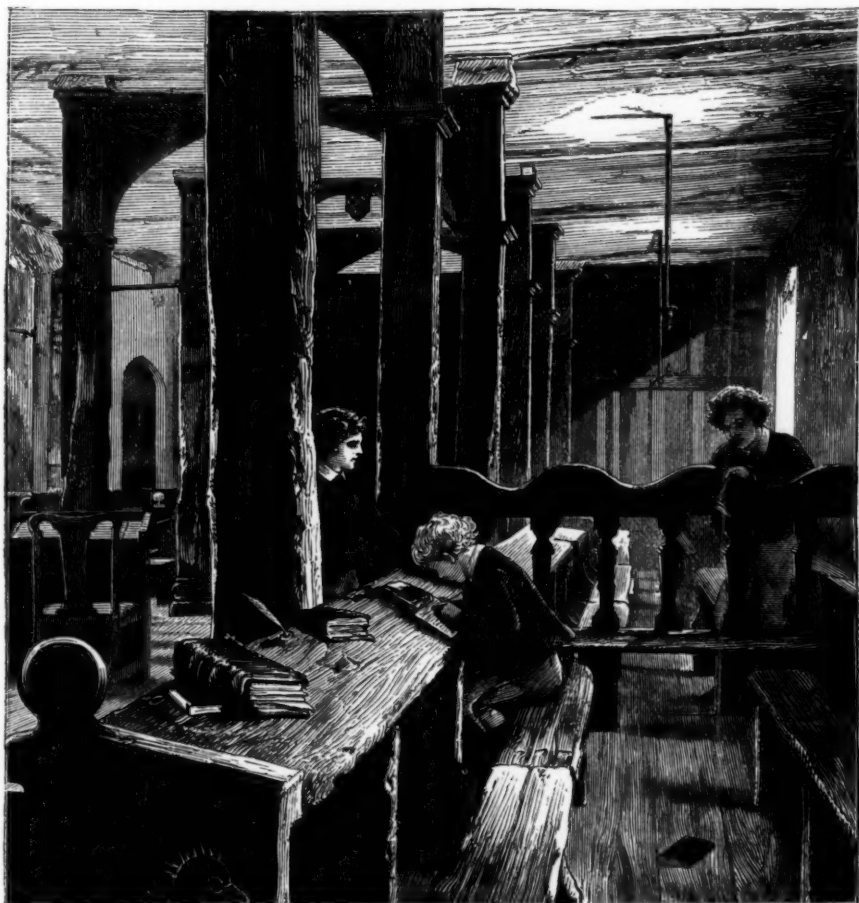
¹ The illustrations to this article are derived from "Picturesque Europe," D. Appleton & Co., New York, and Cassell, London.

of young scholars should be prepared; and he was, besides, himself a man of some learning, and knew and could appreciate its value. He took counsel with the powerful Cardinal Beaufort, and finally gave all the influence of his kingly power, and

found what money was required for building and endowing and toward constituting a school which he hoped, and believed, would be one of the mainstays of the Catholic faith in England. In words of authority he decreed that this school was "to endure

two of the grandest ornaments of the English educational system.

It is not necessary to weary the reader with repetition here of the oft-related story of the progress of the college of Eton, nor of its great success. The



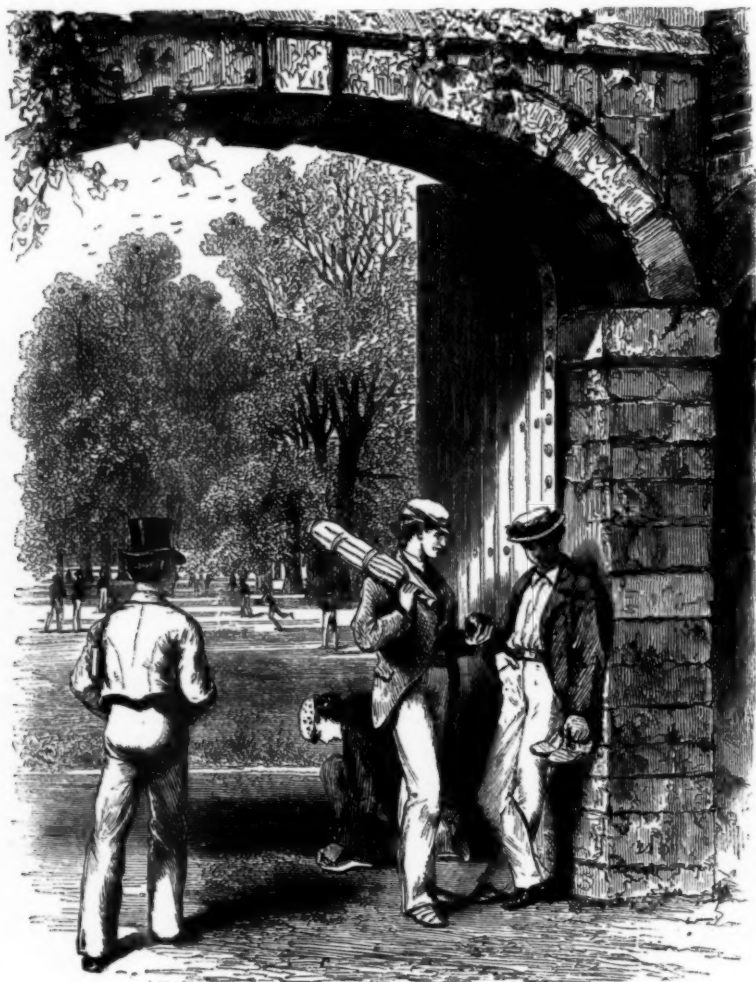
LOWER SCHOOL.

to all time," and with religious fervor dedicated it "to the praise, glory, and honor of our crucified Lord, the exaltation of the most glorious Virgin Mary his mother, and the support of the Holy Church his bride." And by way of perpetuating this religious resolution, he gave immediate effect to his intentions by commanding the school to be built, and by naming it "The King's College of our Lady of Eton, beside Windsor." A year later, namely, in 1441, Henry founded King's College at Cambridge, which was affiliated to the younger institution, and so originated two noble foundations which were destined, after the lapse of three centuries, to become

venerable buildings by the banks of the Thames testify of both. Erected under the watchful supervision of the king himself, who from his castle of Windsor noted the daily progress made in the school's erection, the buildings remain noteworthy examples of the architecture most in vogue in England during the reign of the Tudors. Standing in the fine old quadrangle of the college, with the Fellows' lodgings facing him, the beautiful college chapel at right, the venerable range of school buildings at left, and the yet more venerable and famous "Long Chamber" over the cloister at back of him, the visitor may at a glance see the most that exists of Eton

College as it was in the days of its founder. Does he desire to become better acquainted with the college buildings? let him pass up the well-worn oaken staircase which leads from the cloister to the "Long Chamber," and let him pause for an instant beside one of the quaintly-fashioned windows in the walls, and think upon the years that have sped since they

history. I would, moreover, that he might here recall to his memory certain other periods in the greater history of England herself, and consider them by the light of his own thoughts after reading some of the names graven upon these rude but deeply interesting monumental tablets. As I myself happened to be following the advice here tendered, one of



THE PLAYING-FIELDS.

were first planned by the cunning hand of the builder. Is he curious in such matters? does he love to ruminate upon the vanity of things, and think over the almost laughable brevity of man's existence? let him stand beneath the arched passage on the quadrangle's left, leading to "Lower School," and read the lists of rudely-chiseled names on the oak panelings marking the periods of Eton's

Eton's young scholars was good enough to explain to me the reading of these rough inscriptions. "They are," said he, "the names of men who got 'Kings.'" In other words, they represented generations of King Henry's scholars who, having been carefully nurtured in the classics at Eton, finally reached that goal once most coveted by the "collegers" of Eton, King's College at Cambridge, so

fulfilling the original purpose and aim of Eton's founder. If I had wished, I might grow sentimental over the historical reminiscences of this great school. Had I the leisure, I could unearth sermons from the stones of the college quadrangle, and write a paper touching its ancient glories. Were I in the mood, I would grow rapturous over Eton traditions, Eton scholars, Eton head-masters, and Eton benefactors. In this relation I could have dwelt upon the fleeting nature of greatness, the hollowness of even the most brilliant of earthly careers, and the lamentable brevity and unsatisfying character of worldly happiness; and for the purposes of my discourse I might have quoted the following translation of the Latin epitaph written for his Eton tomb by that noblest and worthiest of Eton's sons, the Marquis of Wellesley:

"Long tossed on Fortune's wave I come to rest,
Eton, once more on thy maternal breast,
On loftiest deeds to fix the aspiring gaze,
To seek the purer lights of ancient days,
To love the simple paths of manly Truth—
These were thy lessons to my opening youth.
If on my later life some glory shine,
Some honors grace my name, the meed is thine.
My boyhood's nurse, my aged dust receive,
And one last tear of kind remembrance give!"¹

I might have dwelt upon these and kindred matters bearing upon Eton's history and her associations, but that I am reminded we are living in the present, and that in dwelling on the past I should be losing sight of the main object I had in view in writing this article.

Were the question to be asked me, did I consider that Eton College, as it now is, fulfills any of the original intentions of King Henry in founding it, I should answer, "No." I should answer "No" as distinctly as I should were I to be asked if, in my opinion, Christ's Hospital at present fulfills the intentions of Edward VI. in founding it, or any of the other great foundation schools of England the original intentions of their founders in creating them. I should say of Eton that at present it is the most aristocratic school in England, probably in the whole world, and that, in its elements, it is utterly opposed to the school conceived by Henry, and by him decreed "to endure to all time." True, it retains one essential feature of the king's scheme, in that it continues to afford gratuitous board, lodging, and education, to scholars, but not to poor scholars; on the contrary, to scholars whose parents must expend considerable sums in having their sons "crammed" to the proper "passing" point, far more considerable indeed than most parents of "poor scholars" could possibly afford. And when it is borne in view that in the now annual competitions for election to Eton some eighty or ninety youths usually present themselves to compete for about twelve vacancies, the value that is attached to success at the examination by parents may be very fairly estimated.

In order that the reader may understand clearly the nature of the benefits based upon Henry's

scheme, now remaining open to the English youth, it will be convenient that it should be here pointed out what these are. The last Monday in each July is what is known at Eton as "Election Monday," when any boy of British parentage, who has reached his twelfth year, and not passed his fifteenth birthday, and who can produce certificates of good moral character, and necessary evidence as to birth, may present himself for election to the "college." It is to be understood that it is open to all boys within certain limits, and whose parents can afford the expense to enter at Eton as "oppidans," or boys not educated on the foundation; but for the benefits of the college of King Henry every youth is now elected in competitive examination, and, on election, will become one of the "King's scholars," so called, of whom there are some seventy in number. As vacancies in this number occur, these are again filled up at "election." The king's scholars live by themselves in a range of buildings within the college—a magnificent exchange for the dreariness and discomfort of "Long Chamber"—and are exempted from all payments for board, lodging, and education, during their stay at Eton, which continues generally until the "election" next after the scholar's nineteenth birthday. At King's College, Cambridge, appropriated, under Henry's scheme, to the scholars of Eton, are twenty-four scholarships of the annual value of eighty pounds, with "commons," rooms, and tuition free, tenable until the degree of A. M. is reached. As vacancies upon the list of elected scholars occur, they are filled up by king's scholars from Eton, who have themselves qualified in examination for the honor. So it will be seen that there is a relic of the charitable scheme propounded by Henry still belonging to his college of Eton. And it seems worthy of record, as evidence of the maintenance of the king's foundation, notwithstanding the silent efforts of the aristocratic spirit of English wealth to destroy it, that the king's scholars alone keep up the reputation of Eton for learning. I say alone, because it seems to be a very rare event happening in her history to find one of the "oppidans" (of whom we shall have something to say presently) occupying the place of "captain of the school," or, to be more explanatory, head-boy. Moreover, in examining the school-lists for the past year, it was with peculiar gratification I found that the king's scholars in nearly every instance appeared as leading the several school-classes. The peculiar gratification I found in noting this had arisen from a deeply-imbed desire to recognize everywhere—and to cry a cheer wherever I find its claims are recognized and acknowledged—the majesty, if I may use the expression, of learning. And for this reason I feel almost tempted to ask pardon for the covert sneer implied in the remark that the parents of Eton's "poor scholars" are generally of the moneyed classes, because, finding those scholars so ably recognizing and so properly defining the true position of learning, it can be no reflection upon them, but must rather stand to their honor that their parents are moneyed people.

¹ Translated by the late Lord Derby.
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From time immemorial it has been the "oppidan" who have supported the aristocratic prestige of Eton. It has been from this class, the bulk of the school, for they number some seven hundred odd to the collegers seventy, that has sprung that grand array of celebrated men who have made the name of Eton famous. This at first sight seems to mean a contradiction of the honor I have claimed for the collegers; and, in fact, it would be a contradiction if statecraft had been the goal for which all Etonians had strived. But, in considering this apparent anomaly, it is necessary to bear in mind that the social rank of an oppidan and the social rank of a colleger is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred unequal. And it will be admitted, I think, that in England social rank confers great advantages—advantages, however, which I am happy to say are growing less and less distinct, and less frequently claimed by Englishmen who possess them. The Etonian who afterward made a place for himself on the rolls of eminent Englishmen generally entered the school with enormous advantages, both of birth and position. I do not mean to affirm that these saved him from the responsibilities of school discipline, or defended him from the rigorous rule of such masters as Foster and Keate; but, on leaving Eton, he at once entered upon a career which to most men is closed, and to all men outside of the ranks of an aristocracy it is the work of a lifetime to enter. It is not necessary to produce evidence to affirm that most celebrated Etonians have been the sons of Englishmen, themselves high either in the ranks of the court, the state, the church, the army, or the navy; and it seems equally unnecessary to adduce evidence in support of my assertion that these in later life have been the men who have reflected most fame on the name of Eton. As a rule, these gentlemen learned little at school and less at college, and it was solely their high social position at the outset in life which ultimately gained for them the distinction of being enrolled as celebrated Etonians. I am quite prepared to have this statement contradicted by opposing instances of celebrated Etonians who have risen from the ranks of the English middle classes; but these are so extremely rare, and so isolated, that I do not need to notice and discuss them in a paper of this kind. The son of an English peer was sent to Eton, and is sent to Eton now, as he afterward goes into Parliament, and gets appointed to office, by a certain natural fitness of things; but Eton under these circumstances has no more claim to all his virtues because he was educated at Eton than Harrow to be charged with all the vices of Lord Byron because his lordship happened to be educated at Harrow.

I was reading, recently, an old number of the *Edinburgh Review*, belonging to the period of Jeffrey's editorship. A writer in it was reviewing some of the school-books then in use at Eton, and, as I can testify, which were read there quite within recent years. It does not much signify, probably, to say that those books are condemned wholesale, considering that *Edinburgh* reviewers in those days lived by condemnation. I was most immediately inter-

ested in the article because it expressed an opinion of the education which an "oppidan" received at Eton half a century ago. It declared that when one of these young gentlemen came up to Oxford and Cambridge, and was questioned as to the extent of his classical studies, he could only answer that, besides Horace and part of Virgil, he had read nothing. He had not read a single book of the higher classics. He was utterly ignorant of mathematical or physical science, and even of arithmetic. The very names of logical, moral, and political science, were unknown to him. And as for modern history, and modern languages, of these he knew absolutely nothing. This was the state of an Eton "oppidan's" learning at the beginning of the century. It is fair to say that all this has been changed now, and that the Eton education is as good as the education given at most of the English public schools. But the oppidans do not avail themselves of it in any superior degree, and I believe that I am quite within the truth when I say that Eton oppidan's names in the honor-lists of Oxford and Cambridge are as few and far between now as they were at the beginning of the present century. Of course, the standard of learning throughout England has been much raised since then, and the learning of all Etonians in proportion; but I shrewdly suspect that the "oppidan's" motive in entering at Eton in 1876 is the same as his motive was for entering in 1800. He desires to have the prestige in after-life of having been educated at Eton. For the gratification of his wishes in this respect his parents pay the respectable average annual sum of one hundred and seventy-five pounds, or about eight hundred and seventy-five dollars gold, of which about one hundred and twenty pounds, or six hundred dollars, goes for board and tuition. He boards with one of the college-masters, and lives, be it said, well; he has a small study and separate sleeping-apartment to his use; a tutor assists him in his work, and he has about as much schooling of the good, old-fashioned sort as an undergraduate at Harvard or Oxford. Indeed, the Etonian, as far as no schooling goes, fares luxuriously. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, with him is a half-holiday, and every saints'-day a whole holiday. He goes into "first school," so called, on the days which are not holidays, from 7 A. M. to about a quarter to 8 A. M.; a little more schooling comes off between 11 A. M. and 12 noon; a break here occurs until 3 P. M. to 3.45 P. M., when he is in school again; and, finally, he sees his master once more from 5.15 P. M. to 6. All the odd hours and minutes between these times he spends in learning: to become an English gentleman, of course he must snatch odd moments for school preparation and reading with his tutor; but in the main the education at Eton resolves itself into one of learning to become a gentleman. And to teach Etonians to possess this great quality, the forty-eight learned graduates of Oxford and Cambridge employed as college-masters do very little, and the boys themselves very much.

It would be almost impossible to clearly define

what I mean by the expression "learning to become an English gentleman." I apprehend that most readers of this will admit that such an individual exists; but what his precise qualities are, and what is the exact standard of excellence required to graduate boys as gentlemen, few of us will be able to agree upon.

At Eton the summit of an oppidan's ambition is to become "captain of the boats;" in default of this, the captaincy of "the eleven" at cricket is most acceptable; the captaincy of the school usually falls, as I have before mentioned, to the lot of a king's scholar, who looks upon getting it as the highest point of his Eton ambition. It is fair to assume, I think, that boating and cricketing in some mysterious way have something to do with making boys gentlemen at Eton. At any rate, eminence in either of these sports gives great advantage at the college, and I may add that the only youth pointed out to me at Eton as worthy of special notice was "the captain of the boats." Nearly all the time passed out of school is spent in growing skilled in these accomplishments; and, assuming one of the qualities of an English gentleman to be courage, then I mean to affirm that Etonians in the aggregate possess that most excellent virtue in considerable degree. They must not boat on the river until they can swim, and learning to swim means the expenditure of a large amount of boyish courage. To attain perfection, too, in cricket—to attain at least to the honor of being a member of the Eton "eleven"—it is necessary to be well endowed with the like good quality. I shall class honor with courage as being strong in the breasts of young Etonians, and with a certain manliness allied to it, and a strong sense of independence with this. And herein, I think, lies most of the virtue of the English public-school system, that it teaches boys to be courageous, honorable, manly, and independent; and the majority of Etonians that I have ever met with have been certainly endowed with these attractive qualities.

It is almost impossible to say anything strictly new concerning Eton College, and very difficult to relate much that is interesting to the general reader, without trenching upon the older history of the college, which I have been careful in this paper to avoid. But, in visiting Eton, I defy any one not to be moved by the associations of the place—indeed, these are uppermost in the mind, even while examining into the school-system. In passing down the High Street, for instance, I could not help standing for a moment before the old "Christopher Inn," and thinking upon the boyish revelries and pleasant associations of its cozy parlors. I thought of that letter, for instance, full of Eton slang, which Horace Walpole, dating from its hospitable shelter, addressed to his friend George Montagu, dwelling upon a prospective meeting with Ashton, one of Eton's head-masters, and a contemporary of Walpole's at the school. "The Lord!" writes Walpole, "if I don't compose myself before Sunday morning, I shall certainly be in 'the bill' for laughing at church." The last time

the genial Horace had met Ashton, who was to preach as head-master on the Sunday alluded to, was when the latter was "standing up funkng over against a conduct to be catechised" as an Eton boy. The inn has been somewhat altered, no doubt, from what it was in the days of Walpole; but not greatly, I'm thinking. The High Street is venerable as ever, wealthy in Eton reminiscences, and reeking of good stories connected with the school's traditions. I could not help looking for the little pastry-cook's where that *ne plus ultra* of "shirking" in Keate's time took place. From time immemorial, until within the last three years, an Eton boy meeting a master in Eton High Street was bound to "shirk" him, or in default be sent up to the head-master for punishment. The boy was compelled to get out of the master's way by running into a shop, or hiding in any spot most convenient and handy. A bundle of hay in the street, if it could cover the master's eye, was sufficient sanctuary, or even a coal-scuttle, if it afforded protection. In Keate's time—Keate was one of the most rigorous of Eton's head-masters, and one who flogged on the smallest pretense, and flogged right lustily—in his time an Eton boy was eating an ice in the little confectioner's shop when a master entered. The boy shut one eye, and held up his ice-spoon before the other, and so saved himself the pains of the flogging-block.

It is related of this same Dr. Keate, albeit he was a man in private life of the kindest nature, that he could never keep his hand from the rod when he ruled at Eton. "Blessed are the pure in heart," said the doctor to one of his young pupils on an occasion—"blessed are the pure in heart. Mind that; it's your duty to be pure in heart. If you are not pure in heart, I'll flog you!" Keate flogged on every possible occasion, and it is one of the traditions of Eton College that this head-master took the lead of all his predecessors, and of every head-master who has since succeeded him, in the power of flogging, since he birched eighty boys in one evening. I had the pleasure of reading this worthy master's name among the names of the boys who had got "King's" on the rough-cut tablets above Lower School.

I would advise every visitor to Eton College to take a walk to the college playing-fields, and, if a guide in the person of some youthful Etonian can be procured, so much the better. It would be well to notice the picturesque beauty of the dwellings of the Eton Fellows, and the charming range of landscape from the gardens behind them. The houses of the masters form admirable modern additions to the excellently-designed architecture of the college, which are not to be left unnoticed. I have explained that it has been my chief desire in this account of Eton College in 1876 to relate what principally concerns us of to-day. If the reader desires to learn more of the inner school-history of yesterday, I cannot do better than refer him to a little book, published a few years ago, entitled "Etoniana," which is abounding in pleasant anecdote. Since the scheme of the Public School Commissioners, of whom the late Lord Lyttelton was chairman, came into opera-

¹ "The bill" was the punishment-list sent up to the head-master every morning. Boys appearing in it were flogged.

tion at Eton College, a new chapter in the school's history has begun. As that chapter has only been commenced within the last three or four years, I shall be pardoned if my paper has been lacking in anecdotal interest. "Shirking" is abolished at Eton; "Long Chamber" in its old form has ceased to exist; of the quaint customs and habits of Etonians of thirty years back scarcely one remains. Eton "Fourth of June," with its grand procession of college-boats to Surrey, is the one remaining festivity

of by-gone days; and even that is shorn of many of its ancient observances.

The match between Eton and Harvard at Lord's Cricket-Ground in each July is one of the great events of the London season, and points to the conclusion that among Englishmen the interest in Eton in no way diminishes. With Americans that interest can only exist where it relates to the change that has taken place in a great school's history in the course of four centuries.

THE LAST BANQUET.¹

1793.

GITAUT, the Norman marquis,
Sat in his banquet-hall,
When the shafts of the autumn sunshine
Gilded the castle-wall;
While in through the open windows
Floated the sweet perfume,
Borne in from the stately garden
And filling the lofty room;

And still, like a strain of music
Breathed in an undertone,
The ripple of running water
Rose, with its sob and moan,
From the river, swift and narrow,
Far down in the vale below,
That shone like a silver arrow
Shot from a bended bow.

Yonder, over the poplars,
Lapped in the mellow haze,
Lay the roofs of the teeming city,
Red in the noonday blaze;
While ever, in muffled music,
The tall cathedral-towers
Told to the panting people
The story of the hours.

His was a cruel temper:
Under his baneful sway
Peasant and maid and matron
Fled from his headlong way,
When down from his rocky eyrie,
Spurring his foaming steed,
Galloped the haughty noble,
Ripe for some evil deed.

But when the surging thousands,
Bleeding at every pore,
Roused by the wrongs of ages,
Rose with a mighty roar—
Ever the streets of cities
Rang with a voice long mute;
Gibbet and tree and *lanterne*
Bearing their bleeding fruit.

Only one touch of feeling—
Hid from the world apart,
Locked with the key of silence—
Lived in that cruel heart;
For one he had loved and worshiped,
Dead in the days of yore,
Who slept in the lonely chapel,
Hard by the river-shore.

High on a painted panel,
Set in a gilded shrine,
Shone her benignant features
Lit with a smile divine;
Under the high, straight forehead,
Eyes of the brightest blue,
Framed in her hair's bright masses,
Rivalled the sapphire's hue.

"Why do you come, Breconi?"
"Marquis, you did not call;
But Mignonne is waiting yonder,
Down by the castle-wall."
"Bid her begone!"—"But, master—
Poor child! *she loves you so!*
And, broken with bitter weeping,
She told me a tale of woe.

"She says there is wild work yonder,
There in the hated town,
Where the crowds of frenzied people
Are shooting the nobles down.
And to-night, ere the moon has risen,
They come, with burning brand,
With the flame of the blazing castle
To light the lurid land.

"But first you must spread the banquet—
Host for the crew abhorred—
Ere out from the topmost turret
They fling my murdered lord.
Flee for thy life, Lord Marquis,
Flee from a frightful doom,
When the night has hid the postern
Safe in its friendly gloom!"

"Tush! are you mad, Breconi?
Spread them the banquet here,
With flowers and fruit and viands,
Silver and crystal clear;

¹ The incident narrated in the poem is based on fact, a tragedy of the kind being reported to have occurred, during the French Revolution, in the north of France.

Let not a touch be wanting—
Hasten those hands of thine !
Haste to the task, Breconi ;
And I will draw the wine ! ”

Slowly the sun went westward,
Till all the city's spires
Flamed in the flood of splendor—
A hundred flickering fires.
Over the peaceful landscape,
Clasped by the girdling stream,
Quivered, in mournful glory,
The last expiring beam.

Then up from the rippling river
Sounded the tramp of feet
That rose o'er the solemn stillness
Laden with perfume sweet ;
While high o'er the sleeping city,
And over the garden gloom,
Towered the grim, black castle,
Still as the silent tomb.

Leaning over the casement,
Hearkening the busy hum,
Smiling, the haughty marquis
Knew that his time was come :
And he turned to the paneled picture—
That answered his look again,
And beamed with a smile of welcome—
Humming a low refrain.

Under the echoing archway,
And up o'er the stairs of stone,
Ever the human torrent
Shouted, in strident tone—
Curses and gibes and threat'nings,
With snatches of ribald jest,
Stirring the blood to fury
In many a brutal breast.

There, under the lighted tapers
Set in the banquet-hall,
Smiling and calm and steadfast,
Towered the marquis tall.
Dressed in his richest costume,
Facing the gibing host,
He wore on its broad blue ribbon
The star of “ The Holy Ghost.”

“ Welcome, fair guests—be seated ! ”
He cried to the motley crowd
That drew to the loaded table
With curses long and loud ;
Waving a graceful welcome,
The gleaming lights reveal
The rings on his soft, white fingers,
Strung with their nerves of steel.

Turned to the paneled picture,
Calm in his icy hate,

He stood, in his pride of lineage,
Cold as a marble Fate ;
Smiling in hidden meaning—
In his rich garments dressed—
As cold and hard and polished
As the brilliants on his breast.

Pouring a brimming beaker,
He cried : “ Drink, friends, I pray !
Drink to the toast I give you !
Pledge me my proudest day !
Here, under the hall of banquet—
Drink, drink to the festal news !—
Stand twenty casks of powder
Set with a lighted fuse ! ”

Frozen with sudden horror,
They saw, like a fleecy mist,
As he quaffed the purple vintage,
The ruffles at his wrist.
Turned to the smiling picture,
Clear as a silver bell
Echoed his last fond greeting—
“ I drink to thee, *ma belle* ! ”

Down crashed the crystal goblet,
Flung on the marble floor ;
Back rushed the stricken revelers,
Back to the close-barred door !
Up through its yawning crater
The mighty earthquake broke,
Dashing its spume of fire
Up through its waves of smoke !

Out through the deep'ning darkness,
A wild, despairing cry
Rang as the riven castle
Lighted the midnight sky ;
Then down o'er the lurid landscape,
Lit by those fires of hell—
Buttress and roof and rafter—
The smoking ruin fell !

Over the Norman landscape
The summer sun looks down,
Gilding the gray cathedral,
Gilding the teeming town.
Still shines the rippling river
Lapped in its banks of green ;
Still hangs the scent of roses
Over the peaceful scene ;

But high o'er the trembling poplars,
Blackened and burned and riven,
Those blasted battlements and towers
Frown in the face of heaven ;
And still in the sultry August
I seem at times to feel
The smile of that cruel marquis,
Keen as his rapier's steel !

A STRUGGLE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

BATTLE.

"FIND me a lawn like this anywhere in France or out of England—I do not except even an imperial or royal domain—and I will travel a hundred leagues to see it!"

M. Delange had often said this, with almost excusable ostentation, when pointing out to his guests the beauties of St.-Eloi.

During the period of the first alarm of a Prussian advance, French cavalry outposts had been stationed right on that lawn, and, if the muzzles of the troopers' horses had been plunged into the tender grass, their iron heels had torn up and trodden down the turf. Deep ruts had been cut in the lawn, which crossed and intersected each other, where heavy artillery-trains or lumbering provision-vans had been moved to and from a post on a low hill which overlooked the rear of the château. Away off on one side of the vast stretch of ground was a flower-bed, which bore some faint traces of culture; for here and there a rose was still blooming. The soldiers had tried their best to preserve the plants; but then when the soup had to be made, and rations were to be cooked, smoke and sparks would occasionally blow right athwart the parterre, so that all the pretty flowers had been blasted, smoked, and withered. Tired-out *estafettes* had tied the bridles of their horses to the arms of statues, or the handles of vases, which studded the lawn. Officers had in vain prohibited their men from using a god or a goddess as a hitching-post, or a classic urn as a feeding-trough; but somehow or other all the decorative portions of the lawn had fallen to the ground, and no one had the time or inclination to set them up again. The pretty kiosk, with its fanciful weathercock, still preserved somewhat of its unity, only its lower portion had been swathed in canvas. It had been used as headquarters for dispensing medicines, and even as a temporary hospital for officers. The shrubbery, once so dense, which skirted the lawn, had suffered terribly. Stray horses had nibbled the leaves of the bushes, and withered and blackened twigs hung from the trees. There was a pretty brook that stole through the clumps of St.-Eloi, feeding a fish-pond, famous for its carp, and here was the lilac-grove which was celebrated throughout the whole department. But as the stream had slaked the thirst of both man and beast, the banks of the rivulet had all been trodden down, and there were ugly gaps in the undergrowth where the cavalry had found a short cut to water. Of course, there was nothing which could have been designated on the part of the soldiers as the result of wanton carelessness or willful destruction; only, as during three weeks' time numberless regiments of foot and horse and batteries of artillery had been stationed there, which after a short time had been replaced by other bodies of men, it

was always the last division which had done the damage, and on whom the blame was naturally placed. All the horses and cattle had been driven off long before, and, of the many sleek and well-fed creatures which once enjoyed life at St.-Eloi, all that was left were a few solitary pigeons, which wheeled and circled in the air, and then lit disconsolate on some of the out-houses, seeking for their dove-cot, which had been accidentally burnt (so it was said by the Turcos) weeks ago. There had been, though, a kind of positive reservation as to military trespass, which all the soldiers respected. For about twenty yards from the terrace which surrounded the back of the house, no common military foot had trodden. Sometimes wounded officers had tottered along the path leading from the kiosk to the château, and had sought rest on the broad stone steps which swept up to the entrance. Here the grass of the lawn had grown long and rank, and the path was choked with weeds.

The château itself had been undisturbed. During a month moss and grass had grown in the interstices of the flagging of the *estrade*, and the ivy and the creepers had stretched out their arms across some of the windows. The château had but a single military personage billeted on it, and that was an old sergeant attached to the signal-corps, who occupied a room away up on the high, peaked, and slated roof, and where, in a window, a small flag occasionally fluttered. Inside of the spacious château solitude reigned. As servants had left or had been reluctantly dismissed, portions of the house had been closed. Want of care was probably visible within-doors, for layers of dust had settled on the furniture. Pieces of baggage obstructed the grand hall, and packing-boxes littered the stairs. There had been apparently more than one effort made by the inmates to leave the place, which attempts had been frustrated. Two servants now performed their duties at St.-Eloi—one was André, the other was Babette. The master's illness and the necessary attention he required took up most of their time, though the occupants of the kiosk had never been neglected.

"Ah, mademoiselle," said Babette, as her mistress emerged from M. Delange's room, "to-day is likely to be one of rest—the calm before the storm, perhaps; for who can tell what the *bon Dieu* has in store for us? The last of our poor ill officers left this morning; and see"—here she opened a window on the landing—"save those soldiers who are packing up the surgeon's baggage and clearing out the kiosk, in a few moments 'not a soul will be left on the place but ourselves. Dear mademoiselle, I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that the soldiers have gone. Our good old friend the sergeant, he who plays with the little flags up-stairs, and who makes no more noise than a mouse, looked grave last night, and says—and says that we may expect *le grand brutal* before long. *Mon Dieu!* mademoi-

selle, pluck up heart. You must take a mouthful of God's sweet, pure air this morning. You will kill yourself moping so within-doors. Is not André with our master? The dear, good soul can want for nothing, for cannot André call on me? I will have breakfast for you in ten minutes; but you must walk just a little bit on the terrace in order to get real hungry. Can things get on more smoothly than they do, at least in the house here? *Ma foi!* should ever the good times come back again, I shall tell how we three carried on our shoulders the whole of this big establishment. I am cook, gardener, nurse, watchman, lady's-maid, and everything! If the horses were still in the stable, I could groom them. It is an excellent breakfast you shall have. *Quoi?* I allow those brutes of Prussians to eat up our provisions? Never! And, since these Germans are coming, they shall find an empty larder—all gone, as clean as my thumb-nail.—Ah, there goes the clock; it is the big one on the stairs—the only one André winds up now; and I forgot to tell you, mademoiselle, that at daybreak this morning, when I was up (by your instructions I was sharing our provisions with the poor ill officers), M. Percival came riding by, and asked permission to see you, mademoiselle, on important business, so he said."

"What! M. Percival?"

"He would call, so he said, at about nine o'clock. Of course, he asked very particularly about the master. He might have said half-past nine, for there was so much noise just then, when those ugly cannons went off at full gallop, and the whips were cracking so, that I could not exactly hear M. Percival. What a *tohhu-boku* it was! It was barely sunrise, and it gave me the shivers to see the horses and cannon tear out like mad into the gloom. Infantry is bad enough, but cavalry and artillery! Heaven protect me from horse-soldiers! But, ah me! I forget that my poor Baptiste is a cannoner, and may be now in the very midst of it. I know I am chattering a great deal; *mais, dam*, it does me good to hear my own voice sometimes. If there is a hubbub outside, here it is as still as the grave. There, now, I will go and arrange your breakfast. But only to think of mademoiselle having to breakfast solitary and alone! Eh, mademoiselle, what superb breakfasts we used to have! For who in all the department kept such a sumptuous table as our good master? Oh, this war, this war!"

"Thank you, Babette, for all your kindness. But pray be careful of what little luxuries you may have left; my poor father might want them. You say M. Percival will be here? Bid André call me should my father awake. Babette, I do so thoroughly appreciate your devotion to my father—to myself—and I must never forget it; and André, too. Yes, Babette, I will walk a little. I ought to do all I can to keep up my strength and health."

"If M. Percival is coming, shall I not set two *couverts*, mademoiselle?"

"How, Babette?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, *à la guerre, comme à la guerre*," and Babette had tripped down the stairs.

"M. Percival to see me?" said Pauline Delange, as she went slowly down the staircase, and, entering a small sitting-room, sat down there for a moment, then opened a window, and looked out on the grounds. "Perhaps," she continued, "during the last fearful fortnight I have not seen M. Percival more than thrice.—O Clémence! Clémence! did you only know in what straits I have been placed! There is not a single human being I can apply to for counsel or advice. I care nothing for the enemy personally. They cannot hurt a woman like me—but my poor father! Any sudden shock may kill him. Not a word—not a letter from anybody—save one, the very last from Madame de Valbois, which assures me of her safe arrival—and that her son is in Turin—where he may stay forever for what I care. I cannot even count on medical counsel for my father. One regimental surgeon is here for a day—and the next day it is a new one. They all, though, order the same things—peace, and quiet, and repose—and that all the incidents, the calamities, which surround us, shall be withheld from him. I sometimes think, though, as he lies so quietly in bed, that my father is better off than any of us. Should he ever reach the window and look over the hill-tops for that dark rift of smoke which the chimneys of St.-Eloi were always rolling forth—should he notice its absence—should he ask me the cause—what could I tell him? When yesterday I, who am well and strong, saw that smoke no longer, I felt my heart sink, for I thought the doom of St.-Eloi—so long threatened—had at last fallen on us. There is not a single soul on the lawn. The soldiers and their wagon have left. How dreary and desolate it looks! Ah! some one on horseback is coming through the woods, and is riding rapidly. There have been so many openings made in the thickets, that whoever it may be is now quite visible. It is M. Percival—and how well he rides! I think I see a valise strapped behind him. Can he be about leaving us? And why should he not? His task is done. But he seems in no great hurry now. I wonder if he is going to ride over the flower-bed? No—he stops now, and dismounts. There is some water there, I suppose, for he stoops and drinks it. Can the brook have broken bounds, and be now running over the lawn? What matters it? He has tied his horse to a tent-peg, apparently. What can he be doing? He stops by a fallen vase—it is the one with the serpent-handles—in which I once grew such pretty trailing-plants. He is trying to raise up the vase—but he cannot. How could the poor man do it with but one arm? But he has found a bit of wood somewhere, and is using it as a lever, and has actually placed the vase on its base, and is trying to put it on its pedestal. It totters—it will fall—no! it is in position now. M. Percival deserves a breakfast for his ingenuity—for it is ingenuity. I wonder if I might offer him some breakfast? He must be hungry, and hunger in a man creates sympathy. Anyhow, I am glad to see him. I hardly thought he would be capable of going away without bidding us good-by—though he might have done so

in a formal note. He is in the saddle again, and has probably ridden to the stables, where there are no horses now. My poor little Alezan! I wonder what became of him? There came a government requisition for horses, and they took him. I had a selfish cry over him and Bobe; he left me, too. But was it not Bobe I saw lapping the water by his master a few minutes ago? I shall be glad to see Bobe again. And here is M. Percival coming."

"The good news Babette told me in regard to M. Delange is confirmed, I trust, mademoiselle?" said the *contre-maitre*, as he stood by the window, and bowed low to the young lady.

"He is better. But, pray, enter and be seated. That terrible disconnected way of talking, which my father had, was a new symptom, after his relapse. That is passing away, now. Still my father suffers intensely at times, especially with the least movement."

"Possibly a better sign. If M. Delange had had paralysis all power of sensation would have passed away. Mademoiselle"—here the *contre-maitre* hesitated for a moment, then said—"I have taken the liberty of calling on you on a matter of business. I regret to say that two days ago the fires at the *usine* went out for want of coal."

"I had noticed it, sir."

"Up to last night at sundown, by burning all the wood we could find, even at the expense of some parts of the building, we were enabled to finish up a great deal of the lighter work. This as war material we carried off last night and until daybreak this morning, by means of the railroad. We were fortunate, for, if I am not mistaken, we barely kept it out of the clutches of the Germans, who now hold a portion of the branch railroad over which the last work of St.-Eloi has passed."

"The business of St. Eloi is then forcibly closed, M. Percival?" asked Mademoiselle Pauline.

"It is. I have the honor of transmitting to you a detailed statement of the work done and forwarded to the government, with regularly-authenticated vouchers and official receipts. It would be very wise on your part to have these papers secured somewhere. I must also state that, as in all government contracts there are heavy fines and penalties inflicted for non-performance, I took the liberty of consulting the officer in charge of the forces at St.-Eloi in regard to our government business, as far as it was completed, and he was good enough to compliment your father—"

"My father, M. Percival?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, your father—on the steadfastness with which our work had been carried on, under, perhaps, quite exceptional circumstances. I have said the compliment was paid most deservedly to M. Delange, for the plans were entirely his; as to the method employed to carry them out—that was simply an affair of hands."

"But allow me, M. Percival, hands are everything now. Had M. Delange any idea that such a series of catastrophes would occur to France?"

"He was hopeful, mademoiselle."

"M. Percival, every detail of business has been in your charge for the last six weeks. I am very deeply grateful to you for having upheld my father's good name. Had he not been prostrated, he probably would have done no more than you have performed. Are these the papers? Is that valise full of them? Pray, what do they represent? What can I do with these *paparsse*?"

"They represent, mademoiselle, many hundred thousands of francs, which, come what may to France, save utter annihilation, the government is liable for and must pay in full some day. As your father's steward in the case, mademoiselle will be kind enough, after having examined the papers, to give me a receipt for them."

"Who, I—I, sir? I shall do no such thing!"

"But, mademoiselle, this is business. I cannot see your father. Anything relating to business would distress him in his present condition. Even a receipt from him might not be valid. Your notary left for Strasburg ten days ago, which place he cannot reach, as Strasburg is invested. This receipt may be a formality for you, but a positive necessity for me. I therefore again most respectfully submit these papers to your notice. They contain, in brief, the amounts due on the various finished and unfinished contracts, with the sums expended by me during the last month. My honor, mademoiselle, requires that you should study the figures, and give me a receipt for the papers."

"One moment, sir. I will sign the receipt conditionally; the figures I have no head for just now."

"Conditionally? Mademoiselle, conditionally?" and here M. Percival rose and strode up and down the room, as if out of patience, and looked so grim and cross that Pauline Delange was ill at ease. Then he suddenly turned on her, and, noticing how pale and wan she looked, he said, quite gently: "I may have misunderstood you. But, pray, sign the receipt. I accept any conditions you may suggest."

Then the young woman plucked up spirit, for she knew her motive had been mistaken, and she said, somewhat in hot temper:

"Did you take me, sir, at my age, to have the exacting spirit of a petty trader? You wrong me, sir! Did you ever discover any such traits in M. Delange?"

"Mademoiselle!"

"Conditions, M. Percival! But there are—" then her voice softened, and she added: "Now, what could I do with a valise full of papers, which, no doubt, are very valuable? St.-Eloi may be burned or sacked. Could I carry these papers about on me? My condition was even that of imposing a greater trust on you. M. Percival, will you not for my father's sake become the custodian of these papers?"

"Who—I? Excuse my hastiness."

"You consent? Then I will give you a receipt."

"But, mademoiselle, that changes the business entirely. For, if I keep the papers, it is I who must give you a receipt for them."

"You agree to it, then? It is very good of you."

Suppose now we interchange no receipts at all, M. Percival?"

"Excuse me, Mademoiselle Delange, but it is business. Allow me to use this table a moment." And M. Percival wrote rapidly a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed it to the lady, who received it without looking at it.

"Now, M. Percival, that formality over—"

"But it is not a formality."

"As you will, sir. Will you be frank with me? We have had so many alarms before this—is the danger imminent? May the enemy be expected soon?"

"Mademoiselle, you have so far shown so much courage—"

"A truce, sir, to all compliments."

"As a woman you can have nothing to fear; the Germans are not barbarians. St.-Eloi may be defended. This morning, when the artillery was moved from here, there was the rumor that the enemy had shown himself some five leagues from here. Should there be a serious attack, the château would be out of the way of a general battle, unless reinforcements from the town came this way; then, I suppose, the Germans, getting wind of it, would repel an advance of our soldiers."

"Our soldiers, M. Percival?"

"The French soldiers, I mean, mademoiselle. But I beg that you will not put too great importance on what are the most uncertain of all things—military prophecies."

"But I must place reliance on what you tell me. I might not have done so once, for how could I know that my father's *contre-maitre* had been a—"

"A what, mademoiselle?"

"An American officer. Among the letters which came from Paris—I could not help it, sir, because, anxious for news from my friends, I went personally to the *maitre de poste*—three weeks ago, that functionary handed me a letter addressed to M. le Colonel Percival. It came through your American embassy, because it had the arms of your country on the envelope. Believe me, I am not curious. But the postmaster asked me if it was for you."

"But, mademoiselle, such a title is of little avail in the United States, and is so common as to be ridiculous."

"No, sir, it cannot be, not when you carry with it—" Here the lady paused. "But, sir, you are so sensitive about the loss of your arm—and I have never quite recovered from the mistake I once made in the billiard-room."

"I am afraid I was passably rude, then," replied the gentleman.

"I do not know," replied Pauline, simply.

"Mademoiselle Delange will be kind enough to call me M. Percival, and will know me only as her father's *contre-maitre*."

"Very well, sir. But continue, though, I assure you, whatever you may tell me about the enemy will have weight with me, whether coming from the *contre-maitre*, or from an American officer and gentleman."

"Any evasion on my part now would be culpable. There is not the least doubt that a corps of Bavarians are within striking distance of St.-Eloi, and that perhaps at daybreak to-morrow some of their inquisitive Uhlans may pay us a flying visit. But war abounds with unseen elements. The enemy—"

"They are your enemies, then?"

"The Germans, I mean, mademoiselle, may break to the right and left of us, isolate us, and capture St.-Eloi in a week from now, without striking a blow. In the present condition of affairs I undoubtedly pray they may. But if we have reinforcements coming up, then there will be some fighting. In any case, the château and forges, being unsupported, would fall first, as our line of retreat lies in the opposite direction."

"Then the château and *usine* might not be destroyed?"

"The château I think is safe, but the *usine* will be destroyed. It was your father's wish that, whenever the enemy threatened St.-Eloi, and its capture became a foregone conclusion, it should be burned. This morning a company of soldiers were undermining our chimney-stacks, and putting powder there. There, mademoiselle, you have now heard the worst."

"Somehow, M. Percival, if my father was not ill here in the house, I should feel more for the *usine* now than for the château. God's will be done. Now, sir, what next? You have promised to keep the papers."

"What is next? Yes, I might advise something more. It is a delicate task, mademoiselle, but enters into my functions. Here is a *rouleau* of gold—only a thousand francs. I am sorry it is not more. Every workman has been paid. Pray take this money, and you had better secure it, hide it somewhere. It may be of great service in times of emergency." Here M. Percival placed a small roll of gold on the table. "That is not all. Women treasure certain trinkets. Perhaps you had better conceal them, too. These are disagreeable details."

"What! must I do it? Oh, this is horrible, sir! Is this one of the things which follow glory?"

"Since you have confided your papers to me, a much more onerous thing, if not a liberty—" Here M. Percival hesitated.

"And will you, indeed, keep my trinkets for me? That is so very—very good of you! All my rings and brooches—those jewels my poor mother wore—are in an antique coffer up-stairs. Wait, I will get them." With a rapid movement the lady flew out of the room, ran into the hall, opened a trunk, and, returning in an instant, brought in a small steel coffer, which she placed on the table. "Here they all are. The plate was moved away some weeks ago. You never could guess how this box is opened. You never could find the key-hole. See! here is the key. Now shall I explain to you how it is done? You do not care? Well, I will show it to you some day." Here the young lady came to a full pause, and blushed crimson. Then she added:

"It is a cruel parting. In it is my mother's wedding-ring, and the little cross she wore. I did not think that any severance from such material things could make one suffer so. There, take them. No receipt for these, if you please; we do not give receipts for sentiments. Now, M. Percival, *je suis à vos ordres*. What next?"

"I know of nothing more. These final precautions, painful as they must be, conclude our business. We must wait for coming events."

"But there is something more. Having the papers and my poor little box, you must, you ought to leave St.-Eloi."

"Who? I, mademoiselle? You dismiss me?"

"Dismiss you? Oh, no. Still there is no possible reason why you should stay here. What I mean is this. Having accomplished your duty—fully—honorably—my—my father has no longer any claims on you. As an alien—I should suppose you would have no trouble in passing through the German lines."

"Who? I leave St.-Eloi? Do you insist on it? If I am useless at the forge now, at the château it may be different."

"But, M. Colonel Percival, *les convenances*! You do not understand them. You Americans never will. It is not proper that even under the present circumstances a woman, even one almost alone, like myself, should be—" Here she hesitated, and covered her face with her hands. "Believe me," she continued, "I am not ungrateful, nor proud; only—"

"*Les convenances*," blurted out the *contre-maitre*, "must be considered as intensely stupid. Such peculiar, fantastical ideas are singularly out of place and keeping at the present juncture. People shipwrecked, men and women floating on a stormy ocean, must despise *les convenances*. An American or an Englishman confined in a tower with a young lady under unfortunate circumstances beyond their control—"

"You are repeating to me Octave Feuillet's 'Romance of a Poor Young Man.' Yes, I have read it," cried Pauline, in confusion.

"If the hero had been an American or an Englishman, he would very certainly have examined the lock of the door first before he ventured in, to be sure of an exit, or would have invented or improvised a ladder to escape with, had he thought such a course absolutely necessary. Your poor young man was an idiot to risk his neck, and the heroine of the book a silly girl, inclined to be hysterical. French people look upon Virginie's death as the height of romance. Paul was a sentimental fool." Evidently M. Percival was losing his temper.

"Monsieur!"

"I must and will have my way. It is not so certain, after all, that I could leave St.-Eloi. The forges of St.-Eloi have been running for the last two months turning out shot and shell, and I fancy that, insignificant as I am, still, as the *contre-maitre* of St.-Eloi, my movements might be hampered. Believe me, considerations of duty I owe your father, who is so helpless now, the simplest dictates of humanity

toward him, would retain me, if not here in the château, at least in its neighborhood. Alone as a woman, you might be powerless when the crisis came. What I can do, or how I may be of assistance to Mademoiselle Delange, I do not know. I have, perhaps, no immediate business here; but—but—"

"But what, M. Percival?"

"It is only when I am positively certain that all danger is past—for the whole trouble will be over in twenty-four hours at most—that I shall be glad to receive my dismissal from the hands of Mademoiselle Delange."

"M. Percival," replied the lady, with a certain degree of warmth, "I never used the word dismissal. It is an expression of your own coining. Your French has wonderfully improved of late. Only, at the risk of being rude, I must declare that you do not thoroughly understand the spirit of our language. You have, indeed, proved yourself to be a true friend, but what can I do without an adviser? May your devotion to my father find its reward!"

"Devotion, mademoiselle! There is nothing of the kind. Is it not natural, though, that I should feel some gratitude toward your father for all the confidence he has placed in me? The eventuality might arise when I might even relieve you in nursing him. As his condition improved, he might be moved from St.-Eloi. One of the reasons of my present intrusion, then, mademoiselle, was to ask permission to occupy the keeper's lodge at the gate of the château-grounds. The keeper left yesterday. It does look like a *sauf qui peut*."

"Will Mademoiselle Pauline breakfast?" cried out Babette, entering with a tray poised on her hand. "I have prepared breakfast for two, for of course monsieur will breakfast with mademoiselle."

"Would M. Percival breakfast?" asked Pauline, diffidently. "He is welcome."

"Fearing almost to trespass on your hospitality, mademoiselle, I am forced to declare that I was dinnerless and supperless last night, and have certainly not breakfasted." And he added, with a smile: "Should *les convenances* permit it"—and he rose—"I would like to see that my horse has not wasted his feed, for there is none too much of it. If, then, mademoiselle would kindly send me a bit of bread to the keeper's lodge, I should be very much obliged to her."

"Stay, sir—stay. You were my father's guest. You are his guest again. A bit of bread, indeed! This is ridiculous, Colonel Percival.—Ah, Babette, this is a magnificent repast! Where did the eggs come from? I thought the last hen in Alsace had abandoned the place.—My poor maid does try so hard, M. Percival, to serve me in the same way as in former times—that is, when I breakfasted alone." Here Mademoiselle Pauline blushed. "I think she has prepared enough for both of us."

"*Comment donc, mademoiselle?* St.-Eloi negligently under any circumstances! And I who baked every morsel of flour that was left in the house, so that there is enough to last a week—so that we may stand a siege. There is a bottle of wine. M. Per-

cival shall try it. I am *garçon de cave* now. There isn't much left of a cellar. All the wine went to the hospitals, and those hungry rascals of soldiers gobbled the pears. Still I managed to secure a few.—Eat, monsieur; show a good example to mademoiselle, who only picks a little like the sparrows. The last breakfast at St.-Eloi must be a success. Think of it! One of the officers who left this morning gave me a package of coffee.—O mademoiselle! I am a splendid forager. But there is no milk. I pray monsieur will excuse it. The poor cows went to the meadows one fine morning and never came back again. It does me so much good to see you smile, mademoiselle. Still I could cry when I think of the grand service of only three months ago. Course after course on the table, and the *chef* busy with fifty *casseroles*, all of them stewing away, and the kitchen full of the most ravishing odors. I dream about it sometimes. *Alors donc*, mademoiselle, do not mind my melancholy *souvenirs*. I have—it is a secret—private stores, which André and I have hidden away for the master, and the Prussians might shoot and stab me to death before I would tell them where they are secreted. I, too, can be a martyr to my country! I must go now, and will be up again in a moment with the coffee.—You need be in no hurry, mademoiselle. André tells me that the master is sleeping quietly."

The breakfast commenced in silence, for there was evidently some embarrassment visible on the part of the lady. Now, if all food was square or cubical, as represented by a parallelogram of bread, for a one-armed man, the task of eating such alimentary substances would be comparatively an easy task; but with anything cylindrical—an egg, for instance—quite another kind of problem presents itself, which is more difficult of solution. The guest made an effort or two to chip his egg, and then with a laugh gave it up.

"Would you allow me, sir," asked the hostess, demurely, "to assist you?" And mademoiselle, with her pretty fingers, knife in hand, chipped the unstable egg for him, and placed it comfortably in his cup.

"It is the story of the fox and the stork," said M. Percival, pleasantly.

"I do not see the allusion," replied Mademoiselle Pauline. "But pray have no hesitation in asking me to help you when I can. I fancy, sir, if you will excuse my recurring to it, that a certain amount of unnecessary sensitiveness was the reason why, when you were an invalid at the house, you never honored us with your presence."

"It might have been so to a certain degree, though, on my word, I was not conscious of it. The principal cause for my keeping my own room was that I really was very stupid from the blow I had received; and because your father's *contre-maitre*, though the first man at the forge, would, you must allow it, have been the last at your father's table."

"Not as Colonel Percival, certainly. My father is much more democratic than you think. At your age he had not your position. What impossible ideas

you have, and how ignorant you are that in France there is a fund of *bonhomie* which equalizes all ranks!"

"And M. de Valbois and the gentleman's mother?"

Then Babette came in with the coffee, and Mademoiselle Pauline said: "Babette, M. Percival has decided to occupy the keeper's lodge. Will you instruct André to make it habitable? The house and grounds are under M. Percival's care. It is time now—you will excuse me, sir—that I should be with my father. Your visit has been a great relief to me. Now that I am prepared for the worst, those vague terrors which uncertainty ever has are removed. Again let me assure you how deeply I am indebted to you. So we are to expect the enemy to-morrow? God help us! Of course, you will come to the house for your repasts, such as we can give you; and you will excuse my presence if I am unable to see you.—Babette, tell André I will relieve him now."

"Mademoiselle Delange, I beg that you will consider how fully I appreciate the distressing circumstances in which you are placed. I sincerely trust that my presence will not be an annoyance to you. It will be but the infliction of a day or so."

"You mistake me, sir, and pain me with your remarks. I trust in you implicitly, and have something more to ask of you. Here is a little ring—it was a parting gift from poor Général de Frail."—Here she drew off a ring from her taper finger and placed it in M. Percival's hand.—"It would quite break my heart should I lose it."

M. Percival seemed to hesitate a moment what to do with the ring. Here, for the first time, the poor girl broke down, and, sobbing, left the room.

M. Percival strode into the empty hall, uncertain for a moment what to do. Just then André appeared on the landing above. M. Percival beckoned to him.

"André," he said, "all these trunks strewed about here are a temptation to pillage. They must be removed. I have some idea, not a very certain one, of the disposition of the rooms M. Delange occupies at present."

"There are four rooms. One is mademoiselle's apartment—at least she moved there when monsieur was taken ill."

"How many doors communicate with the landing?"

"Two."

"That is unfortunate. We will blockade one. Have you ever made a barricade?"

"Who—I, sir? Yes, sir, when I was young and foolish, in 1830 and 1848."

"We will construct a barricade now. These trunks here will close one of the doors. We will move them. Come, we have work before us, and it must be noiselessly done."

It took an hour's time for two men with three hands to accomplish their task.

"The second door you will leave as it is until you have instructions from me."

"Has monsieur ever made a barricade?" asked André.

"Yes."

"Monsieur seems to know all about it."

"Now, André, I want implicit obedience on your part. You must, after to-morrow morning, never lose sight of mademoiselle. You and Babette, in case there is any trouble, will stay up-stairs in the rooms with your master and mistress. Now there are two or three things I shall want in the keeper's lodge."

"Oh, I can furnish monsieur royally. Is it a rosewood bed, a mirror, or a comfortable *fautuil* he may want?"

"Nothing of the kind. I shall go to St.-Eloi at once, and will return as soon as possible. During my absence, bring me a tin skillet from your kitchen and a bundle of fagots. Place them in the keeper's room. You had, in fact, better do it at once. That is all I shall want."

Then M. Percival mounted his horse, strapped on the valise with the casket, and rode rapidly to the *usine*. Here he found several regiments of infantry as if apparently on the move. He entered the deserted factory, and presently returned with two or three packages. He was off again in a moment, and in a quarter of an hour had ridden back the few miles which separated the *usine* from the château. His horse was placed in the stable. Now he sought the keeper's lodge, and made a fire, and, producing several pounds of wax, proceeded to melt it. He took long strips of canvas, and, making a number of parcels of the papers, bound each up in cloth, and then dipped every one of them in the wax. Then he made a big bundle of them all, put the casket in the wrappings, and wound around that more folds of canvas, which he coated with a water-proof varnish. For a one-armed person he worked very quickly—a certain very white set of teeth which the man had been used to great advantage in holding one end of the long shreds of cloth. As he finished his work he said, laughingly:

"Strange that I should be obliged to a great-grandmother of mine for this method! She hid her treasures that way when the British captured her house. I have taken coffee out of an old urn which was swathed and buried just in this way. Family history says that it was underground for a year and more."

Then he lit a cigar, threw himself on the floor, and presently was sound asleep. It was the heavy rest of a man who had had no repose for the last thirty-six hours. It was dusk when he awoke, thoroughly refreshed by his slumbers. He waited until it was dark. Then he took the package under his arm, ventured out, and walked quickly through the thickets which skirted the lawn.

"There is no light in the back of the house, for M. Delange's room is in the front. I shall not want a lantern. Now, there was a broken spade thrown away by the soldiers somewhere here—I saw it this morning. Ah, there it is! It will answer my purpose. The water has softened the soil right by the vase I put in place this morning. Hist! what is that? That rascal Bob, I declare! Quiet, you

brute, or I will have to throttle you. I will take off my coat; he will sit on that; that will quiet him. I think here will be a safe place to hide the packages. The water of the brook will be sure to overflow the place. I guarantee the papers, but the casket I am not so sure about. Fortunately the coast is clear. I only see just beyond there a red glare against the sky over the town, where the soldiers have lighted their fires. Here goes!" And, saying this, Percival overturned the vase, removed the pedestal, and commenced digging with a will. "It is the hardest bit of engineering I ever tried. Ah! I have struck the hard soil below. It is deep enough, I think. Good-by, papers and casket; and may you see the light again on a more auspicious occasion!" Then he tramped down the dirt on the concealed treasure, replaced the pedestal, rearranged the sod, and left the vase on the ground. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and then carried the spade into the thicket, Bob following him. He returned to the lawn. Just then came from afar off in the distance the sound of a gun. Then followed a few more shots, and now several volleys were heard. He started. Now all was silent. It was not in the direction of St.-Eloi, but away off on the left. "It is a distasteful sound, and sickens me. They must be skirmishing off there." Now Bob growled, and M. Percival picked him up, and buttoned him up in his coat. Then he heard the clatter of horses' feet, and he crouched behind an abutment which supported the terrace. The rapid stride of a horse was now distinctly heard, and presently a lancer dashed at full speed across the lawn. M. Percival held his breath. "It is a French soldier, I am sure of it; but here comes another, and not so fast. It is a courier sent with some news, or a Uhlan after the Frenchman." The second horseman came along rather more slowly, as if in doubt as to his road. Now the moon rose, and M. Percival could see distinctly that it was not an enemy. Bob barked just then, and the man halted.

"Comrade," cried M. Percival, very much relieved, "your companion passed through here five minutes ago. This is the château of St.-Eloi. The town lies almost three miles beyond. Take that biggest gap there through the thicket, and you will strike the road."

"*Merci!*" cried the soldier; "my comrade's horse was fresher than mine. You know the news? General advance of the Prussians, and our cavalry-pickets are being driven in. I recognize the château. I was quartered here three weeks ago. It is not much of a fight. Ah, there they are at it again! A small affair; but to-morrow we may have it hot and heavy."

"Thank you for the information. Will you have a cigar?"

"Much obliged. I heard a prisoner say that every Prussian soldier had three cigars a day, and that, when he was on the sick-list or wounded, he had all the cigars he could smoke. Listen again. *Pif-paf!* How the powder speaks! You are going to see some of the fun here. It is a real mess we are making of it.—Thank you, I will take a match.

There they go again. I don't think we have any infantry there; and those guns sound like needle-guns—our Chassepots have a sharper crack. Oh, I know them all. It is a music I have danced to quite often lately. So I fancy they are driving us in. There, I must be going now—and luck to you!—Steady, Cocotte; don't fret so, you old jade; for it is quite likely that you will have a belly full of it to-morrow. —Good-night, sir;” and, saying this, the soldier rode briskly off.

Now M. Percival ascended the steps of the terrace, and paused a moment before the little room where he had breakfasted in the morning. Suddenly a light shone there. He stopped an instant as the sash was opened, and the figure of a woman was seen peering into the darkness.

“It is I, mademoiselle; do not be alarmed,” said M. Percival.

“I am not frightened. I fancied I recognized your footsteps. I thought I heard the sound of a horse galloping on the lawn some few minutes ago. Has the time come? I heard, too, firing in the distance. We are all naturally anxious and wakeful, save my father, who is sleeping. Great Heavens! they are firing again. God save France and her brave soldiers! Might I ask you what brings you out? Is there anything wrong?”

“I assure you, mademoiselle, that the situation has hardly changed. The advance of the enemy is, perhaps, slower than I thought it would be. My reasons for being up certainly concern you. I have hidden the papers and your casket. They are under the vase you once cared for.”

“The one you lifted into place this morning?”

“Did I? Well, I have upset it again to-night. Should any accident happen to me, or should we not meet again, you will know where to look for your property.”

“Not meet you again?”

“Let me trust that my dismissal will come in proper time, and in the ordinary course of events.”

“Your dismissal! But you are cruel, sir—”

“Who? I, mademoiselle, cruel! Why should I be, when I am really distressed thinking of your many anxieties? But I pray you do not remain up any more.”

Mademoiselle Pauline had ventured a single step or so on the terrace. M. Percival—for the light had been blown out in the room, and it was dark—proffered the lady his hand to lead her back.

“I am dreadfully muddy,” he said. “Had I remembered that I had been digging, I should not have presumed to offer you my hand.”

The gentle pressure of the woman's fingers was relaxed suddenly when he said this, as if the touch of the man's hand had stung her.

She entered the library without a word, and sank down on a chair, pale, trembling, and speechless. Suddenly she gave a smothered cry.

“Ah, Bobe, is that you? He must have been following his master, and come in unperceived.—It is a comfort to have you, poor little dog! There—

there—listen! They are firing now again!” And she shuddered.

She was no longer brave in talk, but dark terror came, and she clasped her hands in agony. Then she started and felt for her ring. It was gone! She remembered that she had given the ring to M. Percival for safe-keeping. Then Bob jumped up into her lap, and she cuddled him, and now all was silent and still; and wearied out, utterly wretched, she fell asleep in her chair. She had not slept more than an hour, she thought, when Babette awakened her.

“It is almost morning, mademoiselle, and such a precious fright as I have had about you until I found you here, a couple of hours ago! *Ma foi!* you were sleeping, and I had not the heart to wake you. M. Delange has not been at all restless, and has passed a good night. We are all alive yet, so it seems. Ah, there is Bobe! Where did he come from? See how he has muddied your dress! No Prussians yet. Not a soul on the grounds. The firing was dreadful. Perhaps our brave soldiers have driven the enemy back, and we are safe now. Ah, *mon Dieu!* what is that? I know the sound—that rumble, rumble—and the galloping of horses, and the sharp rattle of swords and scabbards. The artillery must be coming back.” Babette ran to the window. “It is the cannoneers—and how fast they are coming! It is our men. Oh, *les fuyards!* the cravens! No—no; I am mistaken. They slacken their pace; they are coming into the lawn. I count one—two—four—eight—ten pieces. The men and horses are covered with dust. The officers are dismounting. What! more men? They are swarming on the other side, away across the field, at the foot of the hills. Now that the sun is fairly up, I see their red breeches; it is our men. Listen! it is the roll of the drum—do you hear?—and there sound the clarions. Ah, here comes a general and his staff. They all of them are dashing to the front. They have glasses, and are looking at something beyond the hills. Here comes an officer back at full speed, and now the cannons are being moved, and at full gallop. Some of the cannons seem to stick in the muddy places, and the men jump off the guns and push them along. Now I see the gleam of gun-barrels, and the base of the hill is black with men, and they are ascending it now on the run. Stop! not all of them. What are they doing? I see trees falling; I fancy I can hear them crash as the trunks and branches tumble down; I do see, however, the flashing of their axes. They must be making a breastwork. Now three—four—of the cannons are on top of the hill. But it is so quiet beyond. I hear nothing—nothing. Still there must be something. There—there! do you hear that crackling now, like the embers of a fire when it sputters? There is a mist on the hill-tops now, but it has cleared off, and the sound comes plainer. The general has left a staff-officer on the grounds. He is coming this way, and is riding full speed. Mademoiselle, has our time come?”

Then a knock was heard at the door, and Babette flew to it.

“Babette,” cried M. Percival, in a quick, impera-

tive way, "bid your mistress seek her room at once. I saw a bunch of keys on the mantel-piece of the room yesterday—are they the keys of the house?"

"They are, Monsieur Percival," said Pauline, coming to the door.

"Pray give them to me; and for Mercy's sake go to your room." And now he led the way into the hall, and waited until the lady and her maid had disappeared up the stairs. Then M. Percival went out on the terrace.

"Ah, is it you?" said an officer, dismounting from his horse. "You may remember to have seen me at your works two months ago. It seems likely that the general may want to use M. Delange's château for an hour or so, though I am afraid it will be a *mauvais quart d'heure*. It is a really handsome edifice, but essentially deficient as a place one could defend—a perfect trap for shells. All these old places go down like pasteboard castles when only a shell is thrown into them; a simple peard guts them."

"Will the affair be a serious one?" asked M. Percival.

"The enemy are advancing in force; we feel sure of that from the deliberation of his movements. We had quite a pretty affair a little before midnight, when our advance posts were driven in. It looks like business."

"You never can hold St.-Eloi, and what is the use of trying to do so? All the war material is removed."

"So it is, and it was well done. But we must check this advance, if but for an hour or so. What I want to know is, the condition of the lower part of this château. Where the terrace faces the green here, there is a good bit of masonry with a fair frontage. Ah! I see you have the keys, and that you are a man of business. Would you be good enough to show me the way below?"

"I will accompany you with your permission. You have no intention of holding the château, have you?" inquired M. Percival.

"Since the general sent me here, I should suppose he had some such idea."

"But there is a lady in the house, with her father, M. Delange, who is very ill."

"Can you not remove them?"

"It is impossible."

"By all manner of means, put them in the front of the house."

"They are there, fortunately."

"That is lucky, for the attack looks as if it would come from the rear. Ah, here are the cellars—and, delightful! these walls are just thick enough to loop-hole without any great trouble. We will have to put a company of men here, whose services might be useful. *Mon Dieu!* monsieur, the château of St.-Eloi might become famous as a second Hougemont, if only we could spare some thousand men to hold it. But we can only do our best; it will hold some fifty men, not more."

"You are likely to lose all your men. There is but one small egress from below. Had you not bet-

ter open some exit on the front, in case you have to vacate the premises? As undoubtedly the enemy are in superior numbers, the lives of all your brave fellows would be sacrificed—they would be killed like rats in a trap."

"*Certainement*, and why not? killed that or any other way—what is the difference? However, we will look at the measures for an escape. We will drill a big opening through here. I seize the plan of the cellar! Has monsieur ever been in a situation like this? He talks as if he had been."

"No, lieutenant; never, thank God!"

"Well, I have now the whole matter plain; we will ascend."

"Might I beg you to carry me to the officer in command?"

"Certainly, since I suppose you represent the owner of the château." And a few minutes later M. Percival was at the kiosk, where was the general.

"General," said the lieutenant, "the terrace is quite practicable for the purposes indicated by you."

"Take twenty *sappeurs* and do the work. Mind, the loop-holes are not to be too close. Place two or three files of men there. Do it at once.—Monsieur, you wish to speak to me?"

"I do, sir. I am in charge of the château of St.-Eloi—"

"And have come to complain. I have no time to waste."

"You mistake my errand, sir. The occupants of the house are M. Delange and his daughter, once the nearest and dearest friends of Général de Frail. M. Delange is desperately ill; his daughter is nursing him. All I pray is this, that the upper part of the house will, if possible, be kept free of soldiers."

"Certainly; I had no intention of putting a man there. Monsieur's and mademoiselle's wishes will be respected. Is that all you want?—Here, some of you see to it: give positive instructions that no man goes up-stairs.—Is there anything more?"

"Yes, sir; if not a liberty: I should advise your cutting the dam which holds the water of a little lake just off there. It will flood the grounds just beyond the abatis you are constructing, and perhaps retard a rapid approach."

"*Hein!* You don't say so! You are perfectly familiar with the grounds? You must be. I should be very much obliged to you if you would accompany this officer and show him the lake." An orderly gave M. Percival a horse, and, accompanied by an officer of engineers, they both rode rapidly to the pond.

"You have seen service, sir?" inquired the officer.

"I have, sir."

"Where, might I ask?"

"In America."

"On the winning side?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is lucky; it is hard to fight on the losing one."

"I hope such will not be your fate."

"But it will be. We are frittering away our strength; we are outmarched, outnumbered, outgeneraled—all save outfought. Ah! here is the dam. If the water was higher, it would be better. Luck is against us. We have had no rain of any consequence since the opening of the campaign; no streams of water which, when rising, could check the German advance. Of course, when the Prussians are after us, there will be a deluge to hamper our movements. Ah! this is where the proprietor of the château fed his carp. Oh! the fine, big fish I see there! Decidedly, I should prefer fishing at the present moment. Well, ten men can do the work; the supports are but slight. We will go back, now."

"Would you kindly tell me whether there will be a serious defense of the château?"

"Certainly not. That would be exceedingly stupid. St.-Eloi, now that the iron-works are abandoned, and everything useful taken away, is of no consequence."

"I may go, now?" inquired M. Percival.

"Certainly. What a pity! there will be no more water-parties on the pretty lake. But I know you will not blame me."

M. Percival rode on rapidly, passing through fresh ranks of soldiers, who by this time had come from St.-Eloi. Then he dismounted, and hurried to the house. "My God!" he said to himself, as he heard the dull sounds of the soldiers working below, "this is dreadful. If the lower portion of the château is held, there may be a hand-to-hand fight in the house. If the Prussians carry the hills, as they undoubtedly will, they will batter the house over our ears. What can I do? One last effort: M. Delange must be moved. Mademoiselle Delange can be of no possible use here. I can stay with her father. She would be safer anywhere than here." Then he sprang up the steps of the house, mounted to the landing, where André met him.

"Your mistress," said M. Percival, "go bid her come to me."

"I am here, monsieur," said a trembling voice. "My poor father is worse; all this terrible noise and turmoil has excited him. He is so weak he cannot move in his bed, yet he implores me in a piteous voice to let him rise and take arms in defense of his country. I cannot—must not—leave him. Pray, bid me do anything but that!"

"I had come, mademoiselle, to implore you to seek shelter in the keeper's lodge, and to leave me with your father. André and Babette might go with you. But I do not insist on it."

"Oh, no, no! Anything but that!"

"Only promise me this, then: do not leave your room. Quick, in with you; and may God protect you!" and he closed the door on her.—"André, one word with you. This, then, is the other door of issue? As soon as you are in, drag all the furniture you have right up against that door, and barricade it, too. Do absolutely what I tell you! You understand?"

"I do, sir. Babette has strong arms, and we

will manage it. I have some weapons here—they are old, it is true, but very good;" and André showed a pair of antiquated horse-pistols.

"Give them to me. Arms would be useless. Resistance would only make matters worse. The soldiers are to do the fighting. Remember, private individuals who use arms are harshly treated by the Prussians."

"But, monsieur—"

"Do as I bid you: give me the pistols. I admire your spirit, and feel sure you would use these pistols with true courage. Away with you now, André, and do as I tell you."

Then André somewhat reluctantly handed the pistols to M. Percival, who threw them into a neighboring dark closet. Then he listened until he heard the noise of furniture moving in the room. It was now evident that a sharp attack was being made. As M. Percival stood on the terrace, the puffs of smoke beyond the hills were apparent. It is one of the curious phenomena of war that, after the immense bustle and confusion which follow the investment of a position, there comes a period of repose. Occasionally a restive horse would neigh and paw the ground, but generally even the animals were quiet. The volume of sound to the rear increased. An experienced ear could distinguish between the sharp and frequently-interrupted fire of the French and the incessant volleys of the Germans. As the firing came nearer, the quiet mien of the French soldiers in and about the château-grounds changed somewhat. Guns were looked at, and cartridge-boxes were examined. Some men gave their belts a tighter hitch and tucked up their trousers. Some half-dozen soldiers took off their shoes and fastened them on their knapsacks, preferring to fight barefooted. More than one man threw aside his cap, and bound his head with a handkerchief. A drummer who had loosened the snares of his drum tightened them again, and was playing the charge on the wood of his *casse*. Officers looked at their revolvers, and walked or rode among the men, giving sharp, brief orders. Now distant cheers were heard, and a slight movement was visible, as a small detachment of cavalry emerged from a wood on a distant hill.

"They are the Prussians!" cried some conscripts.

"Silence, there!" cried an old soldier. "They won't be there long."

Then there were three or four discharges of cannon from the advanced French battery, and away scampered the horsemen, some of the horses being plainly visible to be riderless. Now came a swarm of French chasseurs, who had been skirmishing, but who seemed not at all inclined to follow the cavalry.

"Our chasseurs are running in!" cried a conscript.

"Idiot!" replied the veteran, "and well they may, for certainly behind that Prussian cavalry there are two or three regiments of *Kaiserliche*. You will know all about it before long."

Some of the chasseurs now entered the grounds of

St.-Eloi. It was piteous to see more than one of them fall before they reached the lawn, to rise no more. Many little groups of three or four were seen bearing the wounded, the arms and hands of the dying men trailing helplessly on the ground. An officer, his head bandaged with a handkerchief, came slowly riding in, supported by two men, one on each side of him. The general rode to him, seemed to exchange a few words with him; then the officer was lifted off his horse, and placed gently on the ground. Then a surgeon came to him, and he was carried to the kiosk. The French guns on the nearest hill now seemed hotly engaged—you could not see the pieces for the smoke. But soon their fire slackened. It was evident they were not to be supported, and presently they tore down the hill, and took position inside of the abatis. Still there was a thin line of French infantry visible on the elevation; but they, too, gradually withdrew, and now solid square masses of men, slowly advancing, held the crest. Now a dull thud was heard, and M. Percival saw trees waver, then sink as it were into the ground.

"It is the dam that has been broken. It may stop the advance for a moment—providing, only, the Germans do not have any guns."

But they had guns, for presently a shell swept through the air and burst near the abatis. Now the French had come under cover. The fusillade was incessant, and all the French cannon pealed out at once.

"We are stronger in artillery for the moment, and it is well served. The end, however, is inevitable. That battery cannot hold on ten minutes more without being captured."

Suddenly the fire at the abatis slackened. First one gun was withdrawn, then another, and now all of them were dashing across the foot of the lawn toward the road to St.-Eloi. Then the black masses on the hills moved rapidly—one surged directly downward, and another swept to the right.

"If we have no cavalry, those guns are gone. No, no! Well done! here come our horsemen from the wood. Poor fellows, how they are catching it! My God, this is beastly, brutal work! I suppose I am nervous. If I was in it, I shouldn't have time to think of it, and I have been in it sometimes; anyhow, the guns are safe so far, for they are now on their way full tilt toward St.-Eloi."

It was a fairly stubborn fight in front of the lawn. There was a check of a moment where the water had flooded some flat lands, but the Prussians were soon through it. Twice a charge was made by the Germans, and twice repelled. Now the French soldiers fell slowly back. But heavy artillery-firing on the right was heard, and balls tore through the trees, and plunged diagonally across the lawn. Still the brave Frenchmen did not actually break, though their movements were accelerated. Now the first of the Bavarian skirmishers were seen just beyond the abatis. A dozen men were over it—now they formed almost a company. The rear-guard of the French turned suddenly, and closed with them. Here a murderous conflict took place, and many a

brave German paid dearly for his temerity. Still it was a useless contest, for now the main column of the Germans was in close proximity to its own skirmishers, and the French retreat was sounded.

"If—if only the cellar is vacated! My God, if I dared tell those poor fellows that resistance is useless!"

Just then the smothered roar of muskets was heard below him.

"The worst has come; we shall have it now. It is getting too hot here!" cried M. Percival, as a ball flattened against the wall of the house just over his head and fell at his feet.

Then he ran into the house, sprang up the steps, and stood by M. Delange's door. There was a faint reek of gunpowder through the house. He waited a minute—ten minutes—then a dreadful howl of rage was heard below him. The Germans had burst open the doors of the château and had rushed into the basement. There were a dozen discharges, and terrific cries and imprecations were heard. More explosions followed, which were continued on the lawn. Now the first armed man was seen below by the anxious watcher. It was a Bavarian captain, followed by half a dozen men, who rushed furiously up the stairs. Sword in hand, the officer sprang forward; his soldiers had their bayonets leveled.

"Out of the way with you!" cried the officer, disdainfully, appreciating, apparently, the helplessness of a one-armed man. "There may be some of the enemy concealed here. Quick! reply—are there any soldiers here? Have you no tongue? Answer if you value your life. If I hear the discharge of a single gun, I shall hold you responsible. Our blood is up; open me that door there, the one you are standing against, or I will throw you over the banisters."

"There is no one there, sir," said M. Percival, "save a very ill man—the owner of this château—and his daughter and two servants."

"Open me, then, that door, so that I can see."

"I cannot; the door is barricaded."

"Barricaded!—Burst it open, sergeant. We will see.—I tell you, if there is the slightest treachery here, or any mishap happens to my men above-stairs, I shall not hesitate to split open your skull, though you are maimed and crippled.—Here, you men there, force open that door—fire into the lock of the door if it is not opened!"

"The only French soldier I know of in the house now—at least up-stairs—is a man in the signal-service, who may be on the roof."

"There is no trusting any Frenchmen. But you are not French, and your German has an English twang."

"That is not very strange. When you once spoke English, though you were fluent enough, it had a German accent, Lieutenant Müller—"

"Lieutenant Müller? How do you know my name? And who the devil are you, you one-armed, cool man? Yes, I do speak English. God bless my soul! *Donnerwetter!* what, is it possible? I find a man on a staircase in a château in Alsace that I

left for dead in an ambulance in Virginia! You are Colonel Percival, as I have the honor to serve his majesty the King of Bavaria.—Lower your guns, my men. Here is a *rencontre*. But I may be mistaken. Give me my *signalement*."

"You were private first in a regiment I had the honor to command. For meritorious conduct I made you sergeant. In a month, for signal bravery, you were a lieutenant; and when I last saw you at Cold Harbor—"

"I was a captain. It is so. By all that is holy, you are Colonel Percival! I could embrace you. Wait until the men go up-stairs after that poor devil of a signal-man, and I will.—Go up-stairs with you, and bring me down the prisoner—sharp, now! Do not be too rough. I know this gentleman—an American—an old friend—not a Frenchman.—There, now, they are gone. I am so glad to see you! I could kiss you! Not dead—not dead?"

"No, lieutenant; since I surrender at discretion. And you? I see you have made your way."

"At the first sounds of war, I was off for home, and got an early promotion, and, if I am not killed, will rise higher. Ah! here come my men with their prisoner."

"I have a great favor to ask, sir. If these men are to be stationed in the house, I beg of you let no one come up here. You consent?"

"Bring them some wine, and I think the matter can be arranged, at least for the present. It was hot work below for a moment, but almost all of them got off. You see, I dashed ahead with only fifty men—if I had had a hundred I should have bagged every one of them. What fun! One thing more: who is this Yankee who is in business here, turning out shot and shell for these Frenchmen?"

"Who? who but I?"

"Ah! that is *shrecklich*."

"I was in M. Delange's employ—have been so for a year."

"Oh! that alters the circumstances. But I must report it. For an old and cherished comrade of that memorable American war, I can't but try to help you. Leave matters to me. You are all gone up here. St.-Eloi will be carried to-morrow, maybe to-night. We have got you all sewed up. It was a neat little skirmish this morning. We must have killed two hundred of your fellows between breakfast and luncheon. At that rate, there won't be a Frenchman left by the end of the war season. I am going now to report, for I hear the main body coming. Listen to the music!"

"Thank God for this meeting, Lieutenant Müller! I was not mistaken when I knew you to be a brave, whole-souled man. I am so thankful the worst is over. I have no stomach now for fighting."

"You were, though, the greediest man once for it I ever saw. If you hadn't pushed me out of the way at Cold Harbor and taken the lead yourself, it would have been Müller that had been shot and not his colonel, for, *Donnerwetter*, you were my superior once. There, good-by, now. I will take the men down-stairs, and mind you send them the wine. Of

course, as I captured the place I shall have charge of it, at least for a day or so.—Ah! what is that? There is an explosion somewhere—off that side."

"I fancy it must be the old *usine* of St.-Eloi that has been blown up," said M. Percival, with a sigh.

"Oh, is that all? Report to me in an hour from now. Here is a bit of paper. I will write you a pass on it—it will allow you to move about the house, otherwise my men might annoy you. You see you must come to me, and tell me about all the good friends I have left behind me. I want to compare notes with you. In America we fought a kind of inspired fight; here it is a mathematical one. Both results conclude with no end of broken heads. Adieu—for an hour.—Take charge of the prisoner, men. Forward!" and Müller tramped down-stairs, followed by his somewhat astonished men.

Then Percival felt nervous and shaky for a moment before he could realize the danger the inmates of the house had passed through.

"*C'est fini?*" he heard a voice inquire, in a hollow whisper. He looked up, and Babette's face, as pale as a ghost's, appeared in a *lucarne* window opposite from M. Delange's room. "You are not killed—or hurt?"

"It is all over, Babette, and the worst of it is not so bad, after all. Bid André move the furniture. Assure mademoiselle that all danger is past."

The face disappeared, and presently the movement of furniture was heard, and before long the door was opened. M. Percival stood in the entrance. Babette gazed at him a moment; then crying, "Excuse me, sir," rushed at him and kissed him. "I saw it all; how brave and cool you were! I wanted to scream when I saw those brutes tear up the stairs. Mademoiselle is well—even the master is not so much worse. André has told him we are captives. Will they put us in the cellars, and feed us on bread-and-water? I have told mademoiselle all about it."

"It is well, Babette; now go quickly down-stairs, ask for Captain Müller, and have some wine ready—all you can spare—do not stint it. You are not afraid? I will be with you in a moment."

"Who—I afraid? Not a bit of it! If any one dares to lay a hand on me I will box his ears, and my arm and hand are solid. What wine we have left I placed in the room below; I will go and fetch it." And Babette, apparently not the least discomposed, went down the stairs. M. Percival still lingered. Now Bob found his master, and rushed to him, barking for joy.

"O Monsieur Percival!" said Mademoiselle Pauline, coming to the door, "how can I express my gratitude? I think an interval of repose has followed my poor father's late excited condition. André and I have tried to acquaint him with our situation. Must we leave the house? These Prussians will not have the heart to drive us forth!"

"I see no necessity for it, mademoiselle. Just now, perhaps, we may be considered in *durance*; but it is captivity in its mildest form. Later in the day, if you think M. Delange could see me, I would like

to pay my respects to him. Will you kindly inform him of my intended visit?"

The door leading to the invalid's room was half open, and a querulous voice said: "I hear the *contre-maitre*. I want to see him. Bid him come to me. You must not keep secrets from me. Are the works captured? André, look out of the window. Do you see any smoke? You don't reply? Stupid fellow! Are you an idiot? Yes, or no? I will see M. Percival. I order you, André, to bring him to me at once."

"Will you go? Pray do, M. Percival. It were as well to see him now, and to tell him all," said Mademoiselle Pauline.

M. Percival went noiselessly into the ill man's room.

"It is I, sir; and I am so glad to hear your voice and see you once more! Now, let me make the briefest kind of a report to you. For two months, just as if you had been there, the work at the *usine* has gone on. Two days ago we finished the most important parts of the government contracts, and sent them off—"

"The Prussians did not get the war-material? That was well done. Bravo!"

"Now, my brave old master"—and M. Percival took M. Delange's hand in his—"the Prussians hold the château."

"Have my positive orders about the *usine* been carried out?"

"I think so."

"There has been a fight quite near. I know it. The house shook with explosions. Take what care you can of the grounds. If the Germans want to see me, perhaps in a day or so they can do so. Of course we will have to decamp. Where is Pauline? My poor child! one wouldn't think from looking at her that she was frightened. So the last of all the shot and shell were sent off. How did you manage it? I do not care a snap of my finger if France ever pays me or not."

"Are you not talking too much, dear father?" said the daughter.

"This is business, Pauline.—M. Percival, in the middle of France I own a property. We will go there. I will start a big establishment. It will be a good ways from these Germans, where they cannot reach us. Ha! ha! we will outwit them yet. I may be crippled a little in mind and body, but not killed outright. There, that will do. I am not a bit the worse for this little talk. I have made up my mind not to worry about things. In a day or so I will be stronger; then you and I will lay our heads together."

Then M. Delange shut his eyes, and Mademoiselle Pauline and M. Percival stole out of the room.

"He will get better; I am sure of it," said M. Percival, joyfully. "He must have medical advice now."

"What, sir! one of those German surgeons?"

"Certainly; there are no better."

"You insist on it, M. Percival?"

"Not insist—I have no right to insist. Why,

mademoiselle, do you resist what seems to me to be now inevitable? By the greatest piece of good luck I happen to know the officer who will be, perhaps, in charge here. I must present you to him."

"What! must I affiliate with our enemies? Can you ask me such a thing?"

"I do ask it. Mademoiselle has, I am fully aware, dignity enough to command respect. The enemy has so far acted with a certain amount of gallantry. I have seen soldiers, and even officers, when in a house, when red-handed, act with much less consideration. I am afraid you will consider me as an alarmist."

"Suppose they had thrown you over the balustrade, and you had had your brains dashed out on the marble pavement below? They threatened it—this gallant enemy! Babette has told me all about it."

"It was really nothing but bluster. You see, my having but one arm was exactly the condition necessary to arrest their anger."

"You knew the officer in charge? What a coarse, brutal voice he had! I shall never approach him without a feeling of horror."

"Mademoiselle, that very man served under me once, and was a brave soldier and a true friend. Lieutenant Müller, when I was hurt, carried me off the field, right through a murderous fire. I know there is a natural aversion all women feel at meeting an enemy of their country; but Müller was only doing his duty."

"He saved your life, and wanted to take it again! Still his voice is not a pleasant one, especially when coupled with a sabre pointed at a man's breast. But you do not mean to say that you have ever rushed sword in hand into a private house threatening blood and extermination?"

"The action you describe goes with glory. I do not remember to have been ever forced to do it; still, if I had been acting under orders, or thought it necessary, I might have been even less gentle than Captain Müller. There was a fight, I am afraid, in the lower part of the château. Men waive considerations of politeness when they storm a house. But spare me the details."

"Listen to them now! They are bursting open the doors below—the wretches! They are laughing and shouting. The impertinence of the thing! Do you hear? They are absolutely playing on my Erard piano! How the brute is thumping on it! And now a man is singing; and there goes a chorus. Do not smile, M. Percival; it is irritating to a degree! Such sounds of hilarity are dreadfully out of place. I have not ventured to look out. There may be dead and wounded on the lawn. My God! how fearful is war! The hubbub is worse and worse. Now they are laughing and roaring. For Heaven's sake, beg this Captain Müller to bid his bandits cease!"

"I should be powerless. The piano is really the only sufferer. Listen, mademoiselle: there is a touch for you which certainly displays more *physique* than sentiment. Let them sing; music never was more timely. All I can do is to try and prevent in-

trusion from below. Pluck up spirits, mademoiselle. I swear to you that the worst is over, at least for the present. St.-Eloi will fall. The absence of firing—it ceased some time ago—means that it has been abandoned by our soldiers, and this part of the country is virtually separated from France. Now I have no longer any business here. If permitted to do so by the Prussians—and doubtless Captain Müller will help me—I shall get a pass. Thence to Hamburg or Bremen is an affair of but a few days. M. Delange is so much improved that perhaps in a week or so you might move him, and find safer quarters than in this château."

"Monsieur, you shock, you distress me! What! you are going to leave us? Can you entertain such an idea? If the crisis is past, I am still as much in want of help as ever; and you ought to see it."

"Do you bid me stay, mademoiselle?"

"Who—I? I cannot assume now the position of one who gives orders or commands. But"—here she paused, and seemed to measure her words—"if you think my poor father would feel no pang at your departure, you are mistaken. What! M. Percival, just as my father seems to be returning, thank God, to convalescence, at least, you want to bid us coolly good-by? As to his daughter, sir—"

"Say not another word, mademoiselle. If I can be of any use to M. Delange, I will remain. My intended departure from St.-Eloi might be in a week or ten days hence. I am very happy that my services are thought of some avail. There, mademoiselle, the piano has ceased now. Allow me, then, to enter into my functions. There must be means found for sending tidings of your condition to your friends."

"Friends! There is but one friend; she is in Paris. It is Madame de Montfriand; and can you communicate with her?"

"Very possibly."

"I will give you her address. You must write her that I am well; that my father is better; and that M. Percival has—"

"Well, mademoiselle?"

"Has been very good to us."

"Nonsense! My name must not appear. Is there no one else?—no one in France, besides, to write to?"

"No one," replied Mademoiselle Pauline, reflectively.

"You are very positive?" asked M. Percival.

"Not that lady, Madame de Valbois?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor M. de Valbois, a pleasant gentleman, who was more than once very affable and considerate with me?"

Here Pauline Delange stamped her foot and said: "What! M. de Valbois patronize M. Percival? I write to Raoul de Valbois? Why should I? What a preposterous idea you Americans must have of what it is fitting for a Frenchwoman to do!"

"*Les convenances* again, I suppose," said M. Percival; "but," continued the *contre-maitre*, demurely, "from what I heard—if not presuming too much, mademoiselle—M. de Valbois would have the right to hear from you—to hear from you among the very first."

"You are talking about matters you do not at all understand in quite an unwarrantable way," replied the lady, in a petulant mood, "and it is unkind and heartless."

"Excuse my presumption. I thought, mademoiselle—"

"You had no right to think at all."

"Certainly not as a *contre-maitre*."

"You could not write to him if you tried, though you may if you wish to. There—anything you like. As your gallant soldiers will probably pillage my trunks, write M. de Valbois to—to send me a dozen pairs of Italian kid-gloves, three buttons on the wrist; they make them well and cheaply where he is—in Turin, I believe." And, without vouchsafing M. Percival another word, the young lady sought her room. Having first satisfied herself that her father was doing well, she threw herself on her bed, and indulged in a hearty fit of weeping.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SUMMER SONG.

BONNY bird! blackbird in the poplar-tree,
Silver-sweet the song is that you sing to me;
All the glow and sparkle of the day begun,
All the dew and fragrance of the day that's done,
All the sighing winds and laughing waters meet
In your liquid, rippling notes to make them ring so sweet.

In the early morning wakefully I lie,
And watch the dawn redden along the eastern sky;
While I wait, listening, till your song shall begin—
Scent of rose and honeysuckle lightly floating in—
Oh, my heart leaps and trembles in my breast
With a secret rapture that cannot be expressed!

For there's a latticed window where honeysuckle grows,
Where a little maid looks forth like a summer rose;
And so rosy-sweet she is, bonny, bonny bird,
At the lightest thought of her my very heart is stirred!

Last night, when I passed her latticed window by,
She smiled at me, she blushed—O blackbird! tell me
why!

Some day I shall know what smiles and blushes mean;
Some day I shall tell her, with many a kiss between,
That the whole world, if it were mine to take,
I would lose lightly only for her sake.
Lightly I would lose the world, but not my little maid,
Whose love through her blushes so sweetly is betrayed!

Fly down, bonny blackbird, from your poplar-tree,
And tell my little sweetheart to watch to-night for me.
When the moon shines, when falls the silver dew
Upon her red roses, I shall come, too;
And oh, the happy smile that will welcome me,
Bonny bird, blackbird, is worth a world to see!

TOM CHESTER'S ROMANCE.

I.

ONE Saturday morning early in September, after Dr. Greenleaf had dismissed his "young gentlemen" to their holiday recreations, Tom Chester set out on one of his long walks. No one offered to accompany him, because first or last he had in turn tired out every lad in school. With two-thirds of a day before him, he thought nothing of any distance, for his own long legs performed their automatic functions without hint of fatigue, and he was certain to regard symptoms of failure in the powers of his companion at any but the final stage of the jaunt with intolerant contempt. Then, again, although he stood well and was respected by his mates, there seemed always some check upon his ability to fuse himself strongly into sympathy with others. He was little of a talker on any occasion, but while walking he never talked at all, preferring, he distinctly affirmed, to keep his mind quiescent, ready for any impression of flower in the grass, dragon-fly on the river, or cloud upon the sky. Not only his schoolmates, but his family as well, were in doubt about Tom. He had an attitude of antagonism, an armor of apathy. Most of his teachers believed his mind to be sluggish and unimaginative, but one of the younger tutors said that the boy had the making of a poet or of a man of science in him. For one point there could be no indecision: nothing was lost upon Tom, something of force, deep, steady, and concentrated, kept his brain at work upon every shred of material offered him.

He was glad to set forth alone on this Saturday, which was to become an imperishable day in his memory. Such freedom was sweet to him. He could loiter or go on, follow up the lane or climb the hill, as the freak seized him. His fancy could run riot—might be a pipe for every vagrant curiosity to play its tune upon. Along the hilly horizon on the one hand, and the mountain-chain beyond the river on the other, the hazes changed color like an opal in the sunlight. As he walked through the lanes, the sumach flamed against the background of cedars, and under his feet he crushed the flaunting golden-rod and purple asters. He had walked many a mile by noon. The heat of the day was of summer intensity, and he was glad to turn into a nook well hidden in the woods. He sank down on the moss, and munched his sandwiches with hearty boyish relish. Here and there a ray of sunlight filtered through the leaves, resting on the gray tree-trunks of the long colonnade, and burnished a laurel-leaf with its swift, silent magic. The birds looked down upon him, giving shrill gurgles of disdain at the intruder on their solitudes, and crickets and cicadas made many a murmuring sound in the bloomless thickets of bramble and sapling.

Tom gazed for a while into the shadowy vistas, and up at the chestnuts and maples that swayed to

and fro over his head. Then, after pondering his joy in the beauty of the day, and watching a brown-and-yellow bee that droned drowsily past him looking for the sunshine, he felt a need of something else. He flung himself full length upon the moss, took his Virgil from his pocket, and began reading softly to himself, for he was fond, in a vague, unreasoning way, of the flow and rhythm of the stately Latin cadence—liking it just as he liked the symphony of rustling leaves and the piping of the quails among the stubble in the distant fields. After a while he heard the drum of a partridge, then the whirl of wings, and, dropping his book, he put his face close to the moss, and peered into the thicket glooms on each hand. His imagination was kindled by the story of Æneas in Libya—the forest-glade was a scene of enchantment; the whispers of the wind presaged every falling leaf as the messenger of a sibyl; each shadow was the mantle of a god. Like Æneas, Tom felt stirred as by a goddess presence and a goddess promise, and he suddenly began declaiming some Latin lines at the top of his lungs.

"What a funny boy!" exclaimed a shrill child's voice. "What do you mean by that?"

Tom started up, and saw within five yards of him a little girl of six or seven, sitting on a stump, watching him intently. He was in a mood to believe in apparitions, but, after one startled glance, resumed his faith in the natural order of things; for the child, although dressed in the richest materials, was in tatters, and her lips were stained with the wild-grapes she had been eating. He went up to her; she continued to stare at him deliberately with a pair of marvelously-brilliant gray eyes, while she sat posed like some diminutive queen upon her throne.

"Where did you come from?" he asked, wonderingly.

"What is your name?" she demanded, as composedly as if she had not heard him.

"Tom Chester."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"Where do you live?"

"In the moon," said Tom, gravely.

"I don't believe it!" she retorted, with a gleam in her eyes. Then, with a sense of injury, she started up, and in another moment was flying like a new Atalanta down the wooded path. Tom gazed after her coolly, then, stooping down, picked up his Virgil and was putting it in his pocket, when he heard a faint cry:

"Tom! Tom!"

"Coming," he answered, and strode after the vanished apparition, whom he found presently caught fast in a brier-thicket.

"You could not get along without me, could you, Nancy?" said he.

"My name is not Nancy."

"What is it, then?"

She half lowered the lids of her great eyes, and smiled wickedly.

"Your name is Tom Chester," she murmured, with a provoking smile. "I think you are such a funny boy."

Tom colored.

"I am not a funny boy; and you are very ungrateful to laugh at me when I am helping you out of the briars."

"You lay on your back, and your eyes were big," she pursued, screaming with glee, "and you said—" Here she uttered a volley of outlandish gibberish.

"Suppose I leave you here until you recall your good manners," said he, pretending to go away; but she looked after him with quivering lips, and great tears gathered in her eyes.

"Come back!" she cried, humbly. "I do not really think you are a funny boy. I think you are a very nice boy, indeed. Do come back!"

This was transparent flattery, but Tom was not displeased.

"Here I am!" said he, and went to work tearing away her shackles and shreds of her dress with them. "Now thank me for it," he exclaimed, looking into her face.

For answer, she flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him over and over.

Tom was a quiet fellow, yet had already dreamed many a dream. He had forgotten his existence, to be Robert Bruce, Kenneth, or Sidney; but, so far as his own world was concerned, this was his first full sweet experience. For many a day he had longed to have something of his own, and to love it with his whole heart; and, when he returned her kiss shyly, his ardent heart had but one impulse, and that was to appropriate her to himself.

"What is your name?" he asked, softly.

"Miss Hester."

"Miss Hester what?"

"Why does everybody ask me that?" she cried, petulantly. "Miss Hester is enough."

"Where do you live?"

"I live with Mrs. Brown since Pietro died. I used to live with mamma, but she was sick, and they put her into a box and took her away to make her well; then Pietro brought me over the sea in a big ship; afterward we were in the cars. I was asleep in Pietro's arms, and there came a loud crash, and everything was thrown about, and Pietro's head—ah! Pietro's head was hurt!" The tears stood in her eyes. "He could speak no more," she added, sadly. "He looked at me a long time, then he lay quite still. Mrs. Brown says he died."

"And you live at Mrs. Brown's?"

"Yes, until grandpa comes to find me."

"Where is your grandfather?"

"Oh, I do not know. If I did know, I would walk and walk until I found him. I sit on the step, and look to see him come over the hill. Sometimes I play that I see him, and I call to Mrs. Brown that my grandpa is riding down the hill with a gold coach and six white horses. Then Mrs. Brown she strikes me—she strikes me almost hard, and says I am a

wicked child to tell such stories. But I do like to think my grandpa is coming! Nobody loves me any more; I belong to nobody. It grows so lonesome—and my clothes, my clothes!" Here she lifted her tattered skirt with a wavering smile, half arch, half sad. "And my shoes!" she went on, extending a slender foot. "The thorns cut through and hurt me. They hurt me now; I must get them out."

"Poor little mite!" said Tom; "let me see."

He sat down and laid bare the slim, blue-veined foot, drawing out thorns and splinters with awkward zeal. Then he replaced the wretched shoes and stockings. "I will go to Mrs. Brown's with you," said he, rising. "I want to talk to her about you." He looked at her with grave kindness, and held out a firm, warm hand. She clasped it confidently and trudged along by his side, until she limped again and burst out crying that her feet hurt her. He stooped then, lifted her in his arms, and walked on rapidly, asking her now and then if she were comfortable, receiving her cooing replies and her unstinted caresses with some pleasure as he looked into the lit, happy face. At the end of the wood was a stile which led to a meadow on the highway, and the house by the roadside was Mrs. Brown's, and at the doorway stood a plain, respectable woman, watching their approach with anxiety.

"Is Hester hurt?" cried Mrs. Brown, as soon as he was within speaking-distance, and, at the sound of her voice, Hester sprang away from Tom and darted toward her.

"I am not hurt, but my feet ached," she explained.

"Laws!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown. "I told you not to run about with those shoes ready to drop off.—I have will enough and to spare to buy her new shoes," she added, with an apologetic look at Tom, "but money does not grow on my bushes."

"I wish," said Tom, in his stolid way, entering and sitting down in the freshly-cleaned kitchen—"I wish you would tell me about this little girl; I could make neither head nor tail of her story."

"No more can I. The first I ever see of her was after the railroad accident last December down in the bend. Six people were killed and more than fifty badly hurt, and they fetched the man she calls Pietro here because this was the nearest house and he was dying. She held so tight to him and he to her, you couldn't separate 'em till he was dead. He never spoke a word, only looked at her till his sight left him."

"What sort of a man was this Pietro?"

"Oh, a furriner; a dark man with black eyes and ear-rings in his ears! Did you ever hear the like of that? Whatever he was, and whatever she is, he was her servant. So far as I can make out, her mother died in London, and left Pietro to bring the child to America to the grandfather. But who the grandfather is, nobody can tell, now that Pietro is dead."

"But was there nothing on the man or in their luggage to give a clew?"

"You see the baggage-car took fire and burned

up. All that could be found was a little hand-bag, with 'C. Percival' on it, which Hester claimed. There was plenty of talk about the child at first, and the papers took it up, for, as you see, she has a grand way with her, and all her things were fit for a royal princess. In the bag was a silver cup and plate and knife and fork and spoon, all marked 'Hester, born October 9, 184-', and Squire Curtis, over at Kingsbury, wrote advertisements and had 'em printed in New York and Boston papers. But nothing ever came of it. That was last winter. He gave me ten dollars to pay for her board, and somebody else gave me five, and a deal was said about what must be done for her, but it ended in talk. I really don't know what's to become of the child. I want to go out West and spend the winter with my darter, but I can't take her. I am afraid she will have to come upon the town."

"I will adopt her," said Tom, coolly.

"Laws! you mean your mother!"

"I will provide for her as if she were my sister," said Tom again, and turning looked at the little girl who was watching him with wistful eyes.—"You would like that, wouldn't you, Hester?" he asked her, smiling, but reddening. She stole toward him, half glad, half ashamed, and nestled up against him, peering into his face while hers changed from doubt to mutinous glee.

"I am not your grandfather," observed Tom, holding her out at arms'-length and looking at her kindly, "and I have neither a gold coach nor six white horses; but I promise to take good care of you. And you, you fairy one, you must be a good child and obey me and love me—yes, love me with your whole heart."

"I will—I will!" she cried, and clung to him, kissing him with a strange, passionate fervor, which she must have learned from some strong, proud, lonely heart, which had found not only its supreme joy, but its supreme despair, in love for her. Then she looked up at him with her intense, luminous gaze. "I like you," she said, and both smiled.

"She takes to you wonderfully," observed Mrs. Brown. "She's got a good heart, though she's too wild and fanciful for me to understand."

When Mr. Chester, Tom's father, went to his office in Wall Street, New York, on the following Monday morning, he was somewhat startled at finding the following letter from his son, who had for two years been plodding away at Dr. Greenleaf's school:

"Strictly private and confidential.

"MY DEAR FATHER: You told me when you discovered that I was rather miserable at home and you sent me to school, that you had my highest welfare close at heart—that you would deny me nothing which was for my good. I am about to ask you to have considerable faith in my judgment of what is for my highest good. I want to adopt a little girl. It may seem singular to you, and perhaps it is an unusual thing for a boy to do. Her story is a sad one" (here followed Hester's history so far as understood). "It seems to me probable that she comes

from well-born people, if not really great ones. I should like to put her at school and educate her suitably, and by the time she is grown up I will be in a position to marry her. Now, father, you know that Uncle Thomas left me ten thousand dollars for my own education; that you have never used it. I remember you told me the money was in stocks that paid dividends to the amount of seven or eight hundred dollars a year. What I wish is, to have you permit this interest to be used in Hester's maintenance and education instead of its being put by to accumulate for me. Do not say that this is a foolish request. Think what the dearest wish of your heart was to you when you were young. It is impossible that—let me live as long as I may—I shall ever want anything as I want this. I have needed something, and this is it—I seem to have missed it always, and only now do I see my way to being happy, eager, and ambitious. I want the matter kept secret for a time at least. If you told it to mother, she would give it to the girls, and they would cackle about it.

"Your respectful and affectionate son,

"THOMAS CHESTER."

Mr. Chester laughed within himself a hundred times that day, and before noon had sent this note to Tom:

"MY DEAR BOY: I have your letter, and will be with you Tuesday evening to see about this matter. I make one stipulation: in any plans for the little girl's future, you must put the suggestion of marriage wholly out of the question. Such matters are better left alone until boys and girls are grown up. Your mother and sisters are well. Yours truly,

"JOHN CHESTER."

II.

TOM'S encounter with Hester seemed to have been the providential pivot upon which the highest welfare of two lives turned. The boy had grown up in an artificial atmosphere at home, and had suffered many a keen and bitter pang from the want of tenderness and kindness. The gay city-mansion of Mr. Chester was fairy-land for his fashionable wife and daughters, but a desert to the little lad who hungrily asked from life a heart to answer his heart, and who blindly longed for the affection he had never received, because he was so capable of feeling and returning it.

Mr. Chester recognized in a measure the disappointment that had always lain beneath Tom's impassive air of antagonism and dejection, and was anxious to remove it. No sooner had he seen little Hester than his interest in her equaled his son's, and he interested himself in choosing a school for her, and established her there before he returned to New York.

And at this school Hester Percival spent the following eight years of her life, and, after a few weeks of shyness and doubt, accepted the circumstances of her lot with unquestioning delight. The only clew to her name had been the mark upon the bag containing her plate and a few changes of raiment; but Mr. Chester had not hesitated to appropriate it,

and, long before she was ten years old, it was almost forgotten that a doubt could be raised of her being Hester Percival. She was a brilliant little creature, with features cut like the finest cameo, superb gray eyes, a voice like a flute, and a movement like some wild, untamed creature of the woods. Of those she loved she was impetuously fond; to others she was a paradoxical child, full of wit and mischief, changeable as the wind, seemingly frank, yet strangely reserved, shy, bold, haughty, tender, full of mysterious thoughts, with perplexing smiles and sadness, laughter and glooms. To Tom Chester she was *naïve*, guileless, charming; she had not a thought which she kept back from him, nor an action of which he was not cognizant. While he was at school, and afterward at college, he saw the child every week. If it were fine, he took her out-of-doors with him into the woods and fields; if cold or wet, they sat together inside. If they walked, she held his hand; if they sat, she perched upon his knee.

"Do you love me?" he often asked her.

"I love you dreadfully, Tom," she would reply.

It was somewhat of a mystery to others what the tie was between the little girl and this tall, grave young man, who held himself in such a dry, steady, concentrated reserve toward all the world. But Hester was still in that conscienceless condition of youthful egoism when it seems natural to demand peremptorily and claim unhesitatingly all that life can give; and it was natural for her to ask and receive from this brown-eyed, pensive young fellow, with the pleasant voice and the kind ways, because she knew and loved him best.

When she was twelve years old there came a wrench, and she endured what she called the saddest day of her life; for Tom went to Europe for an absence of three years or more, to study architecture.

"You will never come back just the same," she cried, passionately, the tears streaming down her face. "Everything will be different in three years."

"I shall be just the same, Hester," said Tom.

"But that there will come changes, I have no doubt. For instance, I suspect that when I return to find Miss Percival a grand young lady of fifteen, her disdain will suffer me to have precious few of these kisses so plentiful now, and, as to her sitting on my lap, I doubt if she admits she ever did such a thing!"

Thus Tom went away, and Hester was left to drop off her husks of childishness and hoidenness, and emerge into the rose-bud epoch of young girlhood. Of late years the Chesters had made much of her, and she spent all her vacations with them in town or country; and by the time she was fourteen Mr. Chester thought it better to take her to his home, and finish her education under masters in New York. Tom's interest in the exquisite young girl was known and partly understood; and Tom, from being the least considered in the family, had gradually become the foremost in every one's thought. He belonged to that type of character which at the outset may not command belief, but which ultimately bears down all opposition from a certain slow,

harmonious proportion in its development, its aims, and its ends. There were no crude hurry and waste about his efforts, nor did he bring his green-fruit to market; on the other hand, time and patience were nothing to him until his schemes matured.

Not without design had Tom given Hester a sort of caution at parting, for he had no intention of allowing her childish intimacy to develop into matter-of-fact friendship. But no sooner did he meet her after his return than he perceived no such intimation was necessary. He saw a great change in Hester. She was almost sixteen, a tall, slender girl, with wonderful gray eyes, and a promise of unique beauty; but she was thin and pale, and had the manners of a melancholy statue. Small danger that this slim maiden would run into his arms like the child he had found in the wood!

"What do you think of her?" his mother asked, demurely. "We predict she will turn out a famous beauty."

"Is she well?" Tom asked, flushing slightly under his mother's keen eyes.

"She eats little, and I suspect something frets her. Indeed, Milly has twice told me she heard Hester crying in the night."

It was summer-time, and Tom had followed his family to their sea-side cottage. It was on an island, a little world by itself, where not a real care intruded, and life was made of sea-bathing, sailing, fishing, picnics, and dances. Sights and sounds were all of the sea, the monotonous surges of the shore, and—

"The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon the island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven;
The hollower bellowing ocean; and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise."

The gay Chester girls threw themselves into the sea-side life, but Hester was indifferent to the pleasant vortex, and grew more and more pensive every day. Tom said nothing, and did nothing for a time, yet watched the child unceasingly, trying to unravel the secret of her far-off, dreamy eyes. But he was shy of her; she was so tall, so beautiful, so exquisitely self-possessed—she pleased his imagination too well to make him over-eager in changing her.

One evening, when all the young people had wandered off together, Tom missed Hester, and went back to find her. It was as light as day, and all the lamps at the cottage were turned down that they might not put out the glow of the moon upon the wide, illimitable seas.

"Hester," called Tom, standing at the doorway, and looking into the parlor. Then "Hester!" at the foot of the stairs.

"I am here, Mr. Tom," she replied, softly, appearing above, standing on the landing, showing very fair in the dim light with her flowing white draperies.

"Suppose," said he, in his cool, dry manner—"suppose you come down and go out with me?"

She descended without a word, in a meek way;

and Tom could but ask himself where was the arch child who had never tired of her gay rebellions in the old days. Yet when he took her hand, meeting her eyes as he did so, and put it under his arm, and silently led her down to the beach, he felt within himself that he missed nothing—that he longed for nothing different. He was sorry to break the pause, for some subtle joy made his blood run more swiftly in his veins; yet, after a time, he said:

"I am going to scold you, Hester."

"What have I done?" she asked, timidly.

"Only this: that you are not happy. Now, dear, since I first saw you, I have had but one wish concerning you—to have you perfectly happy. You used to be fond of me, Hester; you used to tell me everything that was in your heart and mind. Must I believe that the old feeling has utterly passed away?" He detached her hand from his arm, but held it still, looking down into her face. "You used to run to me when you were glad, but most of all you were ready to tell me of your least sorrow. Why treat me so coldly nowadays, Hester?"

She looked up at him humbly; then, growing tremulous, suddenly flung her fair young arms about his neck, and kissed him.

"I love you just the same," she answered, simply; and either the warm, childish caress, or the soft intonation of the words, made Tom slow in regaining his self-command.

"What is it, then?" he asked, after he had put her hand under his arm again, and they were walking along the smooth, wet sands. "You trust me as well as love me, do you not? My duty is to spare you perplexity and pain. Are not my mother and sisters kind to you?"

"Perfectly kind," she answered, sadly.

"I must hear everything, Hester," said he, gently but imperatively.

She broke out into wild weeping, and in this abandonment of feeling told him all the bitterness that was in her heart—how, when she was but a child she had not realized her miserable position in the world; but how, since her mind had expanded and matured, a sense of isolation and strangeness had come upon her; how her want of knowledge of who and what she was tortured her unceasingly; how it had come to her in a thousand ways—from her own inductions, from the books she read, from the words of the people she met, from the tender reserve of those who loved her—that she had no real place, no actual footing she could claim as her own; that the merest charity had found her a vagrant, an outcast, and had taken her in, fed her, and sheltered her.

"I know," she cried, seeing a change in Tom's face as he listened—"I know that, if I had every right to your kindness, you could have done no more; that no one is so generous as you; yet, all the same, I see the truth! I am no longer a careless child; I understand the meaning of all these years that I have accepted everything from you, that I—"

"My poor little girl," began Tom.

"Don't pity me!" she cried, almost fiercely. "I

don't want anybody to pity me. What I want is to go away—far, far away—where nobody knows me, and where, if I cannot live without charity, I may at least starve, and thus be over my troubles."

"Don't say any more, Hester," said Tom, hastily.

"Not a word more. Why, you are a more foolish child than I had thought. Here I believed you grown to be a wise little woman, while all the time you had merely lost your childish faith for childish doubt!"

"I am not a child," she moaned, stretching out her arms toward the sea with a look of feverish pain; "I am woman enough to understand about myself."

"Then," observed Tom, calmly, in a different voice, "you may be able to understand me as well. Your words have cut me to the heart. I thought my care made you happy, yet you have been miserable! You talk of my charity. Why, Hester, I had been living on the hope of what you would some day give me. Don't you know what I want—can't you guess? I want you for my wife!"

"Do you really?" she asked, blankly. "But I am not old enough yet," she added, hastily. "Carrie Mason was married from school, but then she was almost eighteen."

He laughed irrepressibly.

"Nothing so sure in the world as that, if she lives, and we wait patiently, the little girl will be a woman," said he. "I promise to wait a year or so, Hester."

"Ah, that would do!"

"You consent, then?" he cried, gazing passionately into her face. "You promise to marry me in a year's time?"

All the young blood was throbbing madly in his veins. Every dream of his heart, every aspiration of his soul seemed answered as he sat down beside her on the rocks in the wide stillness of the summer night beside the moonlit sea, looking into her face. The avowal of his hidden treasure of hope was so swift, so unpremeditated, that it was as if he had suddenly discovered by the magic of the wild thrill that stirred his heart that he loved her. She returned his gaze wonderingly.

"Is it right that I should marry you?" she asked, quietly. "Your father and mother would not dislike it?"

"No; I think they expect it."

"But you look so strangely," said she, "as if it were some terrible thing you were asking of me; you are pale, and your eyes are sad and wild."

"You need not be afraid of me," muttered Tom; "you are safe with me—quite safe." He rose impetuously, and paced the sands, then sat coolly down again. "There is nothing very unusual in the occurrence when a young man asks a young woman to marry him," said he, smiling; "but I never asked anybody before, hence it excited me a little. But that is over. You promise to be my wife?"

"Oh, yes; I promise gladly," she returned, laughing. "It is very good of you to ask me. I should have expected that you would have preferred some-

body quite different—Miss Dixon or Miss Weir, they have such a grand air, and are so handsome."

"I have not the faintest inclination to marry either of them," answered Tom, dryly. "Out of a world full of women, I choose you. I want you alone. But you must like me a little."

"I like you a great deal," she said, archly. "Why should I not? Who else has been so good? While you were in gay European cities, did you ever forget to write to little Hester—to send her presents Christmas and Easter? Ah, 'tis not hard for me to like you! Indeed, what memory have I that is not of your kindness to me? I have practised tedious hours just to please you; I have read the books in your lists; I have studied the lessons you set for me; I have done these little things—they were all I could do. I have longed to do you some real service, yet, instead of asking more of me, you overpower me with fresh kindness! You choose me out of all the world, and make me your wife!"

He caught her hand, crushed it against his lips, then let it go.

"Shall we tell people?" he asked, presently.

"Tell them what?"

"Nothing—except that *we are engaged!*"

"I do not care," she returned, with a gay laugh. "When Carrie Mason was engaged, there were great times at school; she was always being teased, and always blushing and running away. I shall never be so foolish—shall you?" She looked up at him confidently.

"I sha'n't run away.—Look here, Hester; you are very young, and I am afraid I have been rather precipitate; but, as you had some doubts about your claims upon me, it seemed better to tell you that I had only been waiting for you to grow up in order—"

"In order that we might be married," said Hester, finishing his sentence as he paused. "I don't think I'm too young, really, Tom."

"I will not bother you very much," said Tom, meeting her steadfast eyes. "There is a lot of talk and poetry about love, but I dare say the men who have felt most have said least about it. Marriage is an important part of life—still, only a part. I've got my profession and plenty of hard work to do in a year, to be ready to marry you. I must not be sentimental; even if I do feel like a fool when I think of your gray eyes, I must keep it to myself. But, to give you some small idea of the truth, I will say just this: there is nothing I have now—nothing I expect to win in the world—that I would not give away as a cheap exchange for the privilege of just touching your hand."

"Would you, Tom?" she asked, and, pondering amazed, she lifted her slim, white, unringed hand, and looked at it as if to study what magic he could find there.

"What kind of an engagement-ring do you want?" he demanded, questioning her abruptly lest a certain madness might run away with his good resolutions.

"Shall you buy me a ring?" she cried, enchanted at such good-luck, and fell to wondering what she would like best, pearls or emeralds, or an opal set

with diamonds. "But get me any poor, plain little ring you please," she said, suddenly sliding her hand into his. "'Tis very good of you to buy me any sort of a ring."

"My little love, my little love," he whispered, "I wish I had something harder to do than buying a ring. I wish I might dive down to the bottom of this beautiful, pitiless sea, to bring you a pearl. Would that please you?"

"Indeed it would not, you foolish boy, for you would only be drowned for your pains. But we must go back—I feel chilly."

"My little love, my little love, I wish I might dare something for you!—that I might go into a tiger's jungle and bring his skin to wrap about you."

"I should not like that the least in the world," said Miss Hester, with pretty imperiousness, rising as she spoke. "All you need do for me is to take me home directly."

"I will, and do you go home feeling more happy, more at peace, than when you came out?"

She put her arms about his neck with her innermost, girlish fondness.

"I do—I do!" she whispered, softly. "There is something for me to do now—to study how to make you a good wife! *I will learn to cook!*"

"And you realize that all I have in the world is as completely yours as mine?"

"Those mosaics and intaglios and all?"

"Not a doubt of it, Hester."

She ran away from him, dancing up and down in glee. "What a lucky girl I am!" she cried over and over. She flitted on ahead all the way back to the cottage, he following her slowly. The calm moonlight, the wide, moaning sea, the sound of distant music swelling into wild, sweet, familiar strains, then lost in silence, would have made him sad but for this intense solemn joy at his heart.

III.

It was September, and Tom's marriage was fixed for October 9th, Hester's seventeenth birthday just three weeks off, and the family were settled in town, and at the height of expectation and excitement over the wedding-preparations, when one morning, sitting opposite Hester at breakfast, Tom came upon this advertisement in the paper he was reading:

"Information wanted of a child named Hester, daughter of Charles Percival and Eleanor Hare, his wife, who sailed from Liverpool, England, October 22, 185-, under the care of an Italian, named Pietro Salvi. Said Hester Percival was born October 9, 184-; at the present date is almost seventeen years old. Any one holding information of parties concerned may learn something to his advantage by calling at Marcus & Clymer's—Pine Street, New York."

Tom pushed aside his last cup of coffee, folded the journal and put it in his pocket and rose, nodding to the others as he did so.

"I must be off," he said. "I have business." Hester ran after him into the hall. She was dressed in some fluffy white thing that came up to the throat, ending in a full ruff and a knot of bright ribbon in

some indescribable way. Her beauty tore his heart with jealous pain lest some other man on earth should rise and claim it.

"Which shall it be, then, Tom?" she asked, laughing and blushing.

"What, dear? I can't think what you mean."

"You know very well," said she, with delightful scorn of his dullness. "Don't you remember I left it to you to decide whether it should be silk or satin?"

The blood rushed to his face, and he carried the little hand toying with his button-hole to his lips.

"Oh, the wedding-dress!" he returned, softly.

"How can I tell? Both are white, soft, shining—both begin with an 's,' and whichever you wear I shall think it the most beautiful dress in the world. Decide yourself, my darling."

"I cannot decide," she cried, petulantly. "It fills me with shame to have your mother go about buying me this splendid trousseau. Were I like other girls, I might have some choice."

"Hester!" murmured Tom, silencing that unreasonable pride as he best knew how—"Hester! Suppose, then, I decide it shall be satin?"

"But I like silk best," exclaimed the little bride-elect, with a woe-begone face. "'Tis your mother who likes satin."

"I meant silk all the time," said Tom. "By all means, silk! The softest, richest white silk to be found in town."

"I told Mrs. Chester I would have just what you said," cooed the little lady.

Tom took his way down-town with a heavy heart. What ghost was this rising after the silence of eleven years, and bringing tidings of little Hester's lost kingdom? Why could not this tardy recognition have waited one short month more, and not have disturbed his warm bliss with this chilly premonition of he knew not what?

He went to Marcus & Clymer's at once, a well-known firm of counselors-at-law, and within an hour was in full possession of Hester's family history, which we subjoin briefly: Eleanor Hare was the only daughter of an English army officer of good connections. At eighteen she met Charles Percival, a widower, the younger son of a great Devonshire family, and became engaged to him and married him. As she was leaving her father's home, she and her supposed husband were confronted by Percival's first wife, whom he had for two years supposed dead. He had married this woman, who was his first-cousin, at twenty-two; she left him before the end of the year with a certain Captain Wyld. Percival had a yielding nature, and was persuaded not to add the scandal of a divorce to his family troubles. When his runaway wife repented after six months and returned, imploring to be forgiven, he even took her back, thus cutting himself off from right of legal divorce. After living with her husband for some eighteen months, Mrs. Percival again met Captain Wyld and again eloped with him. Some time later the news came that she had died in Spain.

But she was still alive, and now, maddened by

jealousy, had shamelessly determined to cut off her wretched husband's hopes of a happy married life; and when she saw Eleanor Hare by his side, she taunted them both bitterly. Charles Percival led his bride back to her father's house, left her there, and resolved to end his life by plunging into the excesses of a reckless career—longing for oblivion at any cost. To save him from utter wreck and ruin, Eleanor Hare, young, proud, and pure, left her home, joined him, and went with him to Southern France, where they lived quietly together for several years.

Here Hester was born eighteen months after they left England. Four years later, upon the death of Charles Percival's wife, he was legally united to Eleanor. Honor and security came too late. High-poised and sensitive natures cannot long endure the inner tempest of deep and poignant unspoken feeling. Each might reason that they had done the best that Fate had permitted them; but such a destiny as theirs could bear them scanty harvest, spite of the sweetness of their frail, fleeting blossoms of pleasure. Charles Percival was the weaker of the two, with a soul tortured into keenest sensitiveness by his accumulated misfortunes. He felt that he had wrecked Eleanor's life: he remembered her in her enchanting girlhood, the petted idol of an exclusive circle, and saw her now shunned like a pestilence by those who had once known her—a sad, haughty woman without a joy save her love for her husband and her child, and that joy at its climax changing suddenly into a bitter anguish. What life could remain for a man besieged by such visions as Charles Percival's? Soon after Eleanor Hare became his wife in the eye of the law he died. For a year she bore her misery alone with her child; then, finding herself ill, dying, she set off for England to leave her child in her father's care. Not until she arrived in London did she learn that Colonel Hare had left England just after she had fled to the Continent with Percival, and that he had since been stationed in Canada. Her strength was spent: she had but time to write one letter, to give final directions to her faithful servant Pietro—then all her troubles and mistakes were over so far as her own proud, tortured heart was concerned. She, too, died; and Pietro sailed at once for America to claim Colonel Hare's recognition for his only grandchild. With her numbing hand, Eleanor had written to her father's sister in Scotland, imploring her to use her influence for the innocent Hester.

It was to that letter that this tardy advertisement for the long-lost child was due. The grim, proud woman who had received it had never allowed Eleanor's name to be spoken before her since she had left her family and covered their name with dishonor. She held pitiless silence concerning the letter, lest the further disgrace of this nameless child might touch her. It was found among her papers by her solicitor, and forwarded to Colonel Hare after her death. Colonel Hare at once made it the clew to a wide and thorough investigation of the almost forgotten circumstances. He had known nothing of his daughter since the night she left him: he was

ignorant of her life and of her death, and had no knowledge of a grandchild in existence. Thrilled by the long-silenced appeal, he had been fired into zeal to find the little Hester, and was at this very time in New York in almost hourly consultation with the lawyers from whom Tom Chester was hearing the story.

Tom lost no time in indecision. He wished to act independently of thought. The moment he left Pine Street, he turned back up-town, went home, rang the bell, and sent for Hester.

"Hester," said he, going to her the moment she entered the room, abruptly stretching out his arms and drawing her toward him, "of all the news in the world, what would you rather hear?"

His look was so solemn; his tone so deep, she faltered, turned pale, and burst out crying.

"Answer me," said he, impatiently.

"I would rather hear that my grandfather is coming to me," she returned. "I have everything in the world save relations of my own!"

"You have everything now, dear," said Tom, sadly, "for your grandfather will soon be here."

She trembled so violently that he was compelled to hold her in his arms.

"Be strong," he murmured, tenderly, "be calm! Your old dream has at last come true. Your grandfather is coming for you in a gold coach with six white horses."

She laughed a little hysterically.

"His name is Reginald Hare," pursued Tom, soothing her all the while. "He is a colonel in the English army, and commands a regiment stationed in Canada. A great man, no doubt, Hester; and you were always fondest of great people."

It was well for Hester that there was no indefinite prospect of suspense, for these trembling doubts and raptures were too much for her. One thing, and one thing alone, was evident—that all her thoughts, emotions, excitements of yesterday were instantly swept away by a more powerful inspiration of love and duty and ambition. To Tom—who, for the next two hours, until Colonel Hare arrived, held her hands frightened by her constantly-increasing agitation, which gave her face a pale illumination with its white, tense lips and blazing eyes—it was a time of peculiar pain. He suffered for her, and from this unrepressed rapture divined what her craving for her grandfather had been. She must have starved with longing, to suffer visibly as she was suffering now. He saw the whole truth of past, present, and future, in one complete picture. What, after all, had been his own care for her, his love for her, his self-command for her? They had never touched her heart, or she could not in this moment so entirely have forgotten him. He was fired by a scorn and intolerance he had never felt before. With all his tenderness, he could hardly keep silence in his pain and anger. He had a double consciousness—one in which he had ample knowledge of what the poor child had missed, and in which his ardent sympathy for her fused itself into her sudden exaltation of thanksgiving; the other, in which his own passion,

his own longing, made itself heard, which consumed itself in jealous pain at thought of losing her.

Hester knew little enough of his deadly struggle within himself. So far as she thought of Tom at all, she thought of his goodness at this crisis. Had she cast about for causes to be grateful, her gratitude would just then have rested wholly on the basis of his tact in discovering her grandfather for her. It was but little past noon when Hester, still pressing her almost bursting head against Tom's shoulder, while he stroked her soft, brown hair, heard the door-bell ring.

"He has come!" she cried, and started to her feet. Tom, too, rose and felt the approach of Fate. The door swung open, then closed, and an old man came in. He was a stately veteran with a haughty face, now as pallid and strange in its excitement as Hester's own. As he entered the room he took three steps toward the young girl, then stood still. She continued motionless, gazing at him with the air of a frightened doe, her glance growing every moment larger. Each seemed powerless to advance and meet the other. It was Tom who ended the terrible moment. He took Hester's chilly hand, put his arm about her, and led her forward.

"Colonel Hare," he said, "this is your granddaughter, Hester Percival."

The old man made one stride, and took her in his arms, laying his white head down over hers. "Your mother died far away from me," he muttered, in a broken voice. "What it is to me to know that her child lives!"

He lifted his head and she looked up, and their full glances met. His eyes were piercing, and her only consciousness was that an imperious and irresistible fastidiousness was measuring her. The silence was unendurable suspense; then his face lit—pride and pleasure fired it into a glow almost of youth.

"You are more beautiful than your mother, even," he said, and kissed her forehead gently.

"Am I like mamma, grandfather?" Hester asked, in a trembling voice.

Colonel Hare's face clouded.

"You resemble her closely, but her eyes were brown, yours are gray."

"I remember her beautiful, sad eyes," cried Hester, affection and memory breaking over her with irrepressible yearning.

Tom went out softly; he was not needed there. He could at least go to his work, and he spent the remainder of the day in his office, but with such poor results that he forfeited his own self-respect. When he came in to dinner, Colonel Hare was sitting with the family group, Hester beside him, her hand in his, radiant in her new-found joy and pride. It was easy to see that they were much to each other. Colonel Hare had lost his daughter when she was little older than this young girl, and Hester seemed no stranger to him, simply the restoration of a cherished ideal. She resembled her mother and her mother's mother, who had died at twenty. She was half a portrait, half a memory, alive, speaking, her eyes dewy with

love, her lips warm with kisses. Colonel Hare was a proud man, and had suffered so keenly after his daughter's desertion that he had renounced his friends and demanded to be banished from his country. That he had nerved himself to bear his desolation made his present measure of reward fuller, for not once in all those lonely years had he, by querulous craving and nerveless questing for sympathy, forfeited those virtues he held highest—self-control and determination.

He met Tom urbanely, without recognizing his claims as superior to those of the other Chesters.

"I feel the most profound sense of obligation toward you all," Colonel Hare observed, as he sat over dessert with the two gentlemen after the ladies had gone up-stairs. "Words are nothing to express my gratitude, and still less could any pecuniary settlement begin to balance my indebtedness. Still, if you would kindly estimate the expense of my granddaughter's education, I shall be happy to place the amount to your credit at your banker's."

"There could possibly be no question of money on such a subject," returned Mr. Chester, with coolness. "But I must, in my way, refer you to my son. Hester's guardianship has been exclusively his own affair."

"In that case," said Colonel Hare, with a wave of his white hand, "I must insist upon doing something in favor of Mr. Thomas Chester's bank-account.—With so young a man as yourself, sir" (here he addressed Tom with a frigid air), "the matter of settlement is a more rigid obligation than if your father were my creditor."

Tom had been gazing with some moodiness into his glass of wine, but now raised his eyes and regarded Colonel Hare squarely.

"You seem to overlook one slight matter," said he, in his dry, cool way, "and that is, that Hester has promised to marry me; that our appointed wedding-day is less than three weeks off."

"My granddaughter informed me that there was some nonsense of the sort going on," rejoined the old soldier, stiffly. "But I appeal to you, Mr. Thomas Chester, as a man of honor, would you be justified in holding her to an engagement entered upon under such different auspices? Her regard for you is the mere magnanimous impulse of an untried child. I do not consent—really, I could not consent" (here Colonel Hare's dignity became aggressive) "to allow her to enter upon married life until she has seen more of the world."

"Knowledge of the world is the last accomplishment of which I wish my wife to be possessed," remarked Tom. "But, Colonel Hare, I feel your argument sufficiently to be silent concerning my own wishes in this matter. Hester is very young. Allow me to inquire what your views are concerning her, supposing her to be free of her engagement to me?"

"I should take her to Canada at once, of course," said Colonel Hare. "I should then obtain leave of absence, dispose of my commission, and reside in Europe."

Tom mused.

"Our marriage might be postponed for a year or eighteen months," he observed after a time, speaking with a thick, difficult utterance.

"You were, I believe, considering my plans for my granddaughter irrespective of any matrimonial engagement," said Colonel Hare, haughtily. "With all deference to your agreeable family, with my almost painful sense of obligation toward you, I must still suggest that, but for untoward circumstances, Hester would have grown up to expect an alliance among the best families of the Old World."

Tom gave him a peculiar glance.

"If you allude to any want of legitimacy about her birth—" shrieked Colonel Hare, in an ungovernable fury.

"I have alluded to nothing, sir. So far as Hester's birth concerns me, the trials to which an unequalled misfortune exposed her father and her mother would but make my love more tender for their child. If I suggested a doubt, even by a glance, it was this—that such expectations as yours for Hester must expose her to humiliations her nature ill fits her to endure without poignant suffering. Knowing her pride and delicacy as I do, I beg of you, sir, never to let her suspect that she has not everything she ought to have as the daughter of Charles Percival and Eleanor Hare."

"If she is proud," returned Colonel Hare, moved somewhat by the young man's earnestness, "she inherits the pride of two proud families. She is Hester Percival—no one shall deny her absolute right and title to that name while I live."

"If you give her to me," cried Tom, flushing, his sad brown eyes taking a sudden fire—"if you give her to me, I will guard her against any knowledge that shall cost her the briefest pang. I say nothing about my love for her, although it has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength—all that I claim is, that I know better how to make her happy than any other man can know. I dread to let her go out without me into the harsh competitions of the world, which can pitilessly thrust her claims aside and break her heart."

"You are young," said Colonel Hare, with an indulgent smile; "you are romantic. All that I request from you is, that you release her from her engagement, and do not ask her to marry you for years to come."

"Does she wish it?"

"Go to her," said Colonel Hare, "and talk the matter over quietly.—This is excellent Madeira, Mr. Chester."

Tom rose, nodded to the two old men, and went out, up the stairs, and in his deliberate way called Hester from the sofa where she sat—pale, tremulous, and happy, petted by his mother and sisters—into the library.

"Oh, I wanted to see you, Tom," she cried, ardently. "Is it not a happy time now that my dreams have come true? And is not grandpapa all that my dreams told me? Was there ever any one so splendid, so majestic? Are you glad, Tom?"

"Was I ever sorry, Hester, when you were

glad?" said Tom, taking her to a seat, and closing the door. "Colonel Hare is certainly a man of rare distinction."

She burst out into happy, purposeless babbling of what her grandfather had told her in their long hours of intimate talk. Tom had always called himself a resolute fellow, who could bear without flinching the appointed pain, but the horror of the disappointment the next half-hour might bring him was too cruel a downfall of his sweetest hopes to be risked at once. He loitered over his purpose, abandoning himself to the half-pleasure of the moment, now and then forgetting his inner struggle of passion and pain in his admiration of the girl, who had never in all her life been so beautiful: she was distracting; with all the pangs, all the burning pain at his heart, wonder and worship excited each other in his breast, and wrought a subtle charm over his senses.

"Don't stand there, Tom," she said, after a time; "sit down and be comfortable."

"Don't doubt my comfort; don't think about me; I find some comfort in looking at you and considering life from your standpoint."

"But you must feel with me, Tom."

He gazed at her silently.

"I have always tried to think what was best for you," he began, after a long, miserable pause. "Even when I asked you to marry me, I was not wholly selfish. Independent of my feeling for you, I wanted to make you feel happy and secure."

"You were never selfish," she cried, in her pretty, impulsive way. "Nobody was ever so disinterested."

He laughed a little.

"I don't feel very disinterested to-night." He put his hand beneath her chin and raised her face toward his. "How about our wedding-day two weeks from next Wednesday?" he asked her, softly. She flushed scarlet, pushed aside his hand, and covered her face. "How about it?" he asked again. "Tell me just what is back of that blush, Hester?"

"When I promised to marry you so soon," she faltered, "it was before I knew about grandpapa."

"That makes a hitch," suggested Tom, and his smile, patient and weary as it was, lent her courage.

"But, really, one ought not to marry so young as I was going to do," she said, regaining her soft, arch way. "And when one has never known one's family, one ought at least to have a chance to talk things over."

"In fact, you want our marriage postponed?"

"If you don't mind, dear Tom."

"And postponed for how long?"

"Grandpapa thinks two or three years," answered Hester, hanging her head.

Tom turned suddenly, walked away to the window, then came back.

"Perhaps," he said, in the gentlest tone she had ever heard—"perhaps, if you are to go away from me, you would prefer to be altogether free from any engagement?"

She laughed lightly.

"It does seem foolish to be engaged so long—it really means nothing." He said not a word, and the silence startled her. She gave a frightened glance at him. "You must prefer to have the engagement given up," she went on. "You only asked me to marry you because I was restless and discontented." He still said nothing, and something in his look made her wish she had not spoken. "Grandpapa says few English girls marry at my age," she pursued, feeling half defiant of this calm, cool young man, who regarded her with a smile she did not understand.

"True, Hester, true."

"He has been so lonely since mamma married and left him. It seems my duty to go about with him for a few years. Yet, Tom, I owe you so much, I would rather marry you to-morrow than to grieve or offend you."

"You do not offend me, Hester. Go on."

"You see it was different before I knew grandpapa. I had no other way of recompensing you."

"You would have married me, Hester, because I had clothed you, paid your bills, and given you pocket-money?" He was still smiling.

"Of course," said she, smiling in turn, since he thought it so pretty a joke. "I would have married you because it was out of my power to do anything else for you."

"Well," he observed, in a kind voice, but turning his strange gaze away, "I confess that you and your grandfather are singularly grateful people; I had never counted so much upon the money—I certainly never believed it had been sufficient to buy me a wife like yourself. We will close the question of my recompense, Hester. Consider your obligation canceled. You owe me nothing—nothing—while I owe you much! This much, indeed, that, if you would be happier in renouncing your engagement, I will agree to let it be nothing but a memory between us. You shall go out into the world free, quite free."

She met his look and smiled warmly in return.

"We were afraid you would not be willing to give me up," she cried, naively.

"If I caught a wild bird," said he, "which I could not detain without its fretting its heart away against its prison-bars—in spite of all its pretty plumage, Hester, be sure I should let it go."

She looked at him wistfully, yet understood nothing of what was in his face nor in his heart.

IV.

FOR a few days after Colonel Hare took his granddaughter away, there was a curious dullness and constraint about the house; then an old lover of Margaret Chester's came back and asked her to marry him, and a new topic and a new interest arose as her wedding-preparations began. Tom came and went much the same as usual. Now and then a note from Hester was brought to him, which, after reading, he would toss over to his mother with a smile, and never reclaim. Colonel Hare had taken her to

winter in Rome, and when Margaret was married she sent the bride some superb Roman mosaics.

"They cost a mint of money," said Mr. Chester, staring at them. "No doubt Colonel Hare was glad to get rid of some of his troublesome indebtedness to you in this way."

"I dare say," rejoined Tom. "You will put down five hundred pounds sterling off his debt."

"I wish I might believe, Tom," said his father, earnestly, "that this affair had not done you lasting harm."

"'Tis hard to measure the working of hidden forces," drawled Tom, "but I eat and sleep, father—I do, indeed. If you are going to watch me too curiously, I must go away. Of course, I am not the same man, but I am bearing things pretty well."

But he had expended most of the ardor life had given him upon the child who had been so many years shaping his course with her little hands. Now that she was gone, he was bankrupt in feeling and purpose. He knew himself to be morbid, and despised himself for it that his force should be spent upon aimless melancholy rather than beneficent activity. When the result of his experience became clearly apparent to himself in a slackening of his ambition to attain a high place in his profession, and his ability to labor for it, he decided to resign architecture for a few years and take up civil engineering, and he joined a corps who had hard mountaineering work to do in the heart of the continent.

Mr. Chester assented dreadingly to this change. He knew life, and he knew men, and many a wreck of manhood had he seen when a promising youth ended in a restless and disappointed life with one supreme desire carried through it to its close, too powerful to allow other interests and ambitions to assert themselves. His heart was bitter against the pretty child who had taken the best gift an earnest man could give her, played with it for a time, then carelessly flung it away. Mr. Chester cared little about romance, and believed that one sensible wife served a man much the same as another. What he did mind was this rash expenditure of hope, and energy, and life, upon a feeling which was to end only in disappointment. He had promised himself that Hester would find out the worth of the tenderness she had renounced, and come back to claim it; but the letters the family received from both the girl and her grandfather told a different story. At first she wrote frequently, giving freely the details of her new career, then Colonel Hare became the more constant correspondent. His granddaughter was well, he wrote; she grew daily more beautiful; she was courted by nobles. Then came a letter announcing her engagement to the Hon. Algernon Swancourt, the second son of Lord Brisbane. That was the last word. Mr. Chester sent this letter to Tom at the West without comment, and silence fell over Hester's name in the family. The daughters were all married now, and when they saw their mother they gossiped softly about Hester as a great English lady; for the Hon. Algernon Swancourt succeeded his father and his elder brother, and became Lord Brisbane the

year after his marriage. But no word came from Hester among her grandness, and time went by until twelve years had passed since she had gone away.

Tom had never flinched before his troubles, but had pursued his career, holding himself to strenuous occupation by the chains of an iron will and a dogged resolve not to be conquered by this deadly disinclination for life. But after he had left his old pursuits behind, and carried his burden of unchangeable anguish before the grand and mysterious Nature in the fresh world of energies he entered, he experienced a change. In the voice of the wind, in the opal sunsets, and the purpling skies of dawn; before the mountain-lakes, pale sheets of shimmering crystal, like a pure heart, reflecting heaven; under the shades of the eternal forests—he began to grow above his feverish thoughts of personal love, his passionate cravings for personal joy, and his aspirations expanded until they were touched by Heaven's own light and fire. Instead of sending up that perpetual and endlessly-reiterated cry, "Why may I not be happy?" he asked himself, humbly, "What need exists of my being happy so long as by worthy effort I may save my life from being a failure and a disappointment?"

Thus, when his father and mother wrote to him that they were getting old, and that they were lonely in their great house together, he gave up his freedom of exile, and went back to his duty. He was thirty-eight years old now, and looked more than his age, yet his mother thought for the first time that he was a handsome man. His strong, patient face was more open and sweet than in his youth, his eyes less perplexing, less hungry in their dumb wistfulness.

Each night Mr. Chester would put his hand on his son's arm and say:

"Thank God! I have a son, and he is by my side." For Mr. Chester was an old man now. Then Tom would answer:

"Ay, thank God! I am here, father."

Both his parents believed him to be over any youthful passion or sorrow, but he knew better the measure of his own strength. He had borne much, but he must bear more before he was over with his youth—before he could sit by his fire at night, and find himself happy in thinking of his past—before he could remember the face of the girl he had loved without desire, the life he had missed without a stirring of the old anguish of thwarted passion and baffled hopes. He strove for such security, telling himself that the least which could content him was to forget to long for private individual joys, that he might be everywhere with everything in sympathy.

He had been in New York three years, and one day was walking in a wretched quarter of the town when he was making himself acquainted with its aspects of poverty, that he might best know how to relieve it, when he saw a little girl knocked down by a cart. To pick her up, and ascertain that she was not hurt, only badly frightened, was the work of a moment, and his next instinct was to establish some acquaintance with the neighborhood by taking her home. She was a thin-faced, dark-eyed child of nine or ten, with an aspect of premature sadness. She

was carrying a large, loose parcel of cut work, and her chief dread was lest by her fall she should have soiled the fresh materials.

"Let me go home with you," said Tom, kindly, "and we will see about it. If harm is done, I will make it right."

"Can you?" she cried, eagerly. "Do you know Mr. Green? It is so easy for him to find a fault, and he is so terrible when he is angry with mamma or me." She gained some alertness as she recognized in Tom a possible mediator before their patron whose work furnished their daily bread, and she led him swiftly to a crowded tenement-house, through a hall, up a stairway of foul sights, foul smells, and fouler words, to the very top of the building, where she threw open a door in a dark passage, saying, "Do come in, sir, and wait until mamma has looked at the things. I am so afraid some of them are muddy."

"What is the matter, Milly?" said a voice, from within the room; and the sound of that voice which stirred imperishable memories, and the sight of the woman who appeared before him, made Tom Chester's heart stand still. He went up to her, took her hands, and looked into her face.

"Oh, my God, Hester!" he said, over and over, not once releasing her, but holding her fast in a convulsive grasp, although she tried to escape him. "My poor little girl! my little friend! my little love! what are you doing here? Why do I thus find you out by chance in such a place as this?"

She burst out into terrible sobbing as he held her—every moment drawing her closer and closer, until her head touched his breast. Then he clasped her tight, smoothing the still soft, bright hair, and murmuring over and over a thousand exclamations of love, and pity, and strange wondering.

"Don't, mamma," said Milly, softly tugging at her dress. "Don't cry so! Who is this gentleman?"

Hester raised her head.

"I am not used to the sight of old friends," she faltered, with a terrible effort to control herself.—"Tell Milly, Tom;" and she reached out her hand, and drew her child as well into that strong, impressive embrace.

"How can I forgive this concealment, Hester?" he asked her, his face working, his composure gone.

"How could I tell you?"

"Where is your husband?"

"He is dead."

"I thought you rich. I believed my little Hester among the mighty ones of earth. Did you marry Swancourt?"

"No, no!" She shuddered. "I did not know," she murmured, after a pause—"perhaps you knew, and were too good to tell me in my proud elation, that I had no right to the name of Percival. His family found it out when the settlements were being made. The day was fixed for our marriage; he withdrew from the engagement. He might have forgiven the disgrace of my birth, but he believed I was concerned in the deception. The shock killed my grandfather; he never spoke again."

"Go on, Hester. It is cruel; but, once told, I shall know, and you need never tell the story over. You married some man?"

"Grandfather had been altering his will to suit some requirements of the lawyers who were making the settlements. He died before it was signed. I could not inherit. Of all his money which he believed to be unalterably mine—which he had poured out like water to give me pleasure—I had but the few pounds in my purse. Everything went to his brother's children."

She had grown pale and composed; there were both strength and fire as she met his look, still held within his arms, as if, being found, he could never let his treasure go. He was under that stress of pity which is crueler than the sharpest personal pain, and his every impulse was to conquer her suffering and bear it for her.

"You were alone, and did not send for me?" he said, in a deep, entreating tone. She veiled her face from him after one sad meeting of their eyes.

"When," she answered, in an almost inaudible voice—"when that man accused me of having claimed a position not my own, his words stung me into a cruel pride. I could not have sent for you; I was not worthy. All I longed for was to begin the world anew, to finish my old mistakes, and cast them off once and altogether. I had had a thousand times more than I deserved, and lost it all. I wanted to forget everything." She put her hand on the little girl's head with a caressing gesture. "I married Edward Hunt, an artist," she went on, sadly. "He was Milly's father; he was very good to me. We were poor—utterly obscure, but not unhappy. He was never strong, and the struggle was too hard. It is three years since he died. That was in Venice. It was impossible for me to make a living there; so, two years and more ago, we came to New York."

She ceased speaking, and her head sank. Her voice had all the solemnity of pain wrung from her by bodily torture. Tom put his hand upon her head.

"And I have been living a mile from you these two years," said he, in a quaking voice, "thinking of you as I opened my eyes at waking, carrying the recollection of you through the day, dreaming of you at night."

Hester looked up with a half-smile.

"Sunday evenings," she whispered, "it is our treat—Milly's and mine—to walk past your house."

So this was the way that his child-love came back to Thomas Chester. She had been seventeen when she had left him with all the fairness of her exquisite youthful beauty; now she was thirty-two, not only older, but saddened, defeated, almost spent. Every aspect of the world had changed for her.

Of course, Tom took her home at once. However her soul might sicken, her heart rebel, there was nothing else for Hester to do; and after the first struggle she met the generous impulses of the love she had once forsaken as frankly and freely as the Chesters offered it. She was at once the chief

and freshest interest of the old people's lives, and it was a pleasant thing to them to change the timid, wistful, melancholy heart of Milly into something resembling the spirit of bright childhood.

As for Tom he experienced both a mysterious joy and dread in this restoration. His joy was his opportunity to crown a fervid past with a contented present; his dread was lest Hester should be too strongly reminded of his old tenderness for her, and by a tardy knowledge of the meaning of such a mighty love in a life like his again give herself to him in gratitude without an answering passion. He saw in many ways that she clung morbidly to her recollections; that she exaggerated her mistakes, and believed too much in the irrevocableness of her actions. Whenever she allowed herself the luxury of reverie, she told herself, sadly: "This, then, is life! A few years of longing, expectation, belief; then a little experience, after which every flower of hope crumbles into dust!"

Tom heard her one day make answer to Milly. "Mamma," the child cried, "Uncle Tom has brought me two books, a doll, and some *bonbons*. I am so happy—so happy! Are you happy, too, mamma?"

"No, my darling; I dare not be happy."

Tom put his hands on her shoulders as he stood behind her.

"Why not dare be happy, Hester?" he asked her.

"Because," she answered, trembling beneath his touch, but not turning, "I am old and wise. Because I know that the moment I dare be happy I shall make another fatal mistake."

"What is this fatal mistake in your life that perpetually saddens you?"

She rose and faced him. Her eyes kindled; her features took for the moment the fire of youth.

"You know—you must know—what it was," she said, with agitation.

"I know no fatal mistake in your life, Hester," he answered. "I only knew you in your early youth, and youth is a giant fever-dream of longing and discontent. What was this irretrievable step of yours?"

She flushed crimson under his eyes.

"I made it," she answered, softly, trying not to flinch beneath his sad, imperative gaze, "when for an instant I was blinded by the realization of all my dreams—when I gave you up, and what you had offered me." He went up to her, and seized her hands. "I would not have told you," she added, brokenly, "but you don't know the misery that tortures me every day in meeting you afresh—the misery of knowing that you must, in spite of all your patient goodness both to Milly and myself, utterly despise me."

"Why, my little love," said Tom, smiling, as he drew her to him, "that is the most absurd mistake, and, as to your irretrievable blunder, I see a chance of the most absolute retrieval. They talk of love in youth, but I believe less in its worth than in the love we may give each other now. Had we equally needed each other then, we could never have been parted. But now will it not be much to you, as it surely is to me, that we need never part again? I see no irremediable loss in the past if we can but go on together until the end."

They kissed each other as they had never kissed before, and Milly stared at them, open-eyed and wondering.

SOME OLD PLAY-BILLS.

WE found a long-lost key the other day, which opened the archives of a buried experience—a key which unlocked a treasure-house of recollections, an "open sesame" of the past.

For Chrysostom, as we call him, or the "Golden-mouthed," so fascinating are his old stories, had often referred to a lost collection of old play-bills. In what "trunk, box, bandbox, bundle," were they stranded? The accumulation of a house is a fearful thing. In every well-ordered family there should be a Hercules, who should, once in ten years, dig out the garret, the cellar, the old bookcases, bringing a fresh enthusiasm, an unfatigued belief, in that "buried will" which ought to turn up behind Scott's "Commentaries." One such young Hercules in our family found the old play-bills, yellow as gold and almost as priceless, and laid them at our feet.

Chrysostom began, when he saw them, with his own first tragedy in which he was a star actor. He and his brother and cousin started off with their Christmas money to see "Finn" at the old Richmond-Hill Theatre, in Charlton Street—a great evening, a holiday performance. They had twenty-

five cents each when they arrived at the door of the theatre. Behold a sickening crowd! a pit full of heartless creatures, one of whom sat down on the youthful head of Chrysostom as a convenient resting-place. Of course, this was not to be endured. The unhappy boys struggled out, catching a heart-breaking vision of the green curtain as they went—three Peris at the gate, and no admittance! A council of war was held on the sidewalk, and as they had observed that there were plenty of good seats in the circle—price, seventy-five cents each—what did two of these generous boys do, but conclude to club their money together and send in the eldest brother, a delightful boy, their own great hero, a male Scherezade for telling stories, while they walked home with a lump in each throat and the tears coursing down each innocent nose! My heart swells and my tears start as I think of these dear little Jacks slaying the giant Disappointment with the great sword Magnanimity! May I never have to weep over a less beautiful story! All this happened nearly half a century ago. The malefic influence of Aaron Burr must have haunted his former country-seat, Rich-

mond Hill, for Chrysostom went again to see a play there, and did not see it through. It was "Tekeli." His brother made him come out at the end of the second act. *Tekeli* was up a tree—and remains there to this day!

This early act of self-sacrifice on the part of Chrysostom was to be rewarded by a long and excellent and complete theatrical experience. He was destined to see the best acting and to hear the best singing in all Europe and in his own country. He collected play-bills in all cities, and recollections which are a perpetual feast. The oldest of these yellow treasures is dated Saturday evening, January 7, 1832, and is of the American Theatre, Bowery, Mr. Hamblin's benefit, and the last night of the season. They played "Venice Preserved," with Miss Clifton as *Belvidera*; the comedy of "Everybody's Husband," with Mrs. Maugeon as *Mrs. Pimpernel*; "The Review," with Mrs. Maugeon as *Lucy*, "in which she will sing by particular request 'The Dashing White Sergeant,' 'I've been roaming,' and 'As he marched through the Town.'" "The entertainment to conclude with part of the third, fourth, and fifth acts of 'Virginus,' and (first time) *Virginia* by Miss Clifton."

Hamblin played in every one of these pieces. What monstrous versatility; what immense industry! If that isn't a good bill, what is? How gay, how dashing, how amusing, it all sounds! I wish somebody would sing for me, by particular request, "The Dashing White Sergeant," "I've been roaming," and "As he marched through the Town." Do we get as much in our play-bills now? It seems to me there then were more cakes and ale. There was variety, there was a lively change from grave to gay. It must have taken all Saturday night, and, one fears, part of the next day.

Then we find, on Monday evening, June 4, 1832, the beautiful Clifton (a fine, great creature, with black eyes, regular features, and a touching voice, so Chrysostom says) singing in the "opera of 'The Devil's Bridge,'" in which she gives us, "Behold his Soft, Expressive Face," "Is there a Heart?" "Though Love is warm awhile," and "'Tis but Fancy's Sketch."

I wish Dickens had not ruined the English ballad-mania, as he did by making it so immortally ridiculous through the lips of Dick Swiveller. They were so pretty, those ballads, so sentimental, so suggestive of long curls, white frocks and sashes, general innocence and folly—very tol-lol! full, however, of a tenderness hidden under the Anglo-Saxon sternness, and creeping out rather absurdly, to be sure, but still with a freshness and sweetness which remind one of honeysuckle and clover-field! Better Miss Clifton in "The Devil's Bridge" and her fourteen sentimental songs than Aimée in "La Jolie Parfumeuse." I prefer the perfume of the clover-fields!

Then followed *Fazio* by Mr. Hamblin, and *Bianca* by Miss Clifton; a fancy dance by Miss Johnson; Mr. Hadaway sang "Manager Strut," which I dare say was very comic; and then we conclude

with the farce of "Is he jealous?"—the indefatigable Clifton singing "Here we meet too soon to part," accompanying herself on the piano-forte.

The work these people did of an evening! Really, Chrysostom got the benefit—the worth of his fifty cents.

One old play-bill announces that Mrs. Barrymore will make her first appearance in "The Troubadour," and Chrysostom tells us how pretty she was. We seem to see a *Bracegirdle*, "whose name was a charming compliment," as some one says, a *Peg Woffington* step out before the foot-lights, as memory recalls the dead-and-gone charms of the then blooming favorite.

And "Master Maugeon, a youth only eight years old, will make his first appearance in the arduous character of *Duke of Gloster, Richard III.*"—an infant phenomenon, no doubt; where is he now?

Then come great names. "Mr. Cooper, in passing through New York, will produce Shakespeare's tragedy of 'Julius Cæsar.'" *Mark Antony*, Mr. Cooper; *Brutus*, Mr. Hamblin; *Cassius*, Mr. Booth. Miss Vincent will perform, by particular desire, her celebrated character of *Clari*, or *the Maid of Milan*. How prettily these old titles sound! Will nobody sing for us now "Clari, or the Maid of Milan?"

Did Booth, Cooper, and Hamblin, play better than the three sons of Booth later? or better than Lawrence Barrett, Davenport, and Bangs, later still? Chrysostom says they did; but he is very true to "*ses premières amours*." To him the acting of the past was so much better than that of the present that there is no argument admitted. The play of "Julius Cæsar," as given by Barrett and his *confrères*, was, however, so well done, that a lady who saw them, in January, 1876, penciled the following lines on her play-bill, as indicative of her pleasure:

"Rome! mother of all symbols, one great hour with thee
Is worth a decade of our common life;
Strange that a people, calling themselves free,
Have but preserved thy luxury and thy strife!
Not ours the virtues of that earlier day,
Not ours the courage to be right, and slay,
First the usurper, then the outraged wife!
Thy purple pageants make our visions tame!
A world sufficed thee! Nothing else were worth
Thy blood, thy sons, thy cruelty, thy grasp,
Thou monstrous mistress of our little earth!
That we forget thee is our modern shame.
Oft from my spirit this ideal fades;
Then comes great Shakespeare, painting it in flame.
I thank thee, noble Art, for these heroic shades!"

But this was a modern play-bill, and has no place here.

Chrysostom says that they lightened their hearts afterward by seeing Mr. Rice in his popular extravaganza of "Jim Crow."

This was a bit of local coloring destined to make a great shadow on our national picture. Just at that moment when the abolition riots were convulsing the country, the very year before Miss Martineau claims to have been threatened with loss of life at our hands in this excited country, innocent Jim Crow was pointing his heel and toe, and casting that

gloom which was so unlike himself over our whole political history. Mr. Rice founded the school of negro-minstrelsy, since so popular, so remunerative; and Jim Crow could say as it is said of Belshazzar in the song:

"A thousand dark nobles all drink at his board!"

On January 7, 1833, Mr. Booth appears in gloomy *Pescara* in "The Apostate." Great, and worthy, and eccentric tragedian, was he greater than his gifted son? I doubt it; but do not tell this to Chrysostom.

Then, after a long interval, in which Chrysostom enjoys the glories of the old Park Theatre, and sees processions of Keans, Trees, Cushmans, Wallacks, and other names which were not born to die, he sails off for Europe, and we find the Haymarket, the Italian Opera-House, or Her Majesty's Theatre, and other names of high renown, on the yellow papers. Here we have a play-bill which many a collector would steal from us, if he could:

This evening, Saturday, July 12, 1845, will be performed
Donizetti's opera,

ANNA BOLENA.

Henry VIII., King of England....Signor Lablache

Percy.....Signor Moriani

ANNA BOLENA.....MADAME GRISI

Between the acts a new *Pas de Quatre* by Mesdemoiselles Taglioni, Cerito, Grahn, Carlotta Grisi.

Yes; Chrysostom saw all that—the famous "*Par de Carter*" of "Jeames's Diary"—the most extraordinary accumulation and concentration ever seen on any stage, the reverse of that evening when Talma played to a pit full of kings, for the audience watched a stage full of queens!

Then, after that unrivaled emulation of grace, Carlotta Grisi did "*La Esmeralda*" for them.

When I recognize all this good luck of Chrysostom's, and remember that he also heard Jenny Lind in "*Fidelio*" and "*Lucia*," I see that virtue is rewarded in this world; and I am less affected when I remember the scene at the old Richmond Hill Theatre, whence he turned, poor, disappointed child, so many years ago!

He goes back, with one of Lucile Grahn's own mighty bounds, thirty years, to tell us how splendid she was. A tall, powerful woman, clearing the stage with her great, grand, heroic movements, like a daughter of the Vikings, hers was the grace of strength, of size, of grand proportions!

Cerito was the beauty, where all were beautiful; Grisi, perhaps, the sweetest and the most graceful—when lo! a butterfly comes poising over a rose, a creature who floats above the earth, descending to it with difficulty, and the transcendent Taglioni, queen of the fairies, triumphs over the law of gravitation! He describes her moonlight loveliness, her almost pathetic grace, her captivating serenity. Then, as all things must come to an end, the four goddesses of the dance fly on together, and Lucile Grahn catches Taglioni in her great arms, and holds her above the three, a noble group, worthy of Pygmalion.

This is the cap-sheaf of the play-bills, the apex of the pyramid. It is our Taglioni. We descend into the plains again, and find at the Haymarket, August 6, 1845, the following by no means unattractive bill: "Time works Wonders" and "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain-Lectures;" Mr. Leopold de Meyer, "Pianiste de sa Majesté l'Empereur d'Autriche," filling in the thirty minutes between the plays with a *fantasia*. It was the necessity of filling in this intermission that brought out Sims Reeves. His beautiful voice obtained its first recognition in that way.

Among the actresses, we find in this bill Miss Fortescue, whose charms won her a coronet. She made Chrysostom's heart ache with that intermittent stage-love which hurt nobody, and which it pleases young and old gentlemen to remember. She was a great beauty.

Mr. Farren gives the public, in one evening, "*The King and I*, 1691," with Buckstone in *Perkin Pyefinch*, and Mr. Dion Bouicault's popular play of "*Used up*;" and Mr. John Parry, the celebrated buffo-singer, is announced.

This gentleman has only lately retired, and his name, and those of others so soon forgotten, form the text of a melancholy sermon on the fleeting nature of the actor's triumphs. The memory of one generation is all that he can claim as his own, and an honorable record in a few histories of his art.

These play-bills, illustrating no uncommon or exciting period of theatricals, merely the every-day story, are the more impressive as reminders, on that account. They show how incessantly these artists work, and that it is an ungrateful profession to him who professes it, except for the brilliant moment of success. "Alas!" said poor Burton, as he lay dying on a Christmas-evening—"alas! who of all the thousands whom I have made laugh is thinking of me this merry evening, as I lie here struggling for breath?" And such has been the complaint since Yorick and Grimaldi—a few words and a passing sigh, and all is forgotten!

Chrysostom is never tired of talking of Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, where everything was so well done, or of the superiority of the opera and the ballet of the past.

What has become of the ballet? Where are the Taglioni's? Is there no "*Par de Carter*" for the children of the future? We are always fond of Niblo's; we even (who have been less fortunate than Chrysostom) have seen the Ravels there—those unrivaled pantomimists—and therefore we greet with pleasure, amid the yellow play-bills (to whom Time has lent the now fashionable *éru tint*), certain allusions to the corner of "Broadway and Prince Street, Niblo's Garden," the entertainments under the sole direction of Mr. Mitchell. On July 12, 1844, was produced, for the fourth time, "*The Revolt of the Harem*," in which Mademoiselle Pauline Desjardins danced, no doubt, delightfully. The scene is laid in the Alhambra at Granada, as we are told with refreshing accuracy, and in the "warlike evolutions of the Amazons" one prophesies a future "*Black Crook*;" but if you were to ask Chrysostom if the "*Black Crook*" were equal

to the "Revolt of the Harem," or Pauline Markham to Pauline Desjardins, he would snub you with a disdainful sniff, which would ruin your self-respect for a year.

We are all afraid of Chrysostom and his memories and his experience; we feel ashamed of our easily-pleased histrionic natures; we listen to his records as country bumpkins do to the traveled cit, and veil our faces when we say a play is well done if he frowns. But we have one terrible revenge. He has a "blot i' the scutcheon," a spot on his otherwise immaculate ermine: his classic taste knows one shocking immorality—he loves melodrama. Some of us remember going with him to see Forrest, and in the play of "Damon and Pythias" he took out his watch to see if *Pythias* could get back in time—or is it *Damon*? And in Paris he went off alone to see "Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge!" He (it is feared) has stolen round to see many a blood-and-thunder play, when he might have been in more regular business; and, as Burton said when he found a button in the meat-pie, "I have eaten my friend, and, what is worse, I liked him," so we can only say of our cultured friend, who has seen Rachel, Ristori, Macready, Vandenhoffs, Keans, Booths, Cushmanes, Trees, Grisis, Marios, Linds, and all the legitimates, that he dearly loves a melodrama, he has eaten of the fruit, and, what is worse, "he likes it;" so we make sarcastic remarks upon jaded palates, and red-pepper in soup, and the like delicate stabs of wit, when we feel ourselves otherwise wholly worsted. But Chrysostom does not care.

Here and there amid the old play-bills we read of later favorites. One at Niblo's Garden, June 6, 1844, introduces Mr. Holland (underlined) as *Lobwitz*, in "The Daughter of the Regiment"—funniest of old fellows! It only cost fifty cents to see him then; he was thrice as expensive later. In this same year "La Polka" was danced between the acts by Miss Maywood and Mr. Wells, after which the popular comedietta of "The Alpine Maid"—*Swig*, Mr. Holland.

One reflection is forced upon us in looking through these play-bills: there was a greater variety offered each evening; there was a constant change from evening to evening. Going to the play was more of a business than it is now. It was done with a sort of conscientious fidelity, a respect for the great dramatic art, which is in itself one of the lost arts. I have another friend who, after Chrysostom, is the most beautiful exemplar of a conscientious play-goer. He respects the amusement, and arrays his thoughts in "purple and fine linen" before entering the sacred precincts. Nothing annoys him so much as impertinent or jocular allusions to the actors, whom he regards with gratitude and respect, as the high-priests who are to officiate at the altar of his correct taste and cultivated aspirations. He knows how the thing ought to be done, and, seeing it done conscientiously, he is patient, even if the actor does not fill his own very elevated conception. Nothing makes him so furious as to go with what is called a "theatre-party," with a set of giggling girls or nonsensical young

men, who talk while the play is going on. Being the gentlest and most polite of men, he tries to "suggest without insistence, and to realize without emphasis," that they should hold their tongues, and, if they hesitate to accept his theory, he gets up and leaves the house. Once he retreated to the gallery—but I must give his own words: "On Monday evening last I went to Mr. Daly's theatre to see Shakespeare's comedy of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' I had a good seat in the front row of the parquet, and looked forward to an evening of great enjoyment, when there came to me two soiled, ungentelemanly, unprincipled persons, from the deck of a canal-boat, or some place where I should say that they had indulged in that carelessness of personal effeminacy called 'sleeping in one's clothes.' To me, gentleman on the right, smelling strongly of onions, thus: 'Jack Brougham in the play?' I replied to him that I thought *Mr. Brougham* was not at the moment playing at this theatre, and referred him to the play-bill"—and so on.

The allusion to Mr. Brougham (one of his greatest favorites) in this careless and unclean manner was too great for our pre-Raphaelite play-goer—he left for the gallery.

If there were more such play-goers in this city as this friend of mine and Chrysostom, men who knew well the points of good acting, the difficulties overcome, the excellences to be obtained, what a different place the every-day theatre would be! That would indeed be playing to a pit full of kings! Now, how often is the going to the theatre but a "haggard, malignant, careworn running for luck"—a hope often betrayed, disappointment, rather, that you have seen the green curtain go up, than, like our little friend, you had to leave before it rose on hopes deferred!

Perhaps there is something in the *don terrible de la familiarité*; perhaps we go too much. It is always delightful to trace, in literature, the effect upon uneducated minds of the first vision of a play. "Soft air-tints and delightful dreams" accompany my earliest recollections. The Vandenhoffs, father and daughter, in "Virginius"—there was something to cry for; Fanny Ellsler, dancing on with her little wheelbarrow and milk-pail—"Calypso was not a woman, she was a goddess;" Mr. Manvers as *Fra Diavolo*, "whose bloom was then most lovely;" then a long season of Macready—and all when life was very young. The good fortune, too, was mine of living in the country, and the visit to the city and to the play only an occasional thing. I pitied those jaded city children who listened with apathy to the announcement that they could go and see "The Lady of Lyons." Great Orpheus! How the music of the Marseillaise, as *Claude* dashes off, struck on the chords of my heart, and shook me to the core! They had heard it so often that they sat like little stocks and stones, effete *civilisés*, infantile *Sir Charles Coldstreams*.

From the great scene where Partridge speculates on the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," all through the masterpieces of fiction, we see how one art loves to borrow

of another. Scott describes, in "St. Ronan's Well," Mrs. Blower's opinion of the play of "Macbeth."

"Truth is," she replied, "I dinna greatly like stage-plays. John Blower, honest man, did ance take me to see ane Mrs. Siddons. I thought we should have been crushed to death before we gat in, a' my things riven off my back, forbye the four lily-white shillings that it cost us. And then in came three frightsome carlines wi' besoms, and they would bewitch a sailor's wife. I was lang eneuch there, and out I wad be; and out John Blower gat me, but wi' nae sma' fight and feud."

George Macdonald follows in the footsteps of his illustrious countryman by describing in his latest novel, "Blue Peter," a very Calvinistic Scot at the play of "The Tempest." But Blue Peter was very much pleased and carried away until he knew that he was in a play-house, and then he bolted, undoubtedly thinking that it was the veriest snare of his lower majesty that he had ever been exposed to.

The most noble description of Rachel's acting is given in Miss Brontë's novel of "Villette," where Lucy Snowe, the forlorn school-teacher, goes to the play:

"She rose at nine that December night; above the horizon I saw her come. She could shine yet with pale grandeur and steady might, but that star verged already on its judgment-day. Seen near, it was a chaos, hollow, half consumed, an orb perishing or perishing, half lava, half glow.

"I had heard this woman termed 'plain,' and I expected bony harshness and grimness, something large, angular, sallow. What I saw was the shadow of a royal Vashti, a queen, fair as the day once, turned pale now like twilight, and wasted like wax in a flame. For a while—a long while—I thought it was only a woman, though a unique woman, who moved in might and grace before the multitude. By-and-by I recognized my mistake. I found upon her something neither of man nor of woman—in each of her eyes sat a devil. These evil forces bore her through the tragedy, kept up her feeble strength—for she was but a frail creature—and, as the action rose, and the stir deepened, how wildly they shook her with their passions of the pit! They wrote *Hell* on her straight brow; they tuned her voice to the note of torment. They writhed her regal face to a demoniac mask. Hate, and murder, and madness, incarnate she stood!"

So stands Rachel painted by Charlotte Brontë. As I remember the great picture, the guilty, the remorseful Phædra, against her mantle of crimson, I do not know which to most admire, the reality or the description, the great Frenchwoman or the great Yorkshire lass, who, from her sombre *entourage* of the Haworth graveyard, thus measured her contemporary genius. It is Michael Angelo painting Dante.

"Fallen, insurgent, banished," she goes on to say, "she remembers the heaven where she rebelled; heaven's light, following her exile, pierces its confines, and discloses their forlorn remoteness."

Charlotte Brontë's description is like an intaglio;

the gem is hard, clear, and flawless, the cutting is by the hand of a master. Here is a modeling in clay after the round, by a more tender hand:

"At last they got to the theatre, which was Astley's, with all the paint, gilding, and looking-glass; the vague smell of horses, suggestive of coming wonders; the curtain that hid such gorgeous mysteries; the clean, white saw-dust down in the circus; the company coming in and taking their places; the fiddlers looking carelessly up at them as they tuned their instruments, as if they didn't want the play to begin, and knew it all beforehand. What a glow was that which burst upon them all when that long, clear, brilliant row of lights came slowly up; and what the feverish excitement when the little bell rang, and the music began in good earnest, with strong parts for the drums, and sweet effects for the triangles!

"Well might Barbara's mother say to Kit's mother that the gallery was the place to see from, and wonder it wasn't much dearer than the boxes. Well might Barbara feel doubtful whether to laugh or cry in her flutter of delight."

This is a Teniers, the whole of this wonderful description. Of all Dickens's devoted and loving pictures of that dramatic intoxication which seizes the fresh sense, this is the most Dutch in its fidelity. That sweet sisterhood of the arts on which the old Greek poetry dilated is never so clearly proved as in these attempts to characterize the descriptions of a play. One thinks of Wilkie in reading Dickens, and of Dickens when looking at Teniers, and of all these masters in seeing a play.

Chrysostom greeted with delight, among the old play-bills, a bill of fare of the Dickens dinner. It is printed in blue ink, very inelegant, and has the British lion, *couchant*: "Dinner in honor of Charles Dickens, Esq., at the City Hotel, New York, on Friday, February 18, 1842."

He saw poor Washington Irving sit down, unable to speak from innate modesty—one of the few Americans who had not the "gift of the gab." General Grant makes an illustrious third, being at this moment contending with his lack of language at English dinner-tables. George Washington, Washington Irving, and General Grant, have proved that silence is golden. One respects Nature's odd occasional miserly instincts when she locks up her gold in such caskets as these.

Dickens was splendidly fluent, as everybody knows, and great and many were the compliments he poured out on the author of the "Sketch-Book," who sat with the cold perspiration running down his back, no doubt.

But I must roll up the bunch of old play-bills. They are too eloquent; they open too many rooms. They lead one on like the second Calender wanting an eye. I can only think of how much of life we forget—how much we lose and how little we retain of these golden sands which sparkle as they pass. That river which was made by the tears of the disappointed little boy, so many years ago, has become to him a perfect Pactolus.

BY CELIA'S ARBOR:

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE QUEEN'S BASTION.

TWO boys and a girl, standing together in the northwest corner of the Queen's Bastion on the old town wall.

Leonard, the elder boy, leans on an old-fashioned thirty-two-pounder which points through an embrasure, narrow at the mouth and wide at the end, straight up the harbor.

Should any enemy attempt to cross the lagoon of mud which forms the upper harbor at low tide, that enemy would, as Leonard often explained, be "raked" by the gun. Leonard is a lad between seventeen and eighteen, tall and well grown. As yet his figure is too slight, but that will fill out; his shoulders are broad enough for the strength a year or two more will give him; he has short brown hair of quite a common color, but lustrous, and with a natural curl in it; his eyes are hazel, and they are steadfast; when he fought battles at school those eyes looked like winning; his chin is strong and square; his lips are firm. Only to look upon him as he passed you would say that you had seen a strong man in his youth. People turned their heads after he had gone by to have another look at such a handsome boy.

He leans his back, now, against the gun, his hands resting lightly upon the carriage, on either side as if to be ready for immediate action; his straw hat lies on the grass beside him. And he is looking in the face of the girl.

She is a mere child of thirteen or fourteen, standing before him and gazing into his face with sad and solemn eyes. She, too, is bareheaded, carrying her summer hat by the ribbons. I suppose no girl of fourteen, when girls are bony, angular, and big-footed, can properly be described as beautiful, but Celia was always beautiful to me. Her face remains the same to me through the changes of many years; always lovely, always sweet and winsome. Her eyes were light blue and yet not shallow; she had a pair of mischievous little lips which were generally, but not to-night, laughing; her hair hung over her shoulders in the long and unfettered tresses which so well become young maidens; and in her cheek was the prettiest little dimple ever seen. But now she looked sad, and tears were gathered in her eyes.

As for me, I was lying on the parapet of the wall, looking at the other two. Perhaps it will save trouble if I state at once who I was, and what to look upon. In the year 1853 I was sixteen years of age, about two years older than Celia, nearly two

years younger than Leonard. I believe I had already arrived at my present tall stature, which is exactly five feet one inch. I am a hunchback. An accident in infancy rounded my shoulders and arched my back, giving me a projection which causes my coats to hang loosely where other men's fit tight, forcing my neck forward so that my head bends back where other people's heads are held straight upon their necks. It was an unfortunate accident, because I should, but for it, have grown into a strong man; my limbs are stout and my arms are muscular. It cost me nothing as a boy to climb up ropes and posts, to clamber hand-over-hand along a rail, to get up into trees, to do anything where I could get hold for a single hand, or for a single foot. I was not, through my unlucky back, the distortion of my neck, and the length of my arm, comely to look upon. All the years of my childhood and some a good deal later were spent in the miserable effort to bring home to myself the plain fact that I was *disgracé*. The comeliness of youth and manhood could be no more mine than my father's broad lands. For, besides being a hunchback, I was an exile, a Pole, the son of a Polish rebel, and therefore penniless. My name is Ladislas Pulaski.

We were standing, as I said, in the northwest corner of the Queen's Bastion, the spot where the grass was longest and greenest, the wild convolvulus most abundant, and where the noblest of the great elms which stood upon the ramparts—"to catch the enemy's shells," said Leonard—threw out a gracious arm laden with leafy foliage to give a shade. We called the place Celia's Arbor.

If you looked out over the parapet, you saw before you the whole of the most magnificent harbor in the world, and if you looked through the embrasure of the wall you had a splendid framed picture—water for foreground, old ruined castle in middle distance, blue hill beyond, and above blue sky.

We were all three silent, because it was Leonard's last evening with us. He was going away, our companion and brother, and we were there to bid him God-speed.

It was after eight; suddenly the sun, which a moment before was a great disk of burnished gold, sank below the thin line of land between sky and sea. Then the evening gun from the Duke of York's Bastion proclaimed the death of another day with a loud report which made the branches in the trees above us to shake and tremble. And from the barracks in the town; from the harbor-admiral's flag-ship; from the port-admiral's flag-ship; from the flag-ship of the admiral in command of the Mediterranean fleet, then in harbor; from the tower of the old church, there came such a firing

of muskets, such a beating of drums, playing of fifes, ringing of bells, and sounding of trumpets, that you would have thought the sun was setting once for all, and receiving his farewell salute from a world he was leaving forever to roll about in darkness.

The evening gun and the *tintamarre* that followed roused us all three, and we involuntarily turned to look across the parapet. Beyond that was the moat, and beyond the moat was a ravelin, and beyond the ravelin the sea-wall; beyond the wall a smooth and placid lake, for it was high tide, four miles long and a couple of miles wide, in which the splendor of the west was reflected so that it looked like a furnace of molten metal. At low tide it would have been a great flat level of black mud, unlovely even with an evening sky upon it, intersected with creeks and streams which, I suppose, were kept full of water by the drainage of the mud-banks. At the end of the harbor stood the old ruined castle, on the very margin and verge of the water. The walls were reflected in the calm bosom of the lagoon; the water-gate opened out upon the wavelets of the lapping tide; behind rose the great donjon, square, gray, and massive; in the tourney-yard stood the old church, and we needed no telling to make us think of the walls behind, four feet broad, rugged and worn by the tooth of Time, thickly blossoming with gillyflowers, clutched and held on all sides by the tight embrace of the ivy. There had been rain in the afternoon, so that the air was clear and transparent, and you could see every stone in the grand old keep, every dentation of the wall. Behind the castle lay the low, curved line of a long hill, green and grassy, which made a background to the harbor and the old fortress. It stretched for six miles, this hill, and might have been monotonous but for the chalk-quarries which studded its sides with frequent intervals of white. Farther on, to the west, there lay a village, buried in a great clump of trees, so that you could see nothing but the tower of a church and the occasional smoke of a chimney. The village was so far off that it seemed like some outlying fort, an advance-work of civilization, an outpost such as those which the Roman conquerors have left in the Desert. When your eye left the village among the trees and traveled southward, you could see very little of land on the other side by reason of the ships which intervened—ships of every age, of every class, of every color, of every build. Frigates, three-deckers, brigs, schooners, cutters, launches, gunboats, paddle-wheel steamers, screw-steamers, hulks so old as to be almost shapeless—they were lying ranged in line, or they were moored separately; some in the full flood of the waning sunset, some in shadow, one behind the other, making deep blacknesses in the golden water. There was not much life, at this late hour, in the harbor. Here and there a boat pulled by two or three lads from the town; here and there a great ship's gig, moving heavily through the water, pulled by a crew of sailors, rowing with their slow and measured stroke, and the little middy sitting in the stern; or

perhaps a wherry coming down from Fareham Creek. But mostly the harbor was silent, the bustle even at the lower end having ceased with the sunset.

"What do you see up the harbor, Leonard?" asked the girl, for all of us were gazing silently at the glorious sight.

"I am looking for my future, Cis, and I cannot make it out."

"Tell us what you think, Leonard."

"Five minutes ago it looked splendid. But the glory is going off the water. See, Cis, the castle has disappeared—there is nothing to be made out there but a low, black mass of shade; and the ships are so many black logs lying on gray water, that in ten minutes will be black too. Nothing but blackness. Is that my future?"

"I can read you a better fortune out of the sunset than that," I interposed.

"Do, Laddy," said Celia. "Don't let poor Leonard go away with a bad omen."

"If you look above you, Leonard," I went on, "you will see that all the splendors of the earth have gone up into the heavens. Look at the brightness there. Was there ever a more glorious sunset? There is a streak of color for you—the one above the belt of salmon—blue, with just a suspicion on the far edge of green. Leonard, if you believed in visions, and wished for the best possible, you could have nothing better than that before you. If your dreams were to get money and rubbish like that—it will be remembered that I who enunciated this sentiment, and Celia who clapped her hands, and Leonard who nodded gravely, were all three very young—" such rubbish, it would lead you to disappointment, just as the golden water is turning black. But up above the colors are brighter, and they are lasting. They never fade."

"They are fading now, Laddy."

"Nonsense! Sunsets never fade. They are forever moving westward round the world. Don't you know that there is always sunset going on somewhere? Gold in evening clouds for some to see, and a golden sunrise for some others. So, Leonard, when your dreams of the future were finished you looked up, and you saw the sky brighter than the harbor. That means that the future will be brighter than anything you ever dreamed."

Leonard laughed.

"You agree with Laddy, Cis? Of course you do. As if you two ever disagreed yet!"

"I must go home, Leonard; it is nearly nine. And, oh, you are going away to-night, and when—when shall we see you again?"

"I am going away to-night, Cis. I have said good-by to the captain, God bless him! and I am going to London by the ten-o'clock train to seek my fortune."

"But you will write to us, Leonard, won't you? You will tell us what you are doing, and where you are, and all about yourself?"

He shook his head.

"No, Cis, not even that. Listen: I have talked it all over with the captain. I am going to make my

fortune—somehow. I don't know how, nor does he, the dear old man! But I am going to try. Perhaps I shall fail, perhaps I shall succeed. I *must* succeed"—his face grew stern and a little hard—"because everything depends upon it, whether I shall be a gentleman, or what a gutter-child ought to expect."

"Don't, Leonard."

"Forgive me, Laddy, but everybody knows that you are a gentleman by birth and descent, and very few know that I am, too. Give me five years. In five years' time, if I live, and unless it is absolutely impossible for me to get home, I promise to meet you both again. It will be June the 21st in the year 1858. We will meet at this time—sunset—and on this same spot, by Celia's Arbor."

"In five years. It is half a lifetime. What will have happened to us all in five years? But not a single letter? O Leonard! promise to write one letter, only one, during all the years, to say that you are well. Not leave us all the time without a single word."

He shook his head.

"Not one, Cis, my child. I am not going to write you a single letter. One thing only I have promised the captain. If I am in danger, sickness, or any trouble, I am to write to him. But if you get no news of me, set it down to good news."

"Then, if you will not write, there is nothing to look forward to but the end of the five years.—Laddy, don't you feel as if you were a convict beginning a five years' sentence? I do, and perhaps you will forget all about us, Leonard, when you are away over there, in the great world."

"Forget you, Cissy?" He took her hands, and drew the girl to himself. "Forget you? Why, there is nothing else in all the world for me to remember except you, and Laddy, and the captain. If I could forget the seventeen years of my life, the town, and the port, the ships, and the sailors, the old walls, and the bastions—if I could rid my memory of all that is in it now, why—then, perhaps, I could forget little Cissy. Other men belong to families. I have none. Other men have brothers and sisters. I have none. Laddy is my brother, and you are my sister. Never think, Cis, that I can forget you for one moment."

"No, Leonard. We will try to feel always that you are thinking about us. The captain says nothing is better for people than always to remember what others would like them to say, and think, and do. Stay, Leonard." She had made a little bouquet of daisies and the sweet wild-convolvulus which spread itself over all the slopes of the walls. Out of this she picked two or three blossoms, tied them up with a tendril, and laid them in a paper. "That is my French exercise for to-morrow. Never mind. There, Leonard, carry that away with you to remember me by."

"I will take it, Cis, but I want nothing to remember you by."

"And now, Leonard, make your promise over again. Say, after me, 'In five years' time—'"

"In five years' time—"

"'In rags or in velvet'—be very particular about that, Leonard, you are to be neither too proud to come, or too ashamed—'in rags or in velvet—'"

"'In rags or in velvet—'"

"'In poverty or in riches—'"

"'In poverty or in riches—'"

"'In honor or—no, there can be no dishonor—'in honor or before the honor has been reached, I will return.'"

"I will return," echoed Leonard.

"And we will meet you here, Laddy and I."

He held her hands while she dictated the words of this solemn promise, looking up at him with earnest and pleading face.

Then the church-clock struck nine, and from the port-admiral's flag-ship boomed a solitary gun, which rolled in short, sharp echoes along the walls, and then slowly thundered up the shores of the harbor. Then there was a pause. And then the bells began their customary evening hymn. They struck the notes slowly, and as if with effort. But the hymn-tune was soft and sad, and a carillon is always sweet. That finished, there came the curfew-bell, which has been rung every night in the old town since the time of the great Norman king. The day was quite done now, and the twilight of the summer night was upon us. Gleams of gray lay in the west reflected in the untroubled sheet of the harbor, the cloudless sky looked almost as blue as in the day, and the stars were faint and pale. Venus alone shone brightly; the trees, in the warm, calm night, looked as if they were sleeping, all but one—a great elm which stood at the end of the wall, where it joined the dock-yard. It was shaped, in the black profile of the evening, something like the face of a man, so that it stood like a giant sentry looking every night across the harbor.

"I must go," said Celia. "Good-by, Leonard. Good-by, dear Leonard. Forgive me if I have teased you. We shall look forward—oh! how eagerly we shall look forward to the end of the five years! Good-by."

He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. She cried and sobbed. Then he let her go, and without a word she fled from us both, flying down the grassy slope across the green. In the twilight we could catch the glimmer of her white dress as she ran home, until she reached her father's garden-gate, and was lost.

"Walk with me to the station, Laddy," said Leonard.

We walked away from the quiet walls, where there was no one but ourselves, out from the shadow of the big elms, and the breath of dewy grass, and the peacefulness of the broad waters, down into the busy streets. Our way lay through the narrowest and the noisiest. Shops were open, especially places which sold things to eat and to drink. Hundreds of men—chiefly young men—were loafing about, pipes in their mouths, among the women, who were buying in a street-market, consisting almost entirely of costers' carts and barrows, and where the principal articles exposed for sale appeared to be hot cooked

things of pungent and appetizing odor, served and dressed with fried onions. Every night, all the year round, that market went on; every night that incense of fried onions arose to the much-enduring skies; every night the crowd jostled, pushed, and enjoyed their jokes around these barrows, lit by candles stuck in bottles, protected by oiled paper.

"Look at them," said Leonard, indicating a little knot of young fellows laughing together at each other's *grotesques*—"look at them. If it had not been for the captain, I might have been like them."

"So might I, for that matter."

"What a life! No ambition! No hope to get beyond the pipe and beer! If I fail, it will be better than never to have tried. Laddy, I mean to 'make a spoon or spoil a horn,' as the Scotch say."

"How, Leonard?"

"I do not know quite. Somehow, Laddy. Here we are at the station. You will be good to the old man, won't you? Of course you will, Laddy, a great deal better than I could ever be, because you are so much more considerate. Keep up his spirits, make him spin yarns. And you will look sharp after the little girl, Laddy. She is your great charge. I give her into your keeping. Why, when I come back she will be nineteen, and I shall be four-and-twenty. Think of that! Laddy, before I go, I am going to tell you a great secret. Keep it entirely to yourself. Let no one know a word of it, not even the captain."

"Not even Cis?"

"Why, that would spoil all. Listen. If I come back in five years' time, a gentleman, a real gentleman by position, as I am by birth, I mean to—to ask little Celia to marry me."

I laughed.

"How do you know you will care for her then?"

"I know that very well," he replied. "I shall never care in the same way for any other girl. That is quite certain. But, oh, what a slender chance it is! I am to make myself a gentleman in five years. Celia has got to get through these five years without falling in love with anybody else. Of course all the fellows in the place will be after her. And I have got to please her when I do come back. Wish me luck, Laddy, and good-by, and God bless you all three!"

He squeezed my hand, and rushed into a carriage as the engine whistled; the bell rang, and the train moved away. Then I realized that Leonard was really gone, and that we should not see him again for five long years.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTAIN.

I WALKED home sadly enough, thinking how dull life for the next five years was going to be. It was half-past ten when I arrived, but the captain was sitting up beyond his usual hour, waiting to hear the last news of Leonard. He was at the open window

overlooking his garden; before him stood his glass of grog empty, and his evening pipe was finished.

"You saw him off, Laddy?" he asked, with a little eagerness, as if Leonard might possibly be lurking in the hall. "You are quite sure he got safely into the train?" Five-and-twenty years ago people were not so familiar with railway-trains, and they were generally regarded, even by old sailors, as things uncertain about going off, as well as untrustworthy when you were in them. "Poor lad! At Winchester by this time, very nearly. Thirty miles from salt-water."

The captain at this time was about sixty years of age. He was a man of short and sturdy build, with a broad and rosy face, like an apple, and perfectly white hair. His whiskers, equally white, were cut to the old-fashioned regulation "mutton-chop," very much like what has now come into fashion again. They advanced into the middle of the cheek, and were then squared off in a line which met the large, stiff collar below at an angle of forty-five. Round the collar the captain wore a white cravat, which put on many folds as the weather grew cold. He never appeared except in some sort of uniform, and paraded his profession habitually, as was the custom among sailors of his standing, by a blue frock with anchor buttons. In winter he wore loose, blue trousers, which, when the warmer days returned, he exchanged for white ducks. Up-stairs he kept a uniform of surpassing splendor, with epaulets, sword-belt, sword, gold-lace, and an innumerable number of buttons. But this was reserved for ceremonies, as when a ship was launched, or when the port-admiral invited the captain to dinner, or when the queen visited the yard. On all other occasions the blue frock with brass buttons formed the captain's only wear.

He had great, white, beetling eyebrows, which would have lent him a ferocious aspect but for the twinkling blue eyes beneath them. There were crows' feet lying thick about those eyes, which gave them a curiously-humorous look, not belied by the mobile lips below.

You might see, by the light of the single pair of candles, that it was a plainly-furnished room, having in it little besides a small, square table, a horse-hair sofa, a wooden arm-chair, a book-shelf, with a hundred volumes or so, most of them boys' school-books, and a piano, which was mine, given me by Mr. Tyrrell. The walls were decorated with pictures of naval engagements and ships, cut out of illustrated papers, or picked up at second-hand shops, mounted and framed by the captain himself. Above the mantel-shelf was a print of the battle of Navarino, showing the Asia engaged with two Egyptian and Turkish men-of-war, one on each side of her, the rest of the action being invisible by reason of the smoke. The captain would contemplate that picture with a satisfaction quite beyond the power of words.

"'Twas in '27," he would say; "I was lieutenant then: Sir Edward Codrington was admiral. We sailed into Navarino Harbor at 2 P. M., after dinner. Gad! It was a warm afternoon we had, and lucky it was the lads dined before it. Something to re-

member afterward. Don't tell me that Turks can't fight. A better fight was never made even by the French in the old days. But their ships, of course, were not handled like ours, and, out of eighty-odd craft, which made up their fleet, we didn't leave a dozen fit for sea again."

And on the mantel-shelf was a model, made by the captain, of the Asia herself.

The piano I explained above was my own. Everything else I had in the world came from the captain: the clothes I wore were bought by him; it was he who brought me up, educated me, and lifted me out of the mire. I am bankrupt in gratitude to the captain. I have no words to say what I owe to him. I can never repay by any words, acts, or prayers, the load of obligation under which I rejoice to be toward that good man.

It began, his incomparable benevolence to Leonard and to me, like a good many other important things, with a crime. Not a very great crime; nor was the criminal a very important person; but, as the Rev. Mr. Pontifex once said of it, it was emphatically a wrong thing, and like all wrong things ought to be remembered with repentance. Mr. Pontifex, although he had never had the opportunity of reading a certain great bishop's "Treatise on the Sinfulness of Little Sins," was as uncompromising as that prelate could wish, and I hope that Leonard, who was the criminal, has long since repented. Certainly it was the infraction of a commandment. Now Mr. Pontifex has repeatedly asserted, and his wife approved, that he who breaks one commandment breaks all. This is what was done:

The captain's house, one of a row, stood separated from the street by the respectability of three feet clear and an iron railing. It was close to St. Faith's Square, a fashionable and almost aristocratic quarter, inhabited by retired naval officers, a few men who had made fortunes in business, and a sprinkling of lawyers. It was a plain, square, red-brick house, with nothing remarkable about it but the garden at the back. This was not a large garden, and, like others in the old town, was originally intended as a drying-ground—all builders in those days were accustomed to consider a house as, in the first instance, a family laundry. The garden was planted with raspberry-canes, gooseberry-bushes, and currant-trees. Peaches and plums were trained along the walls. There were one or two small pear-trees, and there was a very fine mulberry. In the spaces the captain cultivated onions, radishes, and lettuce, with great success. But the garden was remarkable in having no back-wall. It looked out upon the mill-dam, an artificial lake designed, I believe, to flood the moats of the fortifications if necessary. Projecting iron spikes prevented the neighbors on either hand from invading our territory, and you could sit on the stone-work at the end of the wall with your feet dangling over the water. It was a broad sheet periodically lowered and raised by the tide, which rushed in and ran out by a passage under the roadway, close to which was the King's Mill, worked by the tide. Sitting in the garden you could

hear the steady, grinding noise of the mill-wheels. The mill-dam was not without its charm. In the centre stood an island redoubt, set with trees like the walls, and connected with the road which crossed the water by a light iron bridge. There was a single-storied house upon that island, and I remember thinking that it must be the grandest thing in the world to live upon it all alone, or perhaps with Celia, to have a cask of provisions and absolute liberty to wander round and round the grassy fort, particularly if the iron bridge could be knocked away and a boat substituted.

They have filled up the mill-dam now, pulled down the King's Mill, destroyed the redoubt, and replaced the bright, sparkling sheet of water with an open field, on which they have made a military hospital. The garden at the back of the house has got a wall, too, now. But I wish they had let the old things remain as they were.

It was in this garden that the captain was accustomed to sit after dinner, except when the weather was too cold. One day, nine or ten years before my story begins, he repaired thither on a certain sultry day in August, at half-past two in the afternoon. He had with him a long pipe and a newspaper. He placed his arm-chair under the shade of the mulberry-tree, then rich with ripe, purple fruit, and sat down to read at ease. Whether it was the languor of the day, or the mild influence of the mill hard by, or the effects of the pipe, is not to be rashly decided, but the captain presently exchanged the wooden chair for the grass under the mulberry-tree, upon which, mindful of his white ducks and the fallen fruit, he spread a rug, and then, leaning back against the trunk, which was sloped by Nature for this very purpose, he gazed for a few moments upon the dazzling surface of the mill-dam, and then fell fast asleep.

Now, at very low tides the water in the mill-dam would run out so far as to leave a narrow belt of dry shingle under the stone-wall, and that happened on this very afternoon. Presently there came creeping along this little beach all alone, with curious and wondering eyes which found something to admire in every pebble, a little boy of eight. He was barefooted and bareheaded, a veritable little gutter-boy, clad almost in rags. It was a long way round the lake from the only place where he could have got down—a good quarter of a mile at least—and he stopped at the bottom of the captain's garden for two excellent reasons, one that he felt tired and thirsty, and the other that the tide was racing in through the mill like the rapids at Niagara, that it already covered the beach in front and behind, and was advancing with mighty strides over the little strip on which he stood. And it occurred to that lonely little traveler that, unless he could get out of the mess, something dreadful in the shape of wet feet and subsequent drowning would happen to him.

He was a little frightened at the prospect, and began to cry gently. But he was not a foolish child, and he reflected immediately that crying was no good. So he looked at the wall behind him. It

was a sea-wall with a little slope, only about five feet high, and built with rough stones irregularly dressed, so as to afford foot and hand hold for any boy who wished to climb up or down. In two minutes the young mountaineer had climbed the dizzy height and stood upon the stone coping, looking back to the place he had come from. Below him the water was flowing where he had stood just now; and, turning round, he found himself in a garden with some one, a gentleman in white trousers, white waistcoat, and white hair, with a blue coat, sitting in the shade. His jolly red face was lying sideways, lovingly against the tree, his cap on the grass beside him. His mouth was half open, his eyes were closed, while a soft, melodious snore, like the contented hymn of some æsthetic pigling, proclaimed aloud to the young observer that the captain was asleep.

The boy advanced toward the sleeping stranger in a manner common to one of tender age—that is, on all-fours, giving action to his hands and arms in imitation of an imaginary wild beast. He crept thus first to the right side, then to the left, and then between the wide-spread legs of the captain, peering into his unconscious face. Then he suddenly became conscious that he was under a mulberry-tree, that the fruit was ripe, that a chair was standing convenient for one who might wish to help himself, and that one branch lower than the rest hung immediately over the chair, so that even a child might reach out his hand and gather the fruit.

This was the wrong thing lamented by the Rev. Mr. Pontifex. The unprincipled young robber, after quite realizing the position of things—strange garden, gentleman of marine calling sound asleep, ripe fruit, present thirst, overwhelming curiosity to ascertain if this kind of fruit resembled apples—yielded without resistance to temptation, and mounted the chair.

Five minutes later the captain lazily opened his eyes.

Boom, boom, boom! the mill was going with redoubled vigor, for the tide had turned since he fell asleep, and was now rushing through the dark, subterranean avenues with a mighty roar. But, except for the tide and the mill, everything was very quiet. Accustomed noises do not keep people awake. Thus, in the next garden but one two brothers were fighting; but, as this happened every day and all day, it did not disturb the captain. One was worsted in the encounter. He ran away and got into some upper chamber, from the window of which he yelled in a hoarse stammer to his victorious brother, who was red-haired, "J—J—Jack, you're a c—c—c—carrot thief!" But invective of this kind not addressed to himself only gently tickled the captain's tympanum. The sun was still very bright, the air was balmy, and I think he would have fallen asleep again but for one thing. A strange sound smote his ears. It was a sound like unto the smacking of tongues and the sucking of lips, or like the pleased champing of gratified teeth—a soft and gurgling sound, with, unless the captain's ears greatly deceived him, a low breathing of great contentment.

He listened lazily, wondering what this sound might mean. While he listened, a mulberry fell upon his nose and bounded off, making four distinct leaps from nose to shirt-front, from shirt-front to white waistcoat, from waistcoat to ducks, and from ducks to the rug. That was nothing remarkable. Mulberries will fall when over-ripe, and the captain had swept away a basketful that day before dinner. So he did not move, but listened still. The noises were accompanied by a little *frou-frou*, which seemed to betoken something human. But the captain was still far from being broad awake, and so he continued to wonder lazily. Then another mulberry fell, then half a dozen, full on his waistcoat, cannoning in all directions to the utter ruin of his white garments, and a low, childish laugh burst forth close to him, and the captain sprang to his feet.

To his amazement there stood on the chair before him a ragged little boy, barefoot and bareheaded, his face purple with mulberry-juice, his mouth crammed with fruit, his fingers stained, his ragged clothes smirched; even his little feet, so dusty and dirty, standing in a pool of mulberry-juice.

The captain was a bachelor and a sailor, and on both grounds fond of children. Now, the face of the child before him, so bonny, so saucy, so full of glee and confidence, went straight to his heart, and he laughed a welcome, and patted the boy's cheek.

But the fact itself was remarkable. Where had the child come from? Not through the front-door, which was closed; nor over the wall, which was impossible.

"How the dickens—" the captain began. "I beg your pardon, my lad, for swearing, which is a bad habit—but how did you get here?"

The boy pointed to the wall and the water.

"Oh!" said the captain, doubtfully. "Swam, did you? Now, that's odd. I've seen them half your size in the Pacific swim like fishes, but I never heard of an English boy doing it before.—Where do you live, boy?"

The child looked interrogative.

"Where's daddy? Gone to sea, belike, as a good sailor should?"

But the boy shook his head.

"Daddy's dead, I suppose. Drowned, likely, as many a good sailor is. Where's your mammy?"

The boy looked a little frightened at these questions, to which he could evidently give no satisfactory reply.

"The line's pretty nigh paid out," said the captain, "but we'll try once more.—Who takes care of you, boy, finds you in rations, and serves out the rope's-end?"

This time the boy began to understand a little.

Then the captain put on his hat, and led him by the hand to the *quartier* where the sailors' wives did mostly congregate. In this he was guided by the fine instinct of experience, because he *felt*, in spite of the rags, that the boy had been dressed by a sailor's wife. None but such a woman could give a sea-going air to two garments so simple as those which kept the weather from the boy.

He led the child by the hand till presently the child led him, and piloted the captain safely to a house where a woman—it was Mrs. Jeram—came running out, crying, shrilly :

"Lenny! Why, wherever have you bin and got to?"

There was another ragged little boy with a round back, five or six years old, sitting on the door-step. When the captain had finished his talk with Mrs. Jeram he came out and noticed that other boy, and then he returned and had more talk.

CHAPTER III.

VICTORY ROW.

MRS. JERAM was a weekly tenant in one of a row of small four-roomed houses known as Victory Row, which led out of Nelson Street, and was a broad, blind court, bounded on one side and at the end by the dock-yard wall. It was not a dirty and confined court, but quite the reverse, being large, clean, and a very cathedral-close for quietness. The wall, built of a warm red brick, had a broad and sloping top, on which grew wallflowers, long grasses, and stone-crop; overhanging the wall was a row of great elms, in the branches of which there was a rookery, so that all day long you could listen if you wished to the talk of the rooks. Now, this is never querulous, angry, or argumentative. The rook does not combat an adversary's opinion, he merely states his own; if the other one does not agree with him, he states it again, but without temper. If you watch them and listen, you will come to the conclusion that they are not theorists, like poor humans, but simple investigators of fact. It has a restful sound, the talk of rooks; you listen in the early morning, and they assist your sleeping half-dream without waking you; or in the evening they carry your imagination away to woods and sweet country-glades. They have cut down the elms now, and driven the rooks to find another shelter. Very likely, in their desire to sweep away everything that is pretty, they have torn the wallflowers and grasses off the wall as well. And, if these are gone, no doubt Victory Row has lost its only charm. If I were to visit it now, I should probably find it squalid and mean. The eating of the tree of knowledge so often makes things that once we loved look squalid.

But to childhood nothing is unlovely in which the imagination can light upon something to feed it. It is the blessed province of all children, high and low, to find themselves at the gates of paradise, and quite certainly Tom the Piper's son, sitting under a hedge with a raw potato for plaything, is every bit as happy as a little Prince of Wales. The possibilities of the world which opens out before us are infinite; while the glories of the world we have left behind are still clinging to the brain, and shed a supernatural coloring on everything. At six, it is enough to live; to awake in the morning to the joy of another day; to eat, sleep, play, and wonder; to revel in the

vanities of childhood; to wanton in make-believe superiority; to admire the deeds of bigger children; to emulate them, like Icarus; and too often, like that greatly daring youth, to fall.

Try to remember, if you can, something of the mental attitude of childhood; recall, if you may, some of the long thoughts of early days. To begin with, God was quite close to you, up among the stars. He was seated somewhere, ready to give you whatever you wanted; everybody was a friend, and everybody was occupied all day long about your personal concerns; you had not yet arrived at the boyishness of forming plans for the future. You were still engaged in imitating, exercising, wondering. Every man was a demi-god—you had not yet arrived at the consciousness that you might become yourself a man; the resources of a woman—to whom belong bread, butter, sugar, cake, and jam—were unbounded; everything that you saw was full of strange and mysterious interest. You had not yet learned to sneer, to criticise, to compare, and to down-cry.

Mrs. Jeram's house, therefore, in my eyes contained everything that heart of man could crave for. The green-painted door opened into a room which was at once reception-room, dining-room, and kitchen; furnished, too, though that I did not know, in anticipation of the present fashion, having plates of blue-and-white china stuck round the walls. The walls were built of that warm red brick which time covers with a coating of gray-like moss. You find it everywhere among the old houses of the south of England, but I suppose the clay is all used up, because I see none of it in the new houses.

We were quite respectable people in Victory Row. Of that I am quite sure, because Mrs. Jeram would have made the place much too lively by the power and persistence of her tongue for other than respectable people. We were seafaring folk, of course; and in every house was something strange from foreign parts. To this day I never see anything new in London shops or in museums without a backward rush of associations which lands me once more in Victory Row. For the sailors' wives had all these things long ago, before inland people ever heard of them. There were Japanese cabinets picked up in Chinese ports long before Japan was open. There was curious carved wood and ivory work from Canton. These things were got during the Chinese War; and there was a public-house in a street hard by which was decorated, instead of a red window-blind, like other such establishments, with a splendid picture representing some of the episodes in that struggle. All the Chinese were running away in a disgraceful stampede, while Jack Tar, running after them, caught hold of their pig-tails with the left hand, and deftly cut off their heads with the right, administering at the same time a frolicsome kick. John Chinaman's legs were generally both off the ground together, such was his fear. Then there were carved ostrich-eggs; wonderful things from the Brazils in feathers; frail delicacies in corals from the Philippines known as Venus's flower-baskets; grewsome-looking cases

from the West Indies containing centipedes, scorpions, beetles, and tarantulas; small turtle-shells, dried flying-fish, which came out in moist exudations during wet weather and smelt like haddock; shells of all kinds, big and little; clubs, tomahawks, and other queer weapons carved in wood from the Pacific; stuffed humming-birds and birds-of-paradise. There were live birds, too; avadavats, Java sparrows, love-birds, paroquets, and parrots, in plenty. There was one parrot, at the corner house, who affected the ways of one suffering from incurable consumption—he was considered intensely comic by children and persons of strong stomach and small imagination; there were parrots who came, staid a little while, and were then taken away and sold, who spoke foreign tongues with amazing volubility, who swore worse than Gresset's Vert-Vert, and who whistled as beautifully as a boatswain—the same airs, too. The specimens which belonged to Art or inanimate Nature were ranged upon a table at the window. They generally stood or were grouped around a large Bible, which it was a point of ceremonial to have in the house. The live birds were hung outside in sunny weather, all except the parrot with the perpetual cold, who walked up and down the court by himself and coughed. The streets surrounding us were, like our own, principally inhabited by mariners and their families, and presented similar characteristics, so that one moved about in a great museum open for general inspection during daylight, and free for all the world. Certain I am that, if all the rare and curious things displayed in these windows had been collected and preserved, the town would have had a most characteristic and remarkable museum of its own.

Victory Row is the very earliest place that I remember. How I got there, the dangers to which I was exposed in infancy, the wild tragedy which robbed me of both parents—these things I was to learn later on, because I remembered nothing of them. I was in Mrs. Jeram's house, with three other boys. There was Jem, the oldest. His surname was Hex, and as it was always pronounced without the aspirate, I thought, when I had learned the alphabet, that to be named after one of the letters was a singular distinction, and most enviable. Jem was a big boy, a good-natured, silent lad, who spent his whole time on the beach among the sailors. Moses came next. I never knew Moses's surname. He was a surly and ill-conditioned boy. Leonard Copleston, the third, was my protector and my friend. The day, so far as I can recollect, always began with a fight between Leonard and Moses. Later on, toward dinner-time, there would be another fight. And the evening never ended without one or two more fights. From my indistinct recollection of this period, I fancy that whenever Leonard and Moses came within a few yards of each other they as naturally rushed into battle as a Russian and a Turk. And the only good point about Moses was, that he was always ready to renew the battle. For he hated Leonard; I suppose because

Leonard was as handsome, bright, and clever, as he was ugly, lowering, and stupid.

Naturally, at the age of five one does not inquire into antecedents of people. So that it was much later when I learned the circumstances under which we four boys were collected beneath one roof. They were characteristic of the place. The paternal Moses, returning from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean, discovered that his wife, a lady of fickle disposition, had deserted. In other words, she had gone away, leaving a message for her husband to the effect that little Moses, the pledge of their affections, and his curious collection of china brought from foreign parts, would between them console him for her loss. So he put the boy under the charge of Mrs. Jeram, gave her a sum of money for the child's maintenance until he came back again; smashed the crockery in a rage; wept but little, if at all, for his ruined household gods; went away, and never came back any more. Jem Hex, on the other hand, was the son of a real widower, also a Royal Navy man, and he was left with Mrs. Jeram to be taken care of under much the same circumstances except that he was regularly paid for. As for Leonard, you will hear about him presently. In one respect he was worse off than any of us, because we had friends and he had none. There was, for instance, an aunt belonging to Moses who came to see him about once a month. In the course of the interview she always caned him, I do not know why; perhaps because she felt sure he deserved it, as he certainly did, perhaps because she thought it a thing due to her own dignity as the boy's only relative. She wore a dress the splendor of whose original black color was marred by patches of brown snuff lying in the creases. She was a stiff and stately dame of forbidding appearance, and manners which were conventional. Thus, she always began the conversation, before she caned Moses, by remarking, even in August, that the weather was "raw." The monthly caning was the only thing, I know now, that she ever contributed toward the maintenance and education of her nephew. Jem Hex had plenty of uncles and other relations. One was a harbor boatman, a jolly old man, who had been in the wars; one was a dock-yard foreman, and one was a ship's carpenter. They used to drop into Victory Row for a talk on Sunday afternoons when the weather was warm. I used to envy Jem his superior position in the world and his family connections.

I had friends, too, in plenty; but they were of a different kind. Not rich, to begin with—not holders of official rank, and unconnected in any way with the Royal Navy, and, which stamped them at once as objects of pity and contempt, they were unable to speak the English tongue except with difficulty. They were big and bearded men; they had scars on their faces, and went sometimes maim and halt; they were truculent of aspect, but kindly of eye. When they came into our court they took me up gently, carried me about, kissed me, and generally brought me some little simple gift, such as an orange or an apple.

Somehow or other I learned that these friends of mine were Poles, and that they had a great barrack all to themselves, close to the walls, whither I used to be sometimes carried. It was a narrow building, built of black, tarred wood, with windows at both sides, so that you saw the light quite through the house.

It stood just under the walls, almost in the shade of the great elms. Within it were upward of a hundred Poles, living chiefly on the tenpence a day which the English Government allowed them for their support, with this barn-like structure to house them. They were desperately poor, all of them living mostly on bread and frugal cabbage-soup. Out of their poverty, out of their tenpence a day, some of these poor fellows found means, by clubbing together, to pay Mrs. Jeram, week by week, for my support. They went hungry that I might eat and thrive; they came every day, some of them, to see that I was well cared for. They took me to their barrack, and made me their pet and plaything; there was nothing they were not ready to do for me, because I was the child of Roman Pulaski and Claudia his wife.

The one who came oftenest staid the longest, and seemed in an especial manner to be my guardian, was a man who was gray when I first remember him. He had long hair, and a full, gray beard. There was a great red gash in his cheek, which turned white when he grew excited or was moved. He limped with one foot, because some Russian musket-ball had struck him in the heel; and he had singularly deep-set eyes, with heavy eyebrows. I have never seen anything like the sorrowfulness of Wassiclewski's eyes. Other Poles had reason for sorrow. They were all exiles together; they were separated from their families without a hope that the terrible Nicholas, who hated a rebel Pole with all the strength of his autocratic hatred, would ever let them return; they were all in poverty, but these men looked happy. Wassiclewski alone never smiled, and carried always that low light of melancholy in his eyes, as if not only the past was sad, but the future was charged with more sorrow. On one day in the year he brought me *immortelles*, tied with a black ribbon. He told me they were in memory of my father, Roman Pulaski, now dead and in heaven, and of my mother, also dead, and now sitting among the saints and martyrs. I used to wonder at those times to see the eyes which rested on me so tenderly melt and fill with tears.

Three or four days in the week, sometimes every day, Mrs. Jeram went out charring. As she frequently came home bearing with her a scent of soap-suds, and having her hands creased and fingers supernaturally white, it is fair to suppose that she went out washing at eighteenpence a day. Something, indeed, it was necessary to do, with four hungry boys to keep, only two of whom paid anything for their daily bread, and Mrs. Jeram—she was a hard-featured woman, with a resolute face—must have been possessed of more than the usual share of Christian charity to keep Moses in her house at all,

even as a paying boarder, much less as one who ate and drank largely, and brought to the house nothing at all but discord and ill-temper. And, besides the food to provide, with some kind of clothing, there was always "Tenderart," who called every Monday morning.

He was the owner of the houses in the Row, and he came for his rent. His name was Barnfather, and the appellation of Tenderart, a compound illustrating the law of phonetic decay, derived from the two words *tender heart*, was bestowed upon him by reason of the uncompromising hardness of heart, worse than that of any Pharaoh, with which he encountered, as sometimes happened, any deficiency in the weekly rent. Behind him—the tool of his uncompromising rigor—walked a man with a blanket, a man whose face was wooden. If the rent was not paid that man opened his blanket, and wrapped it round some article of household furniture, silently pointed out by Tenderart, as an equivalent.

My early childhood, spent among these kindly people, was thus very rich in the things which stimulate the imagination: strange and rare objects in every house, in every street, something from far-off lands, talk to be heard of foreign ports and by-gone battles, the poor Poles in their bare and gaunt barracks, and then the place itself. I have spoken of the rookery beyond the flower-grown dock-yard wall. But beyond the rookery was the dock-yard itself, quiet and orderly, which I could see from the upper window of the house. There was the Long Row, where resided the heads of departments; the Short Row, in which lived functionaries of lower rank—I believe the two Rows do not know each other in society; there was the great Reservoir, supported on tall and spidery legs, beneath which stood piles of wood cut and dressed, and stacked for use; there was the Rope-Walk, a quarter of a mile long, in which I knew walked incessantly up and down the workmen who turned hanks of yarn into strong cables smelling of fresh tar; there were the buildings where other workmen made blocks, bent beams, shaped all the parts of ships; there were the great places where they made and repaired machinery; there were the sheds themselves, where the mighty ships grew slowly day by day, miracles of man's constructive skill, in the dim twilight of their wooden cradles; there was a pool of sea-water, in which lay timber to be seasoned, and sometimes I saw boys paddling up and down in it; there was always the busy crowd of officers and sailors going up and down, some of them godlike, with cocked-hats, epaulets, and swords.

And all day long, never ceasing, the busy sound of the yard! To strangers and visitors it was just a confused and deafening noise. When you got to know it you distinguished half a dozen distinct sounds which made up that inharmonious and yet not displeasing whole. There was the clatter of the calkers' mallets, which never ceased their tap, tap, tap, until you got used to the regular beat, and felt it no more than you felt the beating of your pulse. But it was a main part of the noise which made the life of the yard. Next to the multitudinous mallets

of the calkers, which were like the never-ceasing hum and whisper of insects on a hot day, came the loud clanging of the hammer from the boiler-makers' shop. That might be likened, by a stretch of fancy, to the crowing of cocks in a farm-yard. Then, all by itself, came a heavy thud which made the earth tremble, echoed all around, and silenced for a moment everything else. It came from the Nasmyth steam-hammer; and always, running through all, and yet distinct, the r-r-r of the machinery, like the rustling of the leaves in the wind. Of course, I say nothing about salutes, because every day a salute of some kind was thundering and rolling about the air as the ships came and went, each as tenacious of her number of guns as an Indian rajah.

Beyond the dock-yard—you could not see it, but you felt it, and knew that it was there—was the broad, blue lake of the harbor, crowded with old ships sacred to the memory of a hundred fights, lying

in stately idleness, waiting for the fiat of some ignorant and meddling first lord ordering them to be broken up. As if it were anything short of wickedness to break up any single ship which has fought the country's battles and won her victories until the tooth of Time, aided by barnacles, shall have rendered it impossible for her to keep afloat any longer!

When the last bell rang at six o'clock, and the workmen went away, all became quiet in the dock-yard. A great stillness began suddenly, and reigned there till the morning, unbroken save by the rooks which cawed in the elms, and the clock which struck the hours. And then one had to fall back on the less imaginative noises of Victory Row, where the parrot coughed, and the grass-widows gathered together, talking and disputing in shrill concert, and Leonard fought Moses before going to bed, not without some din of battle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAMOUS AUTOMATA.

NONE of the devices of Maskelyne, the juggler, who has for years astonished the London public by performing, without the aid of spirits, all the tricks of spiritualistic mediums, and who has lately figured so prominently in the legal proceedings against Slade, has caused so much wonder as Psycho, the automaton whist-player. Psycho is a Turkish figure, scarcely two feet in height, and seated upon a box. This box is placed on the top of a hollow cylinder of glass, about a foot long, which rests on a temporary platform. The glass, box, and platform, are hollow. The trick with whist has been thus described by Dr. Pole, the great authority in that game: "A table is prepared on the stage" (the performance is given in Egyptian Hall, London), "three persons from the audience are invited to play, and Psycho makes the fourth. After cutting for partners, the deal takes place, and Psycho's cards are taken by Mr. Maskelyne and placed upright, one by one, in a frame forming the arc of a circle in front of the figure, the faces of the cards being turned toward him (the figure), and away from the other players. Maskelyne does not look at them. When it is Psycho's turn to play, his right hand passes with an horizontal circular motion over the frame, till it arrives at the right card. He then takes this card between his thumb and fingers, and by a new vertical movement of the hand and arm he extracts it from its place, lifts it high in air, and exposes it to the view of the audience; after which, the arm descending again, the card is taken away from the fingers by Mr. Maskelyne, and thrown on the table, to be gathered into the trick." Dr. Pole then adds: "It will be well at once to dissipate any notions about confederacy, packed cards, and so on. There is conclusive evidence that the play is perfectly *bona fide*. Any person may join in it, the process is precisely of the usual character, and it is certain that Psycho's hand is played under the same circum-

stances as that of any player at a club or domestic fireside." Psycho also performs arithmetical problems, picks out the marked card, and spells out words written on cards by any of the audience.

Many of those who have written about Psycho seem to imagine that he is the first of his kind. But this is far from the fact. Though the ancients were deficient in mechanical skill, some of the accounts handed down to us seem to show that automata existed from the remotest ages. Homer says that the tripods made by Vulcan for the banquetting-hall of the gods were self-moving, advancing of their own accord to the table, and then returning to their stations. Aristotle mentions automatic tripods, and Apollonius of Tyana saw such in India. The half-fabulous Dædalus is said to have constructed machines that imitated the motions of the human body. Callistratus, the tutor of Demosthenes, says that these automata were moved by mechanism. Aristotle speaks of a wooden Venus which moved about in consequence of being loaded with quicksilver. Automata of this description are said to be still found in China. Archytas of Tarentum (B. C. 400) is said by Aulus Gellius, on the authority of Favorinus, to have constructed a wooden pigeon which was capable of flying. After alighting, it could not resume its flight.

A curious water-clock, presented to the Emperor Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, deserves mention as one of the earliest—if not the earliest—pieces of modern mechanism. There were twelve small windows in the dial-plate to correspond with the division of the day into hours. The hours were struck by the successive opening of the windows, and the falling therefrom of metallic balls upon a brazen bell. At twelve o'clock twelve little knights mounted on horseback came out at the same instant, and, after parading around the dial, shut all the windows and returned to their places.

John Müller, or Regiomontanus, is credited with having constructed an automatic eagle, which, on the visit of the Emperor Maximilian to Nuremberg in 1470, flew out to meet his majesty, and, after having done so at some distance from the city, returned and perched upon the gate. When the emperor approached, the eagle stretched out its wings, and saluted him by bending its body. This story Beckmann is inclined to doubt, and yet it seems to be well vouched for. Müller was also reported to have made an iron fly, which, at an entertainment given by him to some friends, flew from its master's hand, and, after performing a considerable round, returned again to him.

A toy manufactured by M. Cannes for Louis XIV., when a child, was greatly and deservedly admired. It consisted of a small coach, which was drawn by two horses. A lady is seated in the vehicle, and a coachman, footman, and page, occupy their accustomed places. The machine was placed at the end of a long table, the coachman cracked his whip, and the horses instantly started off, their legs moving in a natural manner, and dragged the coach after them. When it reached the opposite edge of the table, the vehicle turned sharply, and moved along that edge. As soon as it arrived at the place opposite the king's seat, the coach stopped; the page descended and opened the door; the lady alighted, and, with a courtesy, presented to the king a petition which she held in her hand. After waiting some time, she again courtesied, and reentered the carriage. After the page had closed the door, and resumed his place behind, the coachman whipped his horses and drove on. The footman, who had previously alighted, ran after the carriage, and jumped up behind, in his former place.

In 1736 the famous Vaucanson completed his flute-player. It produced a great sensation wherever it was exhibited. The French *savants* received this automaton with great suspicion, evidently fearing that a living performer was concealed within the figure. Vaucanson soon disabused them of this notion, as he exhibited and explained the whole of the mechanism to a committee of the Paris Academy of Sciences. This learned body, under whose auspices the inventor published an account of his construction in 1738, became enthusiastic over the ingenuity displayed in this mechanism, and even went so far as to say that "the machinery employed for producing the sounds of the flute performed in the most exact manner the very operations of the most expert flute-player, and that the mechanician had imitated the effects produced and the means employed by Nature with an accuracy exceeding all expectation." The body of the flute-player was about five and one-half feet high, and was placed on a pedestal four and one-half feet high by three and one-half feet wide. Nine pairs of bellows, which were made to blow in succession by the rotation of a steel axis, by means of clock-work, supplied the necessary wind. Three tubes ascended through the body of the figure, and terminated in three small reservoirs in the trunk. Three pairs of bellows discharged their wind into

each of these tubes. The reservoirs became united so that the whole volume of wind rushed up the throat and into the mouth, which was terminated by two small lips. In the cavity of the mouth there was a small, movable tongue, for preventing and permitting the wind to pass through the lips, which had the power of opening more or less, and of advancing or receding from the hole of the flute. "The motions of the fingers, lips, and tongue of the figure were produced by means of a revolving cylinder, thirty inches long and twenty-one inches in diameter. By means of pegs and staples fixed in fifteen different divisions in its circumference, fifteen different levers, similar to those in a barrel-organ, were raised and depressed. Seven of these regulated the motions of the seven fingers for stopping the holes of the flute, which they did by means of steel chains rising through the body, and directed by pulleys to the shoulder, elbow, and fingers. Other three of the levers communicating with the valves of the three reservoirs regulated the ingress of the air, so as to produce a stronger or a weaker tone. Another lever opened the lips, so as to give a free passage to the air, and another contracted them for the opposite purpose. A third lever drew them backward from the orifice of the flute, and a fourth pushed them forward. The remaining lever enabled the tongue to stop up the orifice of the flute."

Vaucanson in his flute-player constructed a machine that could play certain airs as well as a living performer. In the "pipe-and-tabor-player," constructed a few years later, the automaton not only performed complete airs, but in rendering them greatly excelled the most esteemed living performers on those instruments. The great mechanician began its construction with but a dim perception of the difficulties which he would have to surmount in achieving success, and was often about to abandon his self-appointed task in despair. But perseverance in this case, as in so many others, had its due reward. The figure of the "pipe-and-tabor-player" stands on a pedestal, and is dressed like a dancing shepherd. "He holds in one hand a flageolet, capable of performing about twenty airs, and in the other a stick with which to beat the tambourine as an accompaniment. The flageolet has only three holes, and the variety of its tones depends principally on a proper variation of the force of the wind and on the different degrees in which the orifices are covered. These variations in the force of the wind had to be given with a rapidity which the ear can scarcely follow, and the articulation of the tongue was required for the quickest notes, otherwise the effect was far from agreeable. As the human tongue is not capable of giving the requisite articulations to a rapid succession of notes, and generally slurs over one-half of them, the automaton was thus able to excel the best performers, as it played complete airs with the articulations of the tongue at every note" (Brewster). No description of the machinery by which the movements of the "pipe-and-tabor-player" were produced was published at the time, but there is little question that it was similar to that of the flute-player.

Famous as were these automata, and ingenious as was their construction, they were compelled to yield in both respects to the automaton "duck," of the same mechanician. According to Lobat, General Degennes, in the early part of the eighteenth century, "constructed a peacock which could walk about as if alive, pick up grains of corn from the ground, digest them as if they had been submitted to the action of the stomach, and afterward discharge them in an altered form." Possibly this automaton may have suggested to Vaucanson the construction which was perhaps the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever made. Brewster thus describes the duck: "It executed accurately all its movements and gestures; it ate and drank with avidity, performed all the quick motions of the head and throat which are peculiar to the living animal, and, like it, it muddled the water which it drank with its bill. It produced, also, the sound of quacking in the most natural manner. In the anatomical structure of the duck the artist exhibited the highest skill. Every bone in the real duck had its representative in the automaton, and its wings were anatomically correct. Every cavity, apophysis, and curvature was imitated, and each bone executed its proper movements. When corn was thrown down before it, the duck stretched out its neck to pick it up, it swallowed it, digested it, and discharged it in a digested condition. The process of digestion was effected by chemical solution, and the food so digested was conveyed away in tubes to the place of its discharge." This famous "duck" was the wonder and admiration of Europe for years.

Bohn, the well-known London publisher, had in his possession about thirty years ago a mechanical bird-cage, which was said to have been made by Vaucanson. This cage contained two bullfinches which wheeled about on a perch, fluttered their wings, moved their beaks, and emitted musical sounds in imitation of the natural note of that species. A fountain, constructed of spiral glass, played in the centre of the cage. A clock beneath set the whole in motion every hour for three or four minutes. Vaucanson, while constructing these automata, formed the design of constructing an automaton to show the whole mechanism of the circulation of the blood. The mechanician was satisfied of the feasibility of the scheme, and Louis XV. took a deep interest in its execution. As the whole vascular system required to be made of elastic gum, it was supposed that it could only be done in the country in which the caoutchouc-tree was indigenous. It was agreed, therefore, that a skilled anatomist should proceed to Guiana to superintend the task; but after the king had not only approved of the plan, but given orders for the voyage, difficulties were thrown in his way, and Vaucanson, becoming disgusted, threw up the whole scheme.

The famous Swiss mechanician Le Droz constructed two automata which were greatly admired—a sheep, which imitated perfectly the bleating of that animal; and a dog watching a basket of fruit, which, when any of the fruit was taken away, never ceased barking till it was replaced.

Maillardet constructed a number of automata of the most perfect kind. One of these was a steel spider, which exhibited all the movements of that animal. It ran on a table, always toward the centre, to prevent it from running off. The movement lasted for three minutes. He also constructed a caterpillar, a lizard, a mouse, and a serpent. The latter opened its mouth, hissed, and darted out its tongue. The singing-bird of the same artist was still more wonderful. "An oval box, about three inches long, was set upon the table, and in an instant the lid flew up, and a bird, of the size of the humming-bird and of the most beautiful plumage, started from its nest. After fluttering its wings, it opened its bill and performed four different kinds of the most beautiful warbling. It then darted down into its nest and the lid closed upon it." The moving-power was springs, which only continued in action four minutes.

Le Droz, a son of the constructor of the automaton sheep, constructed a drawing automaton. The figure was life-size, and held in its hand a metallic style, with which, on the release of a detent, it drew upon a card of Dutch vellum previously laid under its hand. On this first card were drawn "elegant portraits of the king and queen facing each other." Five other cards were drawn upon in succession, different subjects appearing upon each. Collinson, who saw the automaton in operation, remarks that it was curious to observe with what precision the figure lifted up its pencil in its transition from one point of the drawing to another without making the slightest mistake. It rested when it had completed the drawings on each card. Maillardet also constructed an automaton draughtsman. It is a boy kneeling on one knee, and holding a pencil in his hand. The drawing-paper is adjusted on a brass tablet, and an attendant dips the pencil in ink. "Upon touching a spring the figure proceeds to write, and, when the line is finished, its hand returns to dot the *s's* and cross the *f's*, when necessary. In this manner it executes four beautiful pieces of writing in French and English, and three landscapes, the whole operation occupying about one hour." The same ingenious mechanician constructed a magician which has some resemblance to Maskelyne's Psycho. The magician is seated with a wand in one hand and a book in the other. "A number of questions, ready prepared, are inscribed on oval medallions, and the spectator having chosen any one of these to which he desires an answer, it is placed in a drawer that shuts with a spring, until the answer is returned. The magician then rises from his seat, bows his head, describes circles with his wand, and, consulting the book as if in deep thought, lifts it toward his face. He then raises the wand, and having struck with it the wall above his head, two folding-doors fly open, and display an appropriate answer to the question. The doors again close, the magician resumes his original position, and the door opens to return the medallion." The machinery by which this automaton was moved was said by the inventor to be very simple, and could run about an hour without winding up. In that time it could answer

about fifty questions. If the drawer was shut without a medallion, the magician rose, consulted his book, shook his head, and sat down. The folding-doors remained shut and the drawer was returned empty. If two medallions were put into the drawer, the answer was to the question on the lower one. There were twenty medallions in all, of thin plates of brass exactly similar, and on some of them questions were inscribed on both sides.

About forty or fifty years ago an exhibition known as the "Invisible Girl" was very popular in England and Scotland. A frame consisting of four upright posts, connected at top and bottom with cross-rails, was placed in a room. Four bent wires proceeding from the top of each of the uprights were united in a kind of crown over the centre of the frame. From these wires a copper ball, into which four trumpets opened, was suspended by means of slender ribbons. Questions were proposed by speaking into any one of the trumpets, while the answer was returned with sufficient intensity to be heard by the ear applied to any one of them. The voice seemed to be that of a very small girl. The invisible lady conversed in different languages, sang beautifully, and made the most lively and appropriate remarks upon persons in the room. The inquisitive examined the ribbons, the wires, in fact, everything about the frame, and found nothing capable of solving the mystery. Questions put in a whisper were answered, and the invisible figure frequently alluded to little circumstances that only a person in the audience could have known. The deception was practised in this way: A grown woman was seated behind a strong partition, in which there was a small hole, through which she could see into the room containing the apparatus. The framework was hollow, and contained a tube which connected the "invisible lady" with the copper ball. This was both a hearing and a speaking tube. The invisible lady does not deserve to rank with true automata; but that it was a very clever trick must be acknowledged.

No automaton or deception ever had such a success as the automaton chess-player, which for more than half a century astonished and delighted the whole of Europe. The chess-player was constructed in 1769 by Van Kempelen, a gentleman of Presburg in Hungary. It was exhibited to thousands in Presburg, Vienna, and Paris, immediately after its completion. In 1783-'84 it was exhibited in London and other parts of England. After this it seems to have fallen out of repair. In 1819 Maelzel, the mechanician, overhauled it, and exhibited it in Great Britain in that and the following year, where "it excited," says Sir David Brewster, "as intense an interest as when it was first produced in Germany." The chess-player was a life-sized figure, clothed in a Turkish dress, and seated behind a large chest or box—somewhat resembling a library-desk—three and a half feet long, two feet deep, and two and a half feet high. The machine ran on casters. The chess-player sat on a chair fixed to the square chest; his right arm rested on the table, and in the left he held a pipe, which was removed during the game, as

it was with that hand that he made the moves. A chess-board, eighteen inches square and bearing the usual number of pieces, was placed before the figure. The exhibitor then unlocked four doors, two in the front and two in the back of the chest, and held a lighted candle at the opening by which to exhibit the machinery, which consisted of levers, wheels, cylinders, and pinions. The figure was also examined, and out of a drawer at the bottom and front of the chest a small box of counters, a set of chess-men, and a cushion for the automaton's arm, were taken. All the doors and drawers were then closed and locked—the spectators having satisfied themselves that there was no place for a concealed person—the exhibitor busied himself in adjusting the mechanism from behind the chest, removed the pipe from the figure's hand, and wound up the machinery. The automaton was then ready for play, which began as soon as an opponent was found in the audience. The automaton took the first move in all cases. "At every move made by the automaton the wheels of the machine are heard in action; the figure moves its head, and seems to look over every part of the chess-board. When it gives check to its opponent it shakes its head thrice, and only twice when it checks the queen. It likewise shakes its head when a false move is made, replaces its adversary's piece on the square from which it was taken, and takes the next move itself. In general, though not always, the automaton wins the game. During the progress of the game the exhibitor stands near the machine, and winds it up like a clock after it has made ten or twelve moves. At other times he went to a corner of the room, as if to consult a small, square box which stood open for this purpose."

Psycho, the whist-player, has not improved much upon the automaton chess-player invented more than a hundred years ago. Van Kempelen never pretended that the automaton really played the game. On the other hand, he distinctly said that the effects of the machine "appeared so marvelous only from the boldness of the conception, and the fortunate choice of the methods adopted for illusion." There is now little doubt that a person was contained in the chest who really played the game of chess, and that the ostentatious exhibition of the machinery was simply to throw the spectator off his guard.

We have no space to describe Babbage's calculating-machine and Jeven's logical machine; but, before leaving this entertaining subject, it may not be inappropriate to add that automatic constructions are not as useless as they seem. As Sir David Brewster well says: "The elements of the tumbling puppets were revived in the chronometer, and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton now serves to guide the movements of the tambouring-engine. Those mechanical wonders which in one century enriched only the conjurer who used them contributed in another to augment the wealth of the nation; and those automatic toys which once amused the vulgar are now employed in extending the power and promoting the civilization of our species."

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Good name in man and woman . . .
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

THE sensation of the afternoon was over. The slight confused murmur that had passed from carriage to carriage, and from lip to lip of the circulating crowd, at the spectacle of the meeting between the lately-divorced husband and wife, had ceased, and as the lady passed on her way, the gentleman on his, a quick fire of exclamation, question and answer, ensued on all sides, to which Mignon listened with chill hands and throbbing heart, longing, with an intensity that was almost a spoken prayer, to see him returning, to behold in his eyes the recognition that they had but a moment ago accorded to the handsome, cold-faced woman, whom she had instinctively, and without either rhyme or reason, hated.

Other people, too, were on the lookout for Philip's return. Always a man of note, one upon whom men of fashion in vain strove to model themselves, and at whose glance the proudest women melted, he had by recent events become more notorious still, and his sudden reappearance in a well-known haunt, simultaneously with the first "show" in public of Miss Dorillon, afforded endless ground of discussion, and sent an electric shock of excitement through the languid veins of the personages who, in the capacities of onlookers, had assisted at the comedy from the first act to the last.

For to the majority of them it was a comedy no more, the heroine of the piece desiring special commendation for the address with which she had played her cards, and the signal skill with which she had turned the tables on one by whom her own sex had been so often and flagrantly wronged. It might have been expected that for this reason she would obtain the countenance and gratitude of her own sex, but such was by no means the case.

For women, and curiously enough often the noblest and the best, are irresistibly attracted by men whose success as heart-breakers has passed into a proverb, and far from comprehending all that the name implies, they are apt to think that some special virtues and excellences must adorn a man who is so universally yielded to and adored. Well, occasionally they are right; there was reason in the victories of Julius Cæsar and Sir Philip Sidney, two great men, to whom women were no less dangerous than they themselves were to women, and in this perhaps lay the great secret of the charm they exercised over the fair sex, that the attraction was mutual. But, on the other hand, we are filled with marvel as we read of the brilliant successes of such men as the gross and repulsive Pietro Aretino; the hideously deformed and ribald Scarron; of the reck-

less, dare-devil soldier Trenck, who, in spite of ugliness of the most positive kind, was as splendidly successful in every assault of love as of arms; of the infamous John Wilkes, at once the most frightful and dissolute man in England; or of Marshal de Richelieu, over whom that famous duel between Mesdames de Polignac and de Nesle was fought in the Bois de Boulogne, and for whom those lovely young Princesses de Charolais and de Valois pulled caps, and intrigued and sacrificed themselves, to be rewarded (as was his way of rewarding all the women who so fondly and truly loved him), when the time for serving him had gone by, with absolute indifference and neglect.

Philip La Mert was neither a Julius Cæsar nor a Scarron; his vices and virtues were originally pretty evenly balanced, but, as each ran into excess, his moral nature had become something of a quagmire, whence all distinguishing landmarks had apparently vanished.

Apparently, only, for his soul was not yet dead, and there dwelt in him a capacity for better things, of which he had never, even by those who thought they knew him best, been suspected.

Flora, in the midst of ejaculations, surmises, and many craniings of her neck in search of the returning form of Philip, was interrupted by Mignon, who, leaning forward, said in tones of intense anxiety:

"Do you think that Mr. Rideout will come back?"

"Mr. Rideout!" repeated Flora; "why, whom on earth do you mean, child? I don't know any Mr. Rideout—"

"But that was he," said Mignon, rather impatiently; "he passed just now, and you told me that lady was his—his wife, and—"

"That was Mr. La Mert," said Flora; "but how on earth do you come to know anything about him?" she added, quickly; then, in the same breath: "Oh, Adam has told you about him of course! No, my dear, I do *not* think he is coming back; I am afraid there is no such luck. If it had not been for that horrid woman passing just when she did, he could not have helped seeing me, and I should have been able to introduce you to the most charming man in town!"

Introduce her! Mignon grew first red, then pale, as Flora spoke, but, as the latter turned to Mr. Colquhoun with some gay speech, the moment for acknowledging her previous acquaintance with Philip passed by, and somehow there never seemed to come to her afterward an opportunity of saying, "He was my lover once, and asked me to marry him."

The moment was lost, never to be regained, although the tacit deceit, if such it might be called, would be better described as part of that intense shrinking from the betrayal to Flora of any portion

of her inner life that had prevented her ever uttering the name of Muriel to her sister-in-law, much less canvassing the hopes and fears that made her life one April day of alternate storm and sunshine.

It is often but a trifle that determines a man's destiny; it is often but a slight, puerile cause that separates two friends and lovers—

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by-and-by will make the music mute
And ever widening, slowly silence all;"

and in the heavy days that came after, it seemed to more than one that if Mignon, hardening herself against all fanciful, foolish scruples, had told her sister's story and her own to Flora, the end would not have been what it was. Mignon did not again seek to engage Flora's attention. She sat quite still, a deadly feeling of disappointment that was almost despair settling slowly round her heart. At sight of Philip, a sudden joy, a breathless gladness, a sensation as of one who comes face to face with a thing longed for yet totally unexpected, had possessed her with a vehemence that left her no power of speech, else had she called upon him by name, heedless of all save that once more she found herself in his presence. Then, some fascination drawing her eyes to the woman whose gaze he was returning, her attention had become fixed, and, when she turned with a start in search of him, he had disappeared.

In vain Philip La Mert's numerous acquaintances lounged, and watched, and waited; he did not return. Neither was Miss Dorillon again visible, thereby severely disappointing those many dear friends who had barely caught a glimpse of her in passing, and who were naturally anxious to see how she looked under her present peculiar circumstances. It is the instinct of a man, when a woman is suffering acute shame or pain of mind, to avert his eyes from her; it is disagreeable, even painful to him to witness it, no matter how thoroughly she may have brought her punishment upon herself: the impulse of a sister woman is in a totally opposite direction. A vivisectionist is cruel in the interests of science; the pangs which he inflicts will be the means of saving countless precious human lives in the future, and he uses his scalpel, not out of wantonness, or because his work is agreeable to him, but because it is necessary. Well, we make a great fuss over the poor dumb creatures, but who ever heard of a great agitation-meeting over the cruelties inflicted upon women by women? An amount of pluck is required by the unanesthetized human victim under torture that is most assuredly not required by the brute.

"You are not going home?" exclaimed Mignon, as Flora, after taking an effusive farewell of her popinjays, and many parting wavings of her pink hand, had given the order "Home."

"But indeed I am," said Flora, settling herself luxuriously into her corner; "have you forgotten that there is such a thing as dinner in existence? Still," she added, meditatively, "though I am not one of those who

'Would watch all night to see unfold
Heaven's gates,'

I would willingly wait half an hour longer, dinner notwithstanding, if I thought there was the ghost of a chance of seeing Philip La Mert again!"

"You know him?" said Mignon, timidly.

"I know him, my dear? Of course I do—who doesn't? He always was a well-known man; but now—"

"But what has he done?" said Mignon, eagerly.

"If you ask me what he *has done*," said Flora, profoundly, "I am bound to tell you that one volume, ten, twenty, would not contain the record of his deeds, good, bad, and indifferent; but if you ask me what he has *not* done, why, I could answer far more easily!"

"Is it a bad thing," said Mignon, "to be divorced from a wife?"

"It is a very excellent thing, indeed," said Flora, "when the wife happens to be a Miss Dorillon; but, as a rule, my dear, Mrs. Grundy does not approve of her maidens efflorescing from misses into madams, and from madams back again into misses, and so she is apt to look unkindly on the men who are instrumental in these violent changes of designation."

"But was Miss Dorillon—wicked?" said Mignon, below her breath.

"In the eyes of the world," said Flora, "she is as white as the snow-drops she wears to-day on her bonnet, while Philip La Mert is the *âme damnée* to whom it has been her unfortunate fate to be linked; but the few who are behind the scenes, who are acquainted with the story from beginning to end, think—differently."

"And what is the story?" said Mignon, eagerly; "he loved her, I suppose, and she did not love him, was that it?"

For lately Mignon has been reading more than one love-story; moreover, she has been thinking, and has somehow arrived at a far better notion of love and love's requirements than she ever had before.

"If a man's love for a woman may be gauged by the pains he is at to win her," said Flora, "then Philip loved the fair Una very much indeed; if you measure it by his behavior to her after he has obtained her, I should say that he disliked her extremely!"

"But why did he marry her, then?" said Mignon, impetuously; "or, perhaps," she added, in a lower key, "it was out of kindness?"

"Dear me, no!" said Flora; "he was by no means a man to sacrifice himself upon the altar of duty! Have you never heard the Frenchman's witty definition of *une passion*?—*un grand caprice enflammé par des obstacles*—and that was precisely Mr. La Mert's feeling for her, my dear; half the so-called unselfish, one-sided love in the world is pure obstinacy. It makes me laugh when I hear people admiring the dogged perseverance of a man who persists in his suit to a woman who can't bear

him; the good souls think that as there is no return, his must be pure, disinterested love, but not a bit of it! Oftener than not he is angry and piqued (and pique will drive a man into anything), and because he is determined that neither she nor the world shall have the laugh against him, and if at length his fervor melts her coldness, ten to one but as she thaws he will freeze, revenging himself richly upon her for her previous insolence and disdain. A man may, and often does, forgive you for breaking his heart, but for the wound you have inflicted on his vanity—never!"

"Then she did not love him?" said Mignon, eagerly.

"No," said Flora, reflectively, "she most certainly did not. It is a long tale," she added, after a short pause devoted to the silencing of one or two scruples of conscience as to the desirability of acquainting this child with the details of so unedifying a story as was that of Mr. La Mert's life. Adam would be furious if he knew it, but what did his fury matter to her? And, after all, was not this girl a married woman, and must she not sooner or later become acquainted with the backsliding ways of this wicked world? "A very long story," repeated Flora, "though for the matter of that it is one that does not take very long to tell. I think that the saddest stories are often summed up in the fewest words!"

"It is a sad one, then?" exclaimed Mignon, involuntarily.

"Can you look him in the face and doubt it?" said Flora. "My dear, he is one of those mortals upon whom the fairies at birth bestow every good gift a man can desire, but the queen of the fairies who comes last, angry perhaps at the lavish generosity of the others, makes him—unlucky! With advantages in his favor that make other men ready to die of envy, luck has always gone dead against him, and, I feel convinced, always will to his dying day! They used to say," she went on, "that he scarcely ever stirred without something untoward happening to him. If he rode a race, the horse was sure to come to grief; if he backed one, it was bound to lose; he lost a fortune at cards, and never appeared upon the box-seat of the four-in-hand coach of his regiment without causing the other men present to tremble for their lives. However, if he was unlucky in all else, he was brilliantly successful in one thing—love."

"And yet you say his wife did not care for him?" said Mignon, quickly.

"No, she did not. There the inevitable evil genius of his destiny stepped in. I should have said that he was brilliantly successful with women up to a certain point—beyond it his bad luck asserted itself, and he was as unlucky in his relations with women as with everything else. Have you ever read the life of Burns?" she went on, her color coming and going, "and do you remember the Duchess of Gordon saying that nobody had ever so completely carried her off her feet as Robert Burns did? Well, no one ever so completely carried me off my feet as

Philip La Mert did! Not that he was ever an admirer of mine," she sighed, impatiently, "but I used to meet him winter after winter in Dublin, and—"

"In Dublin!" repeated Mignon, sitting bolt upright, and regarding Flora with breathless eagerness—"in Dublin, did you say?"

"To be sure—why not?" said Flora, somewhat impatiently, who hated to be interrupted in the midst of what she was saying.

"Did you know a Mrs. Faulkner?" said Mignon, leaning forward and laying her eager hand on Flora's plump arm.

"No," said Flora, after a few moments of unwilling reflection, "I did not! One can't know everybody in Dublin, you know, and perhaps she was some old frump, who did not go into society?"

"I don't know," said Mignon, trembling; "but perhaps her daughters, who were nearly grown up, did. You are sure that you never met them out—or their governess, a Miss Brook?"

"Never!" said Flora, with calm decision; "I feel quite sure that I have never met the Misses Faulkner or their governess! Governesses and lady helps are not as a rule met with in general society, I think! However, to continue, it must be—let me see—quite four years since I first met Philip La Mert in Dublin. He was then the maddest of all the mad fellows of the —th Dragoons, then quartered in that city.

"For some reason or other, perhaps his extraordinary good looks, his wit, or his fascination, he was the rage; and wherever he went he was caressed, besieged, spoiled, and flattered, to an extent that would have turned any other man's head, but which seemed to make no impression upon him; for, with all his faults, and they were pretty numerous, Mr. Philip was no coxcomb."

"And he was a favorite with women, you say?" said Mignon, sighing.

"He had the reputation," said Flora, looking absently out at the hedge-rows all powdered and whitened with the same "strange snow" that made the carriage-wheels go noiselessly as on velvet, "of never failing to win any woman who was beautiful enough to please his fastidious taste, and, from what I myself have seen, I believe rumor in this instance to speak no more than the truth: He was the terror of every husband or father who owned a handsome wife or daughter, and I never shall forget the flutter there used to be in the dove-cots when Mr. Philip would come swaggering into a ball or reception room, very late, with half the beauties in the room sitting down because they would not fill up their cards till he had taken such dances as he pleased! All the lawful guardians and duennas gathering their chickens under their wings, and he just throwing his bold eyes hither and thither among them, and then it was ten to one if he did not walk up to the most closely guarded of them all, and carry her off from under her husband's very nose, for he made no secret of the fact that he infinitely preferred married women to girls! It was said," she went on, "that when he

got married every husband who owned a pretty wife rang a peal of joy-bells on his own account; but, if they did, they were somewhat premature in their rejoicings, for Philip married was even worse than Philip single!"

"But his marriage?" said Mignon, impatiently. "When and how did that happen, and—"

"My dear," said Flora, calmly, "are you aware that it is extremely ill-bred to interrupt a person when she is telling you a story? If you will have a little patience, I shall come to that in good time. It was in—let me see—the second winter, I think, of my acquaintance with Philip La Mert, two years and a half ago, that something—happened. He fell in love, or pretended to do so. Hitherto it had been well known that, for all his brilliant successes with women, he had never in all his life had more than a passing fancy for one, and that, in spite of the looseness of his life and morals, there was no man living who had a keener appreciation of, or reverence for, feminine virtue and innocence than he. So that when, in the winter I mention, he was found paying his hottest court to Miss Dorillon, a cold, heavy blonde, who was more than half suspected of being by no means so modest as she looked, everybody marveled—firstly, at his bad taste; secondly, at her indifference, for indifferent she undoubtedly was, in this respect differing totally from every other woman upon whom Mr. Philip had ever deigned to cast a favoring eye. Some people said, ill-naturedly enough, that it was her stupidity that attracted him; that, his own vitality being so intense, he found in her torpidity a welcome rest—and, indeed, did not Clive Newcome himself lay down the axiom that some women ought to be stupid? 'What you call dullness, I call repose,' says he. 'Give me a calm woman, a slow woman, a lazy, majestic woman! . . . A lively woman would be the death of me!' Well, my dear, there are many such men in the world as Mr. Clive, and upon my word, when all is said and done, I think those dull, majestic creatures get the best of it!"

"Women professed to wonder at what the men could see in Miss Dorillon, but undoubtedly she was handsome in her cold, passionless way. Not beautiful; had she been so, the question would never have been raised; for, my dear, there is a royalty about real beauty that the world, spiteful as it is, never fails to recognize—it is like diamonds, or talent of any kind, and always commands its market; so when you hear people disputing hotly about So-and-so's good looks, make up your mind that she is handsome, odd, fascinating, or lovable; but really beautiful? not a bit of it!"

"She certainly was the whitest creature I ever saw: you could pick her out of a crowd of bare-necked women by her snowy shoulders alone; but she had no conversation, never exerted herself to amuse anybody, and to old, young, handsome, and ugly men alike, exhibited a profound indifference that disgusted some, piqued others—and of these latter was Philip La Mert.

"Always an admirer of blond women, his ro-

ing eyes had rested upon her with more approbation than they usually expressed; but when he found that she treated him precisely the same as she did the youngest and pertest subaltern in his regiment, he was disagreeably astonished, he felt his pride to be touched. He was by no means used to be beaten in anything, least of all at a game where he had hitherto so signally distinguished himself, and the icy resistance she made him quickly transformed a mere passing admiration into an exciting chase that led him farther than he ever intended to go when he began it—headstrong, reckless, unlucky fellow!"

"Well, as I have said before, the spectacle of that confirmed flirt, Mr. La Mert, paying serious court to that solemn goddess, Miss Dorillon, filled all beholders with amazement. Some thought he was amusing himself as usual, others that he was now in earnest for the first time in his life. The women were beside themselves with envy and jealousy, and, seeing how well coldness seemed to succeed with him, were fain to try it themselves; but, my dear, that is the sort of thing that must be tried first, not last.

"As to Miss Dorillon, the most consummate coquette living could not have played her cards better than she (if her object was to win Philip La Mert). To all appearance, she had thoroughly mastered the first and most important axiom of a practised flirt, 'First attract, then keep cool;' only, as it turned out afterward, her frigidity was not acting at all, but good, honest, downright indifference. She was a mulish creature, without a ray of imagination, or surely her heart must have been touched by a man who knew how to make love as charmingly as did Mr. Philip."

"But the story," said Mignon, heaving just such a little quick, short sigh as children give when they are told the "crisis" of the fairy-tale is coming—"the story! I want to know how it all ended?"

"We shall come to that presently," said Flora, in a tone of rebuke. "Well, time went by, a month, six weeks, and the position of affairs between the two remained precisely the same as before. The lady had not abated her *froidueur* in the smallest degree; the gentleman had not advanced an inch, yet showed not the slightest intention of abandoning his attack of the fortress; and of course he got unmercifully chaffed by the men, and was more than ever spoiled by those sighing beauties who would gladly have consoled him for Miss Dorillon's insensibility by their own kindness had he so permitted them; but he did not. And one fine morning Dublin was electrified by the news that Mr. La Mert and Miss Dorillon were engaged, and would be married very shortly indeed.

"It was a nine days' wonder. I don't know which fact excited the most astonishment, that he should have proposed to her or that she should have accepted him. Only the day before she had been as indifferent to him as ever. Something had happened in the interim to make her change her mind; but what? No one could find out.

"They appeared everywhere in public together.

There was now nothing to choose between their demeanor, for the one was as cool as the other, and many people hopefully enough foretold that the match would never come off; but it did.

"With pomp and show, and much pageantry and ringing of bells, those two were made one; and I am bound to say that a handsomer pair than Una and Philip La Mert never walked out of a church-door together.

"They went to England (where his people and most of hers lived) for two months, and when they reappeared it was plain that if they had departed with but little love between them they returned with still less, while the hearts of certain of the women were gladdened by the discovery that Mr. Philip was quite as ready a lover, and even more delightful a one, than he was before.

"Well, people blamed him, of course, and looked upon him as a hopeless black sheep—all but a few who knew that, bad as he was, in this case he had some excuse for his conduct. I don't suppose a dozen people knew the story—at least, not at that time—but I happened to be one of them."

"And what was it?" cried Mignon, as Flora paused in reflection.

"It is not a nice story," said Flora, making a face, and looking half repentantly at Mignon's eager eyes and flushed cheeks—"by no means one to tell to such a little innocent as you; still, as I have begun, I suppose I may as well go on.

"Well, my dear, it seems Mr. Philip had not been married a month, when he opened by accident a letter addressed to his wife. Its contents were such as to make him search among her belongings for others in a like handwriting. He found sufficient to prove conclusively that he had been profoundly hoodwinked and deceived by the handsome, stupid woman he had made his wife. Duly set forth in black and white, he discovered how she had loved, by no means wisely or well, another man; how want of money on both sides had been the barrier between them; how, two months previously, he had married a woman whom he did not love; and how the hasty step on his part had caused her to accept Philip La Mert's offer. Further, how she still madly loved this man; nay, had seen him since her marriage, was shortly to see him again; for this cold, sluggish creature, where her passions were concerned, was perfectly reckless, and only by a hair's-breadth did the wording of these letters escape establishing a charge that would forever have freed her husband from her by law.

"It is said that the subject was never mentioned between them, that she missed the letters and drew her own conclusions; only one thing is certain, that luck having favored her in this instance, she took excellent care never to test it again, and thenceforward behaved in so unimpeachable a manner that her greatest enemy could not have found a single stone to throw at her.

"Perhaps Mr. Philip was not very much to be pitied. He had married her from motives little less worthy than her own, but he thought himself extremely ill-used (men always do when they find that a

woman has not brought a triple dower of innocence, beauty, and goodness, to meet the dry husks that they are graciously pleased to provide), and, if he had liked her but little before, now positively loathed her, and with his characteristic promptitude and recklessness made up his mind that, as the law gave him no redress, he would compel her to invoke it on her own behalf, and thereupon (for free of her he vowed to be) he ordered his life in such fashion that no woman of any pride or self-respect could be expected to remain under his roof one single day.

"Her family were furious; her friends were prodigal with their pity; she herself made no sign, uttered no complaint, appeared, faultlessly attired, in public as usual, with perfect ease and unconcern, behaved, in short, so like a modern Grissel, that by those who did not know her she was regarded as a model of wisely long-suffering and forbearance, while those who did speculated in vain as to what her tactics might be.

"The world in general called her stupid, but the world was mistaken—she was a very clever woman. She had made herself thoroughly acquainted with the law of divorce, and knew that the remedies of husbands and wives were by no means similar. Could her husband have proved her misconduct he could have at once obtained a divorce, but were she to proceed against him she could obtain no more than a judicial separation, under which she would not be free to marry again, and this would by no means have served her ends; so she watched and waited, and bided her time, with a cat-like persistence and patience that must nearly have driven him crazy.

"It was said that again and again she did her utmost to provoke him to strike her, for could she once establish a charge of cruelty her object was gained, but he never stooped so low as that, intensely though he must have been irritated by her presence; and so, foiled in this, she quietly sat down and waited until such time as it should please him openly to desert her.

"Meanwhile, the wife of the man she loved died very suddenly, leaving him rich and free. I fancy that under her Spartan cloak of indifference the fox was gnawing her vitals rather cruelly about this time, but she made no sign, received everybody, went everywhere, and answered all polite inquiries concerning her absent husband with incomparable suavity and unconcern, in short, was the wonder of one half of Dublin, while he was the scandal of the other. Poor Philip! He was a very black sheep indeed in those days, and all the good people groaned, turned up the whites of their eyes, and passed him by on the other side, though indeed there were fair Samaritans and to spare, more than willing to take out their twopence of kindness, and that with but small chance of recompense!

"We were in Dublin during the courtship; we were there when the young couple returned after the marriage, but soon afterward Colin whisked me off to those detestable Highlands, and the rest of the story I got from hearsay, though the facts of the case were so simple that they did not admit of much ex-

aggeration one way or the other. Mr. Philip, then, after conduct that would have worn out the patience of any other woman, but which this exemplary creature endured with great piety and fortitude, one fine morning resigned his commission (he was within six weeks of getting his company), and disappeared altogether, but not, it was said, alone. It was true that Dolly Folliott disappeared about that time, and, though her people hushed it up, saying she had gone abroad for a time, and so on, nobody believed them; she had gone with somebody, but who that somebody was no one could find out any more than who it was that accompanied Mr. La Mert. He has been seen or heard of from time to time in odd, out-of-the-way places, and always, strange to say, with the same woman, who is, if rumor speaks truth, very lovely, and indeed she must be a paragon to have made such a man as he—constant! It was actually said that when he should be free of his wife he meant to marry the woman, and, indeed," she added, shrugging her shoulders, "he had a noble heart, and was generous to a fault, so that it is, alas! only too possible that he might be guilty of even such a crowning folly as that!"

"You call that a folly," said Mignon, pale, with trembling lips—"a folly to keep faith with a gentle, loving creature, who trusted him? Oh, for shame, for shame! You *cannot* mean that!"

"My dear child," said Flora, placidly, "why do you attempt to talk about things of which you understand nothing? Mr. La Mert's divorce will not make the difference of a rush to him; he will still be welcomed in society, and free to choose a wife out of one of the best families in England, but to marry a creature like that would simply be social ruin, and I should say no one was better aware of that fact than he is."

Mignon did not reply. She was recalling his words on that sole occasion of his wooing, when he had bidden her remember always in the days to come how he had loved her in spite of all—and she understood now that he was alluding to that poor girl who had loved him, even as it might be Muriel had trusted and loved some other man.

"I think I have told you all the story," said Flora, briskly; "all, that is to say, that is of any consequence. By-the-way, though, I forgot to say that when Mrs. Philip found herself actually deserted by her husband, she went back to her mother, and there dwelt in the sight of all the world, virtuous, modest, resigned, her every action open to the closest scrutiny, until such time came as enabled her to sue for a divorce. She, last month, obtained it, and in the eyes of the world is a woman without speck or flaw in her moral character, at whom no one, however rash, would dare to point the finger of calumny. She now figures before us for a short time as Miss Dorillon; as soon as decency permits (one is expected to mourn rather longer for a husband of whom the law has just rid one than if he had merely died), the curtain will fall on that discreetest and most virtuous of young matrons as Mrs. Des Vœux.

"But Mr. Philip—his adventures are by no means

over, or I am much mistaken. He is one of those people who seem born for no other reason than to distinguish themselves in some unfortunate manner, and to whom death itself does not come in the common way.

"He looked as though things were going very wrong with him," shaking her head. "I never saw any one so fearfully changed. I wish I could have spoken to him—though, for goodness' sake, child," she added, hastily, as the carriage rolled swiftly round the plot of evergreens opposite Rosemary, and the horses drew up before the door with a flourish, "don't tell either father or Colin that I meditated any such crime, for I do verily believe that they would consider his Satanic majesty an agreeable, harmless sort of companion compared with that unlucky Philip La Mert!"

CHAPTER XXX.

"Mistress, know yourself; down on your knees
And thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love."

"PRUE," said Mignon, "don't you think that, if one got married at all, it would be better to marry somebody that one *loved*?"

"Yes, Miss Mignon, I do."

"And would you consider it a very bad thing for a person to run away with somebody else, if he or she had a wife or husband that it was not possible to like or *respect*?"

"I should think it just about as bad as bad could be," said Prue, in horror; "people as like each other well enough to marry ought to stick together as well for worse as for better."

"But supposing," said Mignon, "that they didn't get married because they liked each other—indeed, rather the contrary than otherwise—why, what then, Prue?"

Somebody who was busying himself with a blown-down creeper outside the open window, and had perforce heard every word of the foregoing conversation, involuntarily made a step forward, as though to see what expression the speaker's face wore, as she asked Prue the question with which her speech concluded.

Instantly checking himself, however, he threw down the garden-implement he held, and moved quickly away.

"What was that?" exclaimed Prue, hearing the sound of retreating footsteps; then, advancing to the window and looking out, her fine color paled somewhat as she recognized in the vanishing personage, Adam. "O Miss Mignon," she said, turning back, "that was the master, and he must have heard every word that you said!"

God forgive the girl if the ungenerous thought that flashed through her mind was that he was at his old tricks again—listening. She had been thinking very often during the past weeks of those unauthorized peeps over the wall to which he had confessed, and it was significant of some growth in her feelings, whether of like or of dislike, that such should be the

case, for, until very lately, she had thought too little of him in any way to reflect with any heat upon his misdeeds.

"And why should I mind if he did hear me?" she said, proudly; "is he an ogre, that you should always be saying, 'Miss Mignon, you must not say this, and you must not say that, for master won't like it?'"

"He's no ogre," said Prue; "he's real good, as you'll find out some day," she added, with a sigh and a shake of the head.

"And do you suppose I have not found that out already?" said Mignon; "do you suppose that a single day passes that I do not tell myself how much I owe him, and what a miserable, homeless little wretch I should be if he had not taken pity on and married me?"

She concluded her speech with one of those old, willful stamps of the foot that had lately been so conspicuous by their absence, and that Prue had grown to miss rather sadly.

"Eh?" she said, looking in astonishment at the girl; "it's not *that* way, dear heart, he'd be wishing you to think, to say nothing of it's not being the truth, Miss Mignon, for don't we all know as how he married you for pure love, and nothing else besides?"

"You don't understand, Prue," said the girl, turning aside; "he asked me because—because it was his nature to be good and kind, and he pretended to want me very badly, that I might not feel he was doing me a great favor; but he cannot hide from me, no, nor from himself, that he is sorry now for what he did so hastily; and I"—she suddenly threw down the needlework and covered her scarlet face with her hands—"I wake up sometimes in the night and blush all over when I think it is all my own doing; that if I had not called him that night, he would not have been obliged to marry me; probably he would not have even thought of such a thing!"

"He thought of it long afore that," said Prue, with decision; "he've watched you growing up this two years, and allers meant to get you sooner or later. And as to being sorry, Miss Mignon, why that's a most rediklous idea; it ain't prating of love as proves it, it's actions, and master's good enough at they."

"I do not complain," said Mignon, with gentle dignity, "and it is not to be expected that he should feel about everything as I do, especially *her*—and it is very wicked of me to grow angry with him in my heart that he does not seem eager in thinking of and looking forward to her coming; but do you know"—she pressed nearer to the woman, looking anxiously at her with lovely, troubled eyes—"that sometimes I almost think that it would not trouble him very much if my poor love never came back to me at all?"

Prue, with a strange pang at her heart, looked back at the wistful, childish face so near her own, and said never a word.

Trouble was beginning to tell upon the girl; constant thought, and restless, wakeful nights, were by

degrees robbing her of that lovely look of youth that, let folks say what they will, is not compensated for by any after-beauty of expression, intellect, or the chastened peace that is the crown of great suffering. Already the softness on brow and lip, the unworn look that is never seen upon the face of the man or woman who, in the battle of life, has borne the burden and heat of the day, was fading away, and dark shadows were beginning to be apparent beneath the blue eyes that two months ago were lustrous with health and spirits.

"He seemed to understand," she went on, thinking aloud. "That day, that awful, never-to-be-forgotten day, I don't think he could have been more sorry and distressed if it had been his own sister; and if he had not been there to tell me it was not my darling, I think I should have gone quite mad, Prue"—she paused, growing rigid and turning as white as snow.

"Oh!" said Prue, who had looked thoroughly mystified, "you mean Mr. Rideout, Miss Mignon? Ah, well! I don't reckon you owe much thanks to *him* about nothing! Many's the time I've been down on my bones in a reglar bust of thanksgiving that 'twas master you married, not him!"

"He would have helped me to find her," said Mignon, starting up restlessly. "I could not tell any one why I *did*, why I *do* feel that he was interested in Muriel, that he knew something of or had seen somebody like her; how else could he have told me that day that—*it* was not she?"

Prue shook her head doubtfully, but made no reply. She thought her little mistress mistaken on this point, and that her too partial feelings endowed him with sympathies and knowledge that he did not possess. With dismay, the woman had beheld the gradual change in Mignon's attitude toward this lover who had formerly pleased her no whit, either in looks or ways, while with even greater concern she saw the relations that existed between the young husband and wife, and sorrowfully enough foresaw that there was trouble in store for the girl whom she had so fondly believed to be safely placed beyond the storm and struggle of life.

It was not for Prue to guess how, gradually but surely, Philip La Mert had assumed in Mignon's mind the character of a friend to, even a deliverer of, Muriel, and how he was, consequently, exalted in the girl's mind (no matter how unworthy he might be in other respects) into a creature who called forth her warmest gratitude; while Adam, alas! was fast becoming to her the cold and indifferent guardian, who had no sympathy with either her love or anxiety for Muriel, and who, if he would not actually hold up his hand to keep her back, would assuredly not raise it to help her.

And in her heart she said that it was all of a piece with the rest of his behavior, that he should have broken his promise of helping to find Muriel—though in this she was unjust, for what opportunity had as yet offered for either of them to do aught but sit quietly down and wait? And, even as she was engrossed by her selfish thoughts and sorrow, so,

perhaps, was he by his. Moreover, there was a reason why the merest allusion to Muriel's return should be intolerable to him: more than ever complicated had matters become of late, and there were times when he felt himself absolutely appalled at the possibilities of the future.

"Sometimes I think," said the girl, clasping her little hands upon her heart and sighing wofully, "that, after all, Miss Sorel was right and I am wrong, and that she will *never* come back; or perhaps she has grown as weary of her life as that poor *grisette* did, and somewhere she is lying cold, and drowned, and stiff, just like that other. . . . There is scarcely a night that I do not wake up with that face before me, and then I long with all my heart to see *him*, who will tell me that I am mistaken, that it is not so; for do you know that for a long while he lived in Dublin, and most likely saw her there, and that was why he was able to tell me that what I saw was not my darling?"

"Young ladies as has any care for their good names isn't likely to see much of him," said Prue, thoughtlessly; "leastways I mean, Miss Mignon—"

"What do you know of him, I should like to know," cried Mignon, passionately, "that you take upon yourself to say he is this or that? To hear people talk one would think he was the wickedest man that ever lived, instead of being ill-used and deceived just like anybody else; and I am sure he looked sad and miserable enough in Paris to make any one pity him!"

"He did look very bad when he went away from here," said Prue, relenting a little; "but there, his heart was just as wicked as ever, as was easy to tell by the way he ran on when—" She paused abruptly.

"He found me gone," said Mignon. "But what did he say, and was he unconscious long?"

"He didn't come to himself for a full hour," said Prue, reluctantly. "What did he say, miss? It would be foolish work to repeat it; he was mad and angry, and folks never mean what they say when they're like that. I've forgot."

"And did you tell him we had gone to Paris?" persisted Mignon, who had never been able to induce Prue to give her a circumstantial account of what occurred that day after her departure.

"I? No, indeed!" said Prue, in horror; "he found that out for himself."

"Then it *was* by chance that we met him there," said Mignon, half aloud, "pure chance; though, indeed," she added, sighing, "it was a very lucky one; for, if we had not, Prue, I think I should be where Silas Sorel is now."

"Ah, poor man!" said Prue, shivering; "really them few days after that telegram came was reglar battle, murder, and sudden death, nothing but horrid things coming one a-top of another, and not time to draw breath, so to speak, between 'em!"

"Tell me about Silas," said the girl, drawing nearer to the woman; "you've only told me about it in fits and starts, and I want to hear it right through from beginning to end."

"Well, Miss Mignon," said Prue, threading her needle with an air of importance, "it was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and I'd pretty nigh got over the fright Mr. Rideout had give me, and was having a bit of a cry in the kitchen, when who should walk straight in but Mr. Sorel!

"He stood looking at me a moment, then said, 'So that pair of fools have got married, have they?'

"Said I, 'If you mean my master and mistress, sir, they have.'

"He pulled down the corners of his lips at that, and said: 'How was it you didn't go with 'em? I s'pose three simpletons could travel about as well as two?'

"So I said, 'I didn't know as any of us was more foolish than other folks, and I'd only stopped in the house because I didn't like to leave it to itself (cook being gone and all) till he sent somebody in to take charge of it.' Not to mention, Miss Mignon, that you'd given me most perticler orders to sit down outside the gates (as soon as he'd turned me out), and not stir from them night and day till you come back, in case Miss Muriel should walk in unexpected and find nobody here."

"Did I really tell you to do that, Prue?" said Mignon, smiling in spite of herself.

"You did, Miss Mignon; and, though I'd have done my best, still I couldn't quite promise to do that."

"Well, Mr. Sorel he looked me up and down sharp-like, and then, said he, 'I may find you useful, by-and-by, so just you stop where you are, and don't leave this house till I tell you to,' which I thought pretty good impudence; but, as stopping in the house was a sight better than hanging about outside, with the perlice for everlasting telling you to keep moving on, why I thought I'd stop and see what 'u'd come next."

"Mr. Sorel he went up-stairs and all over the house, looking here and there, and everywhere, and last of all he went into poor mistress's room, and shut the door."

"I didn't hear a sound of him till 'twas nearly dark; then he rang the bell, and I went up. He was sitting before her writing-table, with his head bent down over something in his hand; but, when I come back with the light he'd told me to bring, his hand was empty, and his eyes were hard and dry as stones. He said I was to wait, opened the desk, and took out a piece of paper Miss Sorel had set just inside. It was a list of the names and addresses of all the young ladies as had been at Rosemary for the half before, and was expected for the next, and he read 'em out to me one by one, and asked me if they was all right. I told him yes, and then he told me I could go down, he'd call me when I was wanted, and I saw no more of him till half-past ten o'clock, when he came down with a great budget of letters, and said he, putting one of his fingers on 'em, 'You'll never see any more of these young ladies again, for I've written to tell 'em my sister is dead—is dead!' Just like that; then he stared about him a bit confused-like, and went away without saying any more."

"Next morning he came again, and said he was going away for a bit, but I was to take care of the place and not let a soul come nigh it but tradespeople. He'd got to look very broken and ill, and stared about as if it was all strange to him, and once or twice he got suspicious, and asked me where you might be, and if you was likely to be coming back soon, and if I dared to let you come inside the gates he would punish me by the law; but for all his talk he seemed just spent-like and feeble, and as if he'd got no strength to go into a passion about it. And then he went away—I think 'twas somewhere to see about her tomb, for he'd took her all the way from Paris back to her old home to be buried.

"'Twas a fortnight before he came back, and then he looked worse than ever. He told me to make up a bed in the room next Miss Sorel's, and, when night came, he just crept into it.

"The next day he wrote a letter and gave it to me to post, and I looked hard at it to know the address again, for he seemed to me to be going very queer, and I was getting in a fright to know what I should do if he got real bad. He scarcely touched nothing, and snapped and snarled at me if I tried to get him to eat, but 'twas all over very soon. On the third day after he came back I heard a strange sort of noise up-stairs about the time of dusk; and, though I was terrible frightened, being all alone in the house, I crept up-stairs and listened, and, the door being open of Miss Sorel's room, I looked in.

"He was kneeling by the bedside, with his arms spread out over the coverlid, and talking to her, like as if he thought she was there, seeming to fancy they was both little children again together, and going out in the woods a-Maying; and then I knew how it was with him, Miss Mignon, and just shut the door and come softly away, for somehow I wasn't a bit afraid of the poor soul, but I wrote off to the address I'd seen, and by the next evening a gentleman, Mr. Sorel's cousin he said he was, had arrived.

"Mr. Silas didn't seem to know him a bit, only laughed and cried all in a breath when they tried to take him home, but at last they got him away by telling him he would find *her* there. He was but a few years older than Miss Sorel, yet you'd have said he was an old man, Miss Mignon, as they led him away, and you never would have known him to be the same as said such wicked words to you out yon, when master come over the wall to the rescue.

"The cousin, he put me in charge of all while he went to Yorkshire, but he was soon back again; and without more ado he just went to an agent, and said Mr. Sorel wasn't likely to be ever any better; and, as he was next of kin and had to act for Mr. Silas, he should be glad to get rid of Rosemary, and, as Mr. Montrose's agent was on the lookout, it all got managed very easy and quick, for all the world just like a fairy-tale, I used to think. There was a sight of letters come for Mr. Sorel, and I handed 'em over to the cousin, and there was two or three for me, one in perticler from Miss Lu-Lu, wanting to know all about it, and where you was, and what you meant to

do. So I just wrote and said you was married, and I guess, Miss Mignon, she didn't get over *that* bit of news for a week."

"We had some happy times together, she and I," said Mignon, with a heavy sigh; "what fun we used to have over that book we were writing, and that we shall never finish now! I miss the girls," she went on, sadly, "and the noise they made, and the hard lessons we had to learn. At any rate, our days were well filled, we had not over-much time to think! You know I always dreaded the holidays, always found it dreadfully dull to talk to Bumble and play croquet all alone, but now that it is one long, indefinite holiday, with no day to look forward to when they will all be coming back again, it is much worse; and, if *she* does not come, it may go on for ever, and ever, and *ever*! Indeed, I've got a dreadful sort of feeling, Prue, that, if anybody happened to be walking by Rosemary a hundred years hence, he would find you an old mummy in the kitchen, Mr. Montrose melted into a mound of dust in the midst of his books, and me sitting on the wooden chair in the kitchen-garden, watching still for somebody who never came!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"The education of life perfects the thinking mind, but depraves the frivolous."

"THE mystic hour draws nigh," said Flora, "that will consign us one and all to the dungeon-keep of Glen-Luce.

"To-day is the 6th; on the 10th a procession of men and women, footmen and maids, children, babies, horses, dogs, birds, and rabbits, will be formed; father, being the person least competent for the post, will assume the *édion* of command, and, having fussed one half of us into tears and the other half into active ill-temper, will land us all triumphantly at the ancestral barn somewhere toward the small hours of the morning. Why on earth cannot balloons be made practicable for traveling-purposes, I wonder? Just fancy the delight of stepping in, bag and baggage, and not having to stir until one got to one's journey's end! I have no doubt our grandchildren will enjoy the luxury; it is certainly very provoking to have been born a hundred years too soon!"

"But why is Glen-Luce like a dungeon?" said Mignon, who sat on the grass with hands clasped about her knees, and a weary look in her blue eyes.

"How can a place be anything else when there is scarcely a soul in it, who is not your husband, or your father, or your brother? People rave about the scenery, and ask me how I can feel dull in the midst of so much beauty; but I should like to know who would not get sick of looking at the same thing day after day, week after week, year after year! Can trees, and rocks, and waterfalls, talk to you, I should like to know? Admiring the beauties of Nature all alone is something like looking at the moon by yourself—extremely unsatisfactory work!"

"But I thought you had some neighbors?" said Mignon—"the McCloskys."

"Just so, my dear, the McCloskys, for there is nobody else. We are five miles from the nearest town, three from a doctor, two from the kirk, and ten from anything like a pleasant or entertaining neighbor. Bluebeard himself would be hailed with rejoicing if he rose from the dead and settled down in Glen-Luce."

"And your father's house, where is that?"

"Strathsaye? Oh, near enough. The Montrose and Dundas estates adjoin each other; I don't know of any other reason why father gave his consent to my marrying Colin. There never was a father yet to whom a ring-fence was not irresistible, you know. It must have been a dreadful blow to him about the McClosky estates," she added, shaking her smooth head; "he had quite set his heart on Adam's marrying the daughter, and then the whole of the Glen would have been in the family."

"And was the young lady willing?" said Mignon, turning her head aside.

"Yes; in that case Barkis was willing."

"But where was I? Oh, talking about that dreadful old barn! Of course, when I married Colin, I had no idea that those two old people, Sir Peter and his wife, would take it into their heads to live in the town-house and give us the one in the Highlands. What on earth can they want with a house in Park Lane, I should like to know, at their time of life? And, of course, as they are within reach of the best advice, they are as likely as not to live forever!"

"But is not Colin attached to them?" said Mignon, regarding Flora with warm disapproval.

"Oh, I believe so, especially to his mother; indeed, it is all her doing that he has such absurdly narrow-minded ideas about everything. However, she is a sensible old soul, and never attempts to interfere with me in any way, and as I come to town every spring, and it is less trouble and expense than taking a furnished house, I never quarrel with her."

"I used to get some fun out of Colin's cousins, but I am sorry to say," she added, regretfully, "that I have quarreled with them all, come to the very last, and it is a pity, a very great pity; for the amusement they afforded me with their gowns, and ways, and talk, was simply endless! The vigor with which they went into everything, even their quarrels, was something quite refreshing, and really those little encounters used to brighten me up wonderfully. It is odd that two women quarreling will tell each other more home-truths in five minutes than in years and years of close and amicable intercourse; and, if ever you want to get at a person's real honest opinion of you, put her into a rage!"

"I will," said Mignon, absently, who had not hitherto enjoyed the wholesome and exhilarating excitement upon which Flora so glowingly dilated. "And has your father lived here long?" she added, glancing at the pleasant-looking white house whose upper windows were visible in the distance.

"Oh! yes, a long time, six or seven years quite."

He spends one half the year here, and the other half at Strathsaye, but my charming brother, since he has become studious, lives here pretty well all the year round. It was a most ridiculous place to come to, not sufficiently near town to be convenient, and yet not far enough out to command good grounds and real country. However, you'll have country enough and to spare at Glen-Luce for the next three months, I can tell you!"

"But I am not going," said Mignon, thoroughly startled; "why should I do that? How can I do that? At any moment somebody may come, and, not finding me, go away again—" She paused, blushed deeply, and said no more.

"Somebody may come?" repeated Flora, looking at the girl's averted face with suddenly-aroused, quick curiosity; "but I thought there was nobody—that you had no relations, no friends, no anything—who, then, may be this mysterious *somebody*?"

Mignon, turning her head still farther aside, felt shamed through and through at the deceit she was maintaining, but none the less did she find it impossible to put confidence in Flora Dundas.

That young matron, laying down her needle-work, was meanwhile surveying the girl from an entirely new point of view. What did this confusion mean?—after all, was the explanation of Mignon's coldness to her husband to be found in the fact that she had, in school-girl fashion, fixed her childish heart upon somebody else?

If so, what a glorious punishment was in store for Adam the gardener, to be sure!

"Upon my word, child, you began pretty early," she said at last, with some envy in her voice; "how you ever got opportunities for such jinks I'm sure I don't know; I didn't when I was at school."

"There was one young man," she added, meditatively, "that I positively adored—I actually lost my appetite on his account for a whole week—and though, of course, we never exchanged a word, we used to write each other love-letters, but in case we were found out, *he* used to sign himself 'Lilywhite,' and *I* used to sign myself 'The Ratcatcher's Daughter.' We put our letters in a hole in the wall just outside the garden-gates, but one fine morning we were caught, so there was an end of *that*; but, I'm quite sure my heart never thumped as hard and fast for Colin as it did for that moon-faced young man in drab inexpressibles!"

As though to illustrate the adage, Colin himself at this moment appeared upon the scene with his idolized little daughter Floss perched high on his shoulders.

With one hand he held her chubby legs firmly under his chin; the other, thrown behind him, afforded her a sufficient support, while his hair had all the appearance of being crowned, as the tiny hands that clutched it were full of flowers.

"Do, for goodness' sake, put that child down!" said Flora, sharply, as they came near; "what you can be made of to drag her about in such heat as this, I'm sure I can't imagine!"

"We don't find the heat particularly overpowering, do we, Floss?" said Colin, placidly, as he gen-

tly lowered himself to the grass beside Mignon, and set Floss's feet upon the ground; "and we're very happy, aren't we?"

"We're very 'appy," said Floss, looking across her father's head at her mother, with that half-impudent, half-alarmed defiance that is so ludicrous when exhibited by mere babies to those they know to be set in authority over them.

"I cannot understand how it is," said Mrs. Dundas, crossly, "that every one of my children should drop their *M's* as they do. They never hear me do it, and I am always most particular in engaging my nurses to ascertain that they speak correctly; but it is all of no use, for neither Taffy, Colin, nor Floss, have got one *M* between them!"

"It saves a lot of trouble, doesn't it, Floss?" said Colin, around whose neck his little daughter's arms were now clasped in a throttling embrace. A very willful, blooming little rose was she, her face a tiny and absurd copy of her mother's, but with a heart like her father's beating bravely in her breast.

"How can you talk such nonsense to the child?" said Flora, languidly. "Really, it is not to be wondered at that you have no authority over the children, and that I always have to punish and keep them in order myself!"

Flora's notions of the management of children were extremely simple, and resolved themselves into two processes—spoiling and slapping. When they were good, and looked handsome enough to be a credit to herself, she would indulge them just so far as such indulgence did not interfere with her own personal comfort; when they were naughty or tired, or unsatisfactory in any way, she slapped or punished them, and between these two extremes she never halted for a single moment. The workings of the infant minds given over to her keeping were puzzles that she never dreamed of trying to solve.

Colin understood all about it, and could talk nonsense to them by the hour. But, O careless mother! it was wise, tender, gentle nonsense, that it would have been well for you could your lips have brought themselves to utter.

"Floss shall be taught the ten commandments without loss of time," said Colin, gravely, "and then, perhaps, she will better understand her duty to her father. Meanwhile, if the question is not an impertinent one, do we interrupt a cabinet council? If so, we will retire, and come back when it is over."

"We were talking about the approaching exodus," said Flora, "and I have been discoursing in vain to Mignon on the varied delights of Glen-luce, for—what do you think?—she says she is not going!"

"Not going!" repeated Colin, in tones of amazement, and, turning quickly toward Mignon, "and why not? Are you afraid that—that you will not be comfortable with us?"

"Don't trouble yourself on that point," said Flora, tranquilly; "I have not been ill-using the child, and we never fight; she can't go because—because she is expecting somebody!"

"But can't you bring whoever it is with you?" said Colin, with real anxiety, for, independently of

his firm friendship for Adam, he liked this girl; the two had been fast friends from their first hour of meeting, and he had looked forward to having them both to brighten the not too lively Glen-luce.

"No," said Mignon, drooping her head, "I cannot bring that person with me, and I must stay here; but Adam will not mind going without me, I am sure—"

"Go without you?" said Flora, her voice rising a little higher with every word, "and leave you here quite alone?"

"Yes, why not? I have Prue to take care of me, though what harm is likely to come to me at Rosemary?"

"Oh!" said Flora, ironically, "I don't know of anybody who is prepared to eat you up at a mouthful, and, of course, it is the most natural thing in the world for a young man to go away and leave his bride of a few weeks quite alone! Still, I am not quite sure but that you will be able to carry out the arrangement, as, if there is one reasonable amusement on earth that Adam has the sense to enjoy, it is his shooting."

"Of course he will not go without Mignon," said Colin, trying to keep the disappointment out of his voice.

"I am not so sure of that," said Flora, decidedly. "However, here he comes, so you can ask him for yourself!"

"But I do not wish him to remain with me," said Mignon, earnestly; "I shall be rejoiced for him to go; it will be a change for him, and—"

"What is Mignon going to be so rejoiced about?" said Adam, throwing himself down on the grass beside Colin, and giving Floss's downy cheek a pinch.

"At the prospect of remaining at Rosemary all by herself," said Flora, with a shrug, "for she says she is not going to Glen-luce."

"She is expecting somebody," said honest Colin, at which his wife frowned, laughed, and then looked at Adam to see how he took the remark.

He was looking at his wife, marking how—

"A paleness beauteous as the lily's mixed
With the sweet violet's like a gust of wind
Flits o'er her face . . ."

and his thoughts, through much brooding, having now become unhealthy, and colored with but one idea, the conclusion was instantly formed in his own mind that this somebody was Philip.

There was an instant's pause, then he spoke.

"It would be strange," he said, calmly, "if my wife should wish to go to Glen-luce, since I remain here. I have work that must be done, and can't spare the time."

One person alone out of the three who heard, believed him to be speaking the truth. She clasped her hands with a gesture that might have been relief, disappointment, or surprise.

"Well," said Flora, drawing a deep breath, and addressing Mignon. "I should very much like to see Colin give up his shooting or anything else for me. Not that I complain—fortunately I am not selfish; and though of course I should infinitely prefer taking the children to Cowes or Scarborough, that

they might have the benefit of the sea-air, to going to Glen-luce, still I hope I know my duty as a wife, and—what is more—do it."

"Ah!" said Colin, who was tying up a nosegay for Floss with a dry wisp of grass.

Flora glanced sharply at her husband, but he appeared so perfectly innocent and absorbed in his task, that she looked away again.

"Mignon's duty in this case is identical with my own," said Adam, dryly, "so I need not call upon her to make any sacrifice on my behalf.—When do you go, old fellow?" he added, turning to Colin.

"On the 10th."

"Poor Miss McClosky!" said Flora, maliciously, "she will be in despair! Half a loaf is better than no bread, and doubtless she would prefer seeing the married man to not seeing him at all."

"You have no right to talk about Phillis in such a manner," said Colin, indignantly; "a more modest girl never breathed—and I won't hear her name taken in vain, the sonsie, gentle, wee body."

"Her name is Phillis?" said Mignon, eagerly.

"Yes," he said, "and it exactly suits her."

Phillis—what a pretty old-world name! To Mignon it brought up the picture of a fresh, rosy, dimpled, country maiden, moreover with a something coy and winsome about her that is not usually associated with our notions of a *parvenu* cotton-spinner's daughter.

"Phillis would not deny the soft impeachment if she were here," said Flora, serenely. "I do believe that if she tried to tell a good big story it would choke her on the spot. She is a little fool who doesn't know her own advantages, for in spite of that terrible red-brick mansion and McClosky *père*, with her quarter of a million of money, and little, dollish, presentable person, she might marry almost anybody."

"What would a young woman do with Mr. Anybody for a husband?" said Colin, gravely; "and Phillis is rather particular—she might object."

"She has got some absurd rubbish into her head," continued Flora, pursuing her own train of thought, "that it is her money that everybody is in love with, not herself, and I should not wonder in the least at any imprudent thing she did; she would marry a shoeblack, I verily believe, if she thought he was disinterested."

"She may even descend to the lower depths of the columns of the *Matrimonial News*," said Colin, in feigned alarm, "and get married on the sly, as

'A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree,'

while the curtain might descend on the affecting *tableau* of Phillis presenting the gentleman with her money-bags as the reward of virtue!"

"And what is Mr. McClosky like?" said Mignon, who seemed to have been steadily asking questions ever since she got up that morning.

"I can compare him to nothing on earth so much as to his house!" said Flora, fanning herself with vigor. "The latter is of red brick, that makes you glow all over to look at on the coldest December

day, and it matches the color of his face exactly, while the pale-blue satin furniture in the drawing-room (where the carpet is deeply, darkly, beautifully red) seems expressly made to extinguish his vacuous, rolling eye; the only difference is, that his crest, which is upon everything, over the mirrors, on the cornices (on the very bottoms of the chairs, I do believe, if one only had the courage to surreptitiously examine them), is not emblazoned on his back, though the jewelry he wears stands sponsor handsomely for the *bricklebrack*, as he calls it, in his drawing-room."

"Poor Phillis!" said Mignon, softly.

"When it was all completed," said Flora, "he walked about with his hands under his coat-tails, saying to everybody, 'Everything very plain, ma'am, but—neat.' It did remind me so of 'Neat, but not gaudy, as the devil said when he painted his tail pea-green.'"

"Nevertheless," said Colin, stoutly, "not even a red-and-blue drawing-room, a yellow-and-green morning-room, or a ballroom tastefully arranged in pink and mauve, can vulgarize Phillis. In her plain gown, without an ornament or scrap of finery, she holds her own bravely enough, and not one of the high-born lassies who go there can put her out of countenance. The only mistake was, that she should have been born a rich girl instead of a moderately poor one."

"Oh! it is all very fine," said Flora, with trenchant emphasis, "for those people with whom money is a mere drug, a superfluity, to affect to despise it, but just let them be without it for a little while, and then see if they would talk in that ridiculous fashion! For my part, short of death, I know of nothing more agonizing than to be constantly wanting things one can't get. Talk about a good conscience, why, a good fat purse is twice as comforting and conducive to good moral feeling, and for my part I can't understand rich people doing wicked things. I'm sure I could be perfectly good and amiable if I had everything on earth that I fancied!"

"No doubt," said Colin; adding, as he rubbed his cheek against his little daughter's—"we know of something far worse than a pocket without any money in it, don't we, Floss? And that is, to put our hand in and find no sweeties."

Floss shook her head gravely and sighed; *that* was bad, and no mistake.

"I've got an 'ole shilling," she said, patting his cheeks lovingly, "and you shall 'ave it all. P'raps mummy let us go to Lunnun t'morrow to spend it."

"O Floss, Floss! you are a very extravagant young woman with your one shilling!" said Colin.

"Now, do you know that if you came into a fortune to-morrow of, say, a pound all in sixpences, you would become a perfect little screw, and drive Colin and Taffy away with ignominy if they came to borrow a penny or twopence of you?"

"Really," said Flora, with contempt, "I do wonder at your folly, Colin; you will make the child just as whimsical and ridiculous as yourself!"

Colin turned his head, which was on a level with

Floss's, and looked at her. The smile on his face was reflected in the many dimples of hers, but he did not speak; there was never any need for speech with these two—between the somewhat weary man of thirty-six and the joyous, fresh young child of four there existed a very perfect understanding. Worn out and disgusted as he often was by the follies of his wife, he could find it in his heart to forgive her all when the touch of his daughter's tiny hands was about him—when he looked into those innocent, crystal-clear eyes (so like Flora's in shape and color), and found in them nothing but absolute purity and love.

His heart might have grown arid and bitter but for this cool and quiet shadow that the child made in it, and through his love for her he became a better, more patient, and self-denying man, than he had been without her. A child that will come to you of its own free-will, that will look fearlessly into your eyes, put out its scrap of a hand to touch your face, that will trust you, love you, obey and follow you without a single doubt or scruple—is there any other God-given thing on earth that will so waken the good, so quell the evil, that dwells in us? He who would keep heart and lips and life clean, let him go as often as may be into the company of very young children, win their love if he is able, and then thank God for the humanizing, ennobling influence they will have upon him.

A little silence followed on Flora's petulant apostrophe to her husband.

Adam was looking at Mignon, noting all too plainly the weary droop of the slender figure, the enforced patience of the empty hands, and the outline of features as colorless as the gown she wore.

Colin, too, was regarding his wife attentively, and wondering what had happened that morning to ruffle her usually placid brows. He knew her thoroughly, this wife of his, her follies, her weaknesses,

her overweening vanity, her profound selfishness; his taste was outraged, his heart was wrung by her every day of his life, and yet—he loved her.

It may be questioned whether love does not strengthen with the faults of the person beloved instead of growing weaker.

We may regret our passion, we may even struggle fiercely against it; but struggle and pain alike serve but to rivet the chains the deeper, and each fresh instance of worthlessness, though it may wound our hearts, has no power to touch the core of our allegiance. "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out."

We are not all so sternly made that we can act upon the cruel command; and to Colin, sorely tried though he might be, no such remedy would ever present itself. He had married this woman, and he would stand by the consequences of his deed.

There is something noble and pathetic in these silent heroes who stand so stanchly by their trumpet bargains, only thankful if the world do not see the rents and stains, the coarse veneer and tawdry gilding, as plainly as they themselves do; who utter no complaint, give no sign, and are by people in general accepted as poor, sightless, doting fools, who have neither eyes to perceive nor wit to recognize their own disgrace.

"Here is father!" exclaimed Flora, in tones of consternation. "His face is as long as my arm; he has a bundle of formidable papers, and his very waistcoat tells how he is ready primed and loaded with dry-as-dust facts that will assuredly give us all moral apoplexy!—I fancy I hear baby crying—indeed, I am sure of it!" In a moment lace, work, scissors, and thimble, were rolled securely up, and, with that nimble dexterity which would seem to be one of the especial prerogatives of the fat ones of the earth, she had glided round a tree, and was lost to sight in a moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

I TOO!

"LET us spread the sail for purple islands,
Far in undiscovered tropic seas;
Let us track the glimmering arctic highlands
Where no breath of men, no leaf of trees
E'er has lived." So speak the elders, telling,
By the hearth, their list of fancies through,
Heedless of the child whose heart is swelling,
Till he cries at last, "I too! I too!"

And I too, O Father! Thou hast made me—
I have life, and life must have its way;
Why should love and gladness be gainsaid me?
Why should shadows cloud my little day?
Naked souls weigh in thy balance even—
Souls of kings are worth no more than mine;
Why are gifts e'en to my brother given,
While my heart and I together pine?

Meanest things that breathe have, with no asking,
Fullest joys: the one-day's butterfly
Finds its rose, and, in the sunshine basking,
Has the whole of life ere it doth die.

Dove, no sorrow on thy heart is preying;
With thy full contentment thou dost coo;
Yet, must *man* cry for a dove's life, saying,
"Make me as a dove—I too! I too!"

Nay! for something moves within—a spirit
Rises in his breast, he feels it stir;
Soul-joys greater than the doves inherit
Should be his to feel; yet, why defer
To a next world's veiled and far to-morrow
All his longings for a present bliss?
Stones of faith are hard; oh, could he borrow,
From that world's great stores, one taste for this!

Hungry stands he by his empty table,
Thirsty waits beside his empty well—
Nor, with all his striving, is he able
One full joy to catch where hundreds swell
In his neighbor's bosom; see, he sifteth
Once again his poor life through and through—
Finds but ashes: is it strange he lifeth
Up his cry, "O Lord! I too! I too!"

CHARLES KINGSLEY AND HIS SCHOOL.

SOME years ago Mr. W. R. Greg, whose essays are always suggestive and seldom satisfactory, wrote a paper on "Kingsley and Carlyle," whom he called, "beyond comparison, the two most combative writers of their age." The paper was in many ways unjust; it may even be said, at the risk of appearing absurd, that it would have been better if the second name had been omitted altogether from its title, and the attempt to draw the parallel abandoned. Yet, in spite of this, the essay hinted at rather than embodied some refreshingly sound ideas that have not often been applied to a certain school of language and of thought—we were about to say "belief," but that, to our mind, would have been entirely a misnomer. When Mr. Greg wrote (about 1860, we believe), a man who had expressed those ideas fully would have run the risk of much more misapprehension and opposition than anybody is likely to encounter now because of them; and yet even to write of them to-day is possibly to make one's self misunderstood: to seem to attack the very thing one prizes, and to appear to throw cold water on the source of the very warmth one honors. The recent publication of a biography of Charles Kingsley calls up those ideas again, at the same time that it makes it an ungracious task to put them into words; but the peculiar circumstances of the book's appearance¹ need not prevent the writing of some thoughts which it merely resuggests and confirms, but does not in any sense provoke.

Briefly, the first and leading purpose of Charles Kingsley, and of what we may certainly call Charles Kingsley's school (without raising the question whether he was master or disciple in it), was to war relentlessly and unceasingly against weakness and cant—religious, philosophical, and political. From their attacks upon the absurdities of a sickly school of Christian theology down to their treatment of the smallest material question ever debated in a charity board, these two things were the targets for all their blows—blows delivered, as Mr. Greg thought, with "unseemly fury" even, and certainly with a vindictiveness that bordered on ferocity. Most of the objects and opinions assailed were rightly assailed; most of the blows struck were entirely fair blows; there could be no question, even among the most severe of cynics, about the sincerity of the motives of these really pure and unselfish men—why is it, then, that there is something unsatisfying, after all, in their beliefs, their methods, in what they sought to achieve—yes, even in what they did achieve? Why is it that, with all honor for their enthusiasm, their singleness of heart, and for a certain part of their force, thoughtful men inevitably turn away from their efforts with something more than a sense of disappointment—with a distinct feeling that "this was

not the way to work?" Why is it that this feeling is intensified by reading Kingsley's life and his letters?

Here were men (Kingsley certainly, and many of his friends probably, though it is unsafe to judge of others than those whom publicity has made us thoroughly acquainted with), flinging themselves heart and soul into the conflicts of their time, and seemingly into the most important ones—those concerning the condition of the lower classes, the banishment of pretense and hypocrisy from the Church and politics, and the preaching of a sound morality. According to all *a priori* arguments, their work ought to have been the best kind of work that men can do or conceive of. Their battle was against the unreal and the puny, as they conceived them, in all forms. They fought heartily, unselfishly, and in the main consistently, as far as they saw: why was it, then, that all this crusade against evil and weakness, while the story of it and all the stirring sermons preached in its favor by the essays, novels, and poems, of its warriors, attract and excite the boy for a time (so that all healthy boys are sworn disciples of Kingsley), nevertheless leaves the thoughtful man not only unsatisfied, but with an uneasy feeling quite different from admiration, and decidedly the opposite of enthusiasm?

It must be distinctly understood that we do not include Carlyle among the school to which Kingsley so wholly belonged as almost to give it his name. We began with a protest against Mr. Greg's coupling the names in the title of his essay; certainly no one who understands their significance will couple them in his thoughts. Carlyle's "idolatry" of "pure brute Force and a tyrannous and unrelenting Will" (even if this accusation of one of his critics be true) is something utterly apart from the manner of thought of the men of whom we are speaking. Carlyle's didactic writing (if the phrase does not seem grotesque in its application to his work) is "pagan," perhaps—but it goes to the marrow. That of Kingsley and his school is meant to be Christian—is fully Christian in purpose—and therefore, Kingsley himself would have said, should be stronger. But it not only is not as strong; is it unjust to say that it only touches the surface where Carlyle stirs the depths? Does not one involuntarily smile at a comparison between the two? And if it is confessed that this is so, again—why is it?

When a man sets up some one general and abstract quality or attribute as an ideal, makes up his mind that this, and this only, is the one thing needful, and grows careless of its application in his eagerness to follow and to preach the mere shibboleth itself, he is in danger of making even the greatest gifts useless, and wasting even the strongest forces in something little better than mere sound. He must either have the judicial mind in perfection, or the inspiration of real, unmistakable genius; or else he will generally

¹ It is edited by his wife, and, as every reader knows, contains much on which it would not be fair to comment as one might upon his published work.

exhaust his powers in trying to talk people's lives into his theory, instead of making some partial success in working his theory into people's lives. Furthermore, the man who sets up such an object of worship, though he may be so sincere himself as to make one shrink from calling *his* talk cant, will almost inevitably found a school of canting people among his disciples; and his theory, from being positively good and little abused in his own hands, will come in the hands of others to work real evil to the world at large.

Kingsley, and the school to which he belonged, set up such an ideal in the abstract quality of Strength. They did not always call it strength; it went by different names in their vocabulary; but that was what it came to in the end. Now, it might well be impossible to think of any attribute better worth idealizing or even worshipping, in a certain sense, than this very one, if one must worship an abstraction at all; yet we submit that they failed to do the good they might have done, and sometimes did the harm they did not mean, by making just the error we have tried to describe, in the manner of their exclusive devotion to this one idea. Eager as to the generality, preaching it in the market-place and keeping themselves at white-heat about it in their own lives, the particular application yet escaped them; as though a man should please himself with the generation of immense volumes of steam, because it was of such value to the world, and yet should be careless whether or not it escaped idly into the air.

So long as a man had strength, under some one of its names, Kingsley would, it seems to us, have pardoned him most things, including the way in which he used it. This sounds harsh and sweeping, but you can detect it as the ground-thought of much of his writing, whether he might disavow it in colder blood or not. With him strength generally meant courage and hardihood; and, if what we say of his estimate of it seems too positive, let any reader turn to the most intense and genuine of his poems. Everybody remembers "The Altenahr Hawk," the old robber-knight besieged in his castle on the Rhine, and how Kingsley makes him say:

"I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine.

"I have lived by the saddle for years twoscore,
And if I must die on tree,
Then the old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

"So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
How the Altenahr hawk can die
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly."

"He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door;
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
As man never drained before.

"He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leaped him out over the wall;
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

"They found him next morning below in the glen,
With never a bone in him whole—
A mass or a prayer, now, good gentlemen,
For such a bold rider's soul."

There is the point: if any other than Kingsley had written this, it would have been simply what it is in one aspect—a stirring, ringing ballad. But a bit of Kingsley's *creed*, it seems to us, even if it was his unconscious creed, has crept into this; it is as good an illustration as we want. "A mass or a prayer . . . for such a bold rider's soul." The old robber-knight had been a thorough *vaurien*; he had spent his life in breaking all the laws, divine and human, in which Kingsley believed; yet there was a very considerable hope that God (and the God in whom Kingsley believed seems to us singularly anthropomorphic) would forgive him still, because—he had pluck. Out of this creed grew the strength-worship, the *cultus* of physical force fighting for religion, which, in spite of Kingsley's published protest, gained and will always bear the name of "Muscular Christianity."

The system held much that was good, more that was attractive, and a great deal that was illogical and absurd. He who did not feel a thrill of sympathy (even if it was chiefly a physical one) with some parts of it, could hardly be a healthily-constituted man; yet even the boy who espoused it unquestionably, and went into it with his whole soul, became convinced, if he thought about it, that it was not all-sufficient; and, if he didn't think about it, still had an unsatisfied feeling that the thing, after all, didn't go far toward solving his problems. Of course, if we look at it in cold blood, the fact is so obvious that the statement of it sounds bald, that the creed made the vital mistake of mistaking a small means for a great end; but the young men whom Kingsley led didn't look at it in cold blood, and went on with their chief in making much of the force and little of its application, until they found that they had given to the world *vox et præterea nihil*.

Nearly every prominent disciple of the school—if, indeed, there be any now who have not outgrown it—would hasten to deny these things. They sought, it would be said, to inculcate strength-getting merely as a means to usefulness; that cant might be banished from Christian teaching, and a sturdier race might preach it in a manlier fashion. But what were the facts? Did not the glory, after all, go chiefly to the strength itself, while the religion was preached in much the same old way; and didn't the men who could wield Thor's hammer as well as their Christian weapons in the fight against the devil, spend most of their time in hammer-practice, while the devil got on much as before? What storm and seething there were in their methods of action, in their denunciations of all that was puny, in their vehement exhortations toward the building up of a manly race of men! Yet which of them, with all their sincerity, real strength, and high purpose, did as much toward it as Arnold of Rugby? Which of them helped the poor as much as one of the economists whom they condemned as cold-blooded closet-students?

Action, for action's sake, took up so much of their thoughts as to crowd its results aside; and when in their speech and writing the end they aimed at was named, its mention had always a certain perfunctory sound, beside the real enthusiasm which always characterized their description of the means. "This," wrote Kingsley once, of some "daring and earnest" magazine articles he thought should be written—"this might keep the game alive, if men would only be bold, and 'ride recklessly across-country.' As soon as a man's blood is cool, the faster he goes the safer he goes. Try to pick your way, and you tumble down. If men would but believe this, and be bold; we want some of that 'absolutism' which gave strength to the middle ages; and it is only the tyranny of fashion and respectability which keeps us from it; for put the Englishman into a new country, break the thrall of habit and the fear of man, and he becomes great, absolute, titanic, at once." Here is a genuine specimen of the doctrine of the school; and see how it carries away its author! He had a distinct, definite end to serve in what he wanted written; and this advice about "riding recklessly across-country" was much of the same sort, under the circumstances, as would have been the advice of a commander to his subordinate to rush furiously into the enemy's country, for the pure sake of showing dash, regardless of the consequences. When they once brought to the Duke of Wellington the news that an officer had been killed while exposing himself at the front in the most daring way, every one remembers what the old leader said: "Why the devil was he larking there? I shall not mention him in the dispatches." What prompted this answer was the very thing the reckless riders across-country never could have seen.

What Kingsley and his immediate companions in belief talked was never cant; for they were to the core sincere and manly, if mistaken, men. But it would be interesting to know if the thought never crossed their minds, of what a supply of material they might be laying by for a possible cant of the future. Not as bad, let us admit at once, as the cant which in some instances it hopefully replaced; but still by all means bad enough. Mr. Greg, in the essay we named before, chooses as matter for attack on Kingsley's own views what may be referred to here as a specimen of what we mean—the comparison of Byron and Shelley, which, whatever it may have been in Kingsley's mind, would serve as an admirable example of what we refer to in the mouths of any of his followers. The attack on Shelley is familiar to

the readers of "The Miscellanies;" how it is said there that "if Byron sinned more desperately and more flagrantly, it was done under the temptations of rank, wealth, disappointed love, and the impulses of an animal nature to which Shelley's passions were 'as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.'" But the passage which is most to the point is not that referring to the "lewdness of the gentle and sensitive vegetarian;" it is that which describes Byron as "the sturdy peer, proud of his bull-neck and his boxing, who kept bears and bull-dogs, and drilled Greek ruffians at Missolonghi, and 'had no objection to a pot of beer,' and who might, if he had been reformed, have made a gallant English gentleman; while Shelley, if once his intense self-opinion had deserted him, would probably have ended in Rome as an oratorian or a passionist." What a precious piece of cant of the "muscular-Christian" order would this have been, if it had not been uttered by a man who himself was thoroughly noble and thoroughly in earnest! And how much of this kind of thing has descended to us from his school!

At the time of Charles Kingsley's death we wrote some words of him which, could writers of stray papers have their way, we would gladly have read beside what is written here. They would show the feeling that many, if not all, had toward him as a man; the belief in his thorough sincerity, in the manliness of his beliefs as he held them, in his intense and unforeseeing enthusiasm. But they had nothing to do with the theories of his school in the abstract; their singular failures and incompleteness; their purposelessness under the guise of purpose; their insufficiency. "Muscular Christianity" (or whatever name would suit its followers better) was short-lived as a system, but it is long-lived as a tradition; the strength-cultus still survives in some form, and it is by no means an evil that it should; yet we doubt if any will go back to it as an all-sufficient creed. It carried a company of wonderfully strong and earnest men through the world so blindly that they left upon their time an impress utterly disproportionate to their real abilities; it remains to us a notable example of a manner of thought that altogether mistook the use of forces—that too often sought to do away with the uselessness of what was puny, merely by replacing it with the uselessness of what was vigorous, vehement, and attractive—yet as full of fallacies, and, unless controlled and concentrated, as powerless, as the very weakness that it sought to set aside.

PURPLE GERARDIA.

IN that fair dreamy border-land that lies
Between the glowing zone of summer flowers
(Fleet, frail recorders of the summer hours!)
And autumn's belt of gold and purple dyes,
O my Gerardia, thou reignest queen!

Tribute from both thou gatherest, I think;
Since thy right royal robe of purple pink

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Holds tints of June in its rich, rosy sheen,
Deepened with touch of autumn hues to come,
So, too, a pleasing sadness marks thy reign,
A summer joy, dashed with presage of pain;
For when, o'er dale and down, flushes thy bloom,
We sadly smile, to think thy pretty bells
Must toll the dying Summer's passing knells!

GWENDOLEN.

UNTIL George Eliot introduced it in her novel of "Daniel Deronda" the name Gwendolen is generally supposed by English readers to have had no existence. Most people have thought it an invention of that writer's. Others have suggested that it is a construction out of the Welsh language. "Gwendolen," says one commentator, learnedly, "is Welsh for 'beautiful curve,'" and is intended to be characteristic of a fair maiden who gets herself up as a serpent, and "twists her neck about." The suggestion sets inquiry in the right road—i. e., toward the Welsh language. Entering upon an examination of the matter, to while away an idle hour, I found myself led into a field where I was so fascinated that I remained therein contented for many days. In pursuing this slight thread of interest I came into ancient castles of Wales, through whose chambers had wandered the Gwendolens of long ago, and brushed the dust from volumes which had not been disturbed for generations, and listened to tales related by descendants of the original actors in them. In one instance I sat in the pleasant parlor of a high-born old Welsh dame who lives on the very spot where for seven hundred years her family has lived, as the records in the ancient church there show. And the Gwendolens whose stories I thus gathered were not fictitious characters, though some of them lived in the period covered by the Arthurian romances. If in what follows the reader finds something he has not before encountered, however familiar he may be with tales of Gwendoline, let me assure him that Welsh story is rich in material as enchanting as any yet used by Tennyson or the other modern propagators of Arthurian legend. Even of King Arthur himself there is much more to be revealed to the modern reader than can be found in the "Morte d'Arthur."

But the suggestion referred to above is altogether unwarranted. "Gwendolen" is not Welsh for "beautiful curve." "Gwen" is Welsh for white, and also means a fair one, a beauty; but beautiful is not "gwen," it is "prydfeth," "glan," or "glendig." "Gwenol" is smiling, pleasing. "Dolen" is not a curve, but a ring, a loop, or a bow. A curve is "crymedd," which is a very different matter. The truth is, Gwendolen is no invention of George Eliot's; it is simply that wonderfully accurate writer's correcter spelling of the familiar old English name Gwendoline. Gwendoline is but the Anglicized shape of the ancient British (i. e., Welsh) name *Gwenllian*. But the pronunciation of *Gwenllian* is pretty nearly given by Gwendolen—not so nearly by Gwendoline. The *ll* in Welsh is an aspirated sound peculiar to that tongue, but nearly like the Italian *gl* and the Spanish *ll*; and in *Gwenllian* it results, with the nimble utterance of a Welshman, in a pronunciation as closely like Gwendolen as may be. This, I am convinced, is the reason why George Eliot gives the name a new spelling in English, and

it is characteristic of a writer whose learning is so unusual and in such exceptional fields.

It is curious that the name *Gwenllian* is still a common one in Wales, while the other ancient Welsh names of the gentler sex are so very rare as to be almost obsolete. *Gwladys*, *Gwenhywyvar* (*Guinivere*), *Gwawr*, *Arianwen*, *Gwenddydd*, *Tanglwstl*, etc., are all ancient female names of great beauty of signification, but have almost gone out of use in Wales, while *Gwenllian* is as popular as ever, and there is no period of Welsh history—at least since Arthur's time—when the name has not been in constant use among the Welsh people. Its diminutive is *Gweny*, and some English observers have supposed that from this comes *Winny* or *Winnifred*, which is a mistake. Go where you will in rural Wales, you are sure to find a *Gweny*-vach, or little *Gweny*, among the girls of the neighborhood. I have encountered the name among the Welsh in America, though the Welsh there, like all other nationalities, are disposed to drop such distinctive cognomens in naming their young. John Highwood, of St. Louis (originally Hans Hochholzenes, of Coblenz), does not name his daughter Gretchen, but Maggie; and Owen Apjohn, of Philadelphia (who may possibly have been Owain ab Sion in Wales), does not call his little girl *Gwenllian*, but *Gwendoline*, or more probably *Ellen* or *Mary*. In an instance which came under my notice in Chicago a lady who was named *Gwenllian* had suffered the name to be Anglicized—or rather Americanized—into *Gwenllean*, which is neither fish nor flesh.

In almost all cases the ancient Welsh names had a clear signification, which was generally beautiful and poetic. The signification of *Gwenllian* is so, though at first sight it may not appear so. It means simply white linen. But this fabric, common as it is in our day, was in ancient times of inestimable value. In the Welsh "Mabinogion," or ancient romances of "The Red Book of Hergest," etc., linen is repeatedly particularized in the gorgeous descriptions of fabled splendor in princely castles—linen, silk, satin, velvet, gold-lace, and jewels, are the constantly-recurring features of sumptuous attire. In his account of the royal tribes of Wales Yorke mentions that linen was so rare in the reign of Charles VII. of France (i. e., in the fifteenth century) "that her majesty the queen could boast of only two shifts of that commodity." White linen was in the middle ages the type of all that was chaste and pure. The word "llian," or "lleian," signifies also a vestal nun, the appellation first coming from the white-linen robe of the Virgin; and it is here that we may look for the original reason of the great popularity of the name among the Welsh people. In the days when the significance of names was understood and heeded such a name as *Gwenllian* must have recommended itself strongly to the British mother contemplating her girl-babe, and anxious to give her a name which might prove a life-long blessing.

The first Gwenllian in Welsh history was the seventeenth daughter of Brychan, Prince of Brecon, whose reign began in the year of our Lord 400. At least, this is the first of whom I can find any record, but it is possible there may have been Gwenllians before her (if there was linen), for Welsh history easily goes back two thousand years previous to her time. The Cymry were in Wales when Moses was leading the children of Israel out of Egypt, and the Greeks just beginning to be reclaimed from a savage state; such is the testimony of Cambrian historians, and I firmly believe it. This superb old Welsh patriarch Brychan (his full name was Brychan Brecheiniog—but enough is as good as a feast) was the father of twenty-four sons and twenty-six daughters. Some of the most respectable families in Wales are descended from him, and inhabit in our day the same ground he inhabited. Great numbers of his children became famous, and the names of all of them live in British annals. Several are among the Welsh saints and martyrs. One of the daughters, Tydfil, gives name to the largest and grimmest town in Wales, which is Merthyr-Tydfil. Among these daughters' names it is charming to observe the poetic significance. Thus Gwawr (Latinized into Julia) is in Welsh the hue of dawn; Arianwen is silver-white; Goleuddydd is the splendid day; Gwendydd, the white day; Clydai, shelter her; Tanglwstl, the hostage of peace. This last name is melodious in the extreme, in spite of its look to the inexperienced in Welsh vowels and consonants; and it is easily pronounced. Give the *a* broad and the *w* as *oo*—Tahngleostle. Brychan's daughter Gwenllian was the mother of one of the knights of Arthur's Round Table—viz., Sir Caradoc of the Brawny Arm, or Caradawg vraich-vras, as they say in Welsh. He was the lord-keeper of the Castle Dolorous, and those quaint records of Welsh history called "The Triads" mention him as one of the "three beloved chiefs of Arthur's court, who could never bear a superior in their families, of whom Arthur sang:

"These are my three cavaliers of battle,
Mael the tall, Llydd the armipotent,
And the pillar of Cymru, Caradoc."

In the early part of the fourteenth century lived that Lady Gwenllian who was the theme of the poet Casnodyn—a great beauty of her time. The works of Casnodyn are considered the last of the ancient classics of Siluria, and a specimen stanza or two will interest the reader. The translation is, of course, literal; the English language cannot convey any idea of the curious metrical ingenuity of this poem, which, although quite long, has every line ending in "eg."

"Transcendent in virtue! whose soft skin of gossamer is of the hue of the purely white spraying foam of the waves! Thy fame has been the subject of my lay, Gwenllian, sprightly and fair; a thousand more will sing in thy praise."

"The slender and elegant damsel, from whose lips the Welsh so purely flows; the kind, sleep-dispelling maid, causing health-depriving anguish! a myriad will praise her without ceasing, in undebased

words, soft and pure, which in recital shall greatly bless the course of life."

"Hastening to view how glorious the path of the luminary of Arvon, causing anxieties to the mind, the queen of the stone-built castle, the far-famed ample place of resort to a splendid throne—the slender and gentle maid of Dinorweg."

Another Gwenllian who set the poets raving was a daughter of Owen Glendower. She was called "Gwenllian of the golden locks," and "Gwenllian of the hue of drifted snow," by the bard Lewis of Glyncothi. The same poet celebrated the beauty of a Caermarthenshire Gwenllian, the daughter of a chieftain of that section. She died in her teens, and the old bard, gray with the burden of nearly a hundred years, burst into lamentation:

"How brittle is the thread of life!—less lasting than the spray of the sea!

"Alas! that Gwenllian should have been cut off with the month of May!

"Like that month, pleasant and sweet was the life of Gwenllian."

But the Gwenllian who stands out most prominently among all of her name in Welsh history is that one whose tragic story still makes the blood of Welshmen tingle in their veins, and their faces flush with indignation—a strange and impressive phenomenon to an American observer, in view of the fact that the heroine of the story has been dead some seven centuries. However, it is true enough that we often have our sympathies very much exercised over the woes of heroines who never existed at all, except in the brains of novel-writers. So as this story is true, and has never been given to print in America (unless possibly in Welsh), I shall tell it from beginning to end.

This Gwenllian was a princess, and was born at the royal palace of Aberfraw, on the island of Anglesea, in 1097. Aberfraw is now a decayed hamlet; the palace is gone, and a stone barn stands on the spot where it stood. One of the walls of the barn is built of stones which were once part of the palace. American tourists who go ashore at Queenstown, and after a peep at Ireland take the packet across St. George's Channel, rattle through the ancient seat of the Welsh kings in the train which takes them from Holyhead up to London; but no American tourist ever stops there.

Down on the southern shore of Wales stands the grand old ruin of Kidwelly Castle, crumbling to decay. Owls have hooted and ivy has clambered in its grass-grown chambers, and on its rugged turrets, throughout many a hundred years. The old town of Kidwelly sleeps about the castle's feet, and the footstep of a stranger walking through the quaint, irregular streets calls ancient dames to ancient doors to peer curiously forth upon the passer. Yet any villager you meet will point out the field called *Maes y Bedd Gwenllian*, "The Field of the Grave of Gwenllian," and can tell you the tragedy which the title commemorates. And if he be a true Welshman, "of pure red blood," as they say there, he cannot tell that story without bitterness.

When the Princess Gwenllian was seventeen, her beauty was dazzling. At this time there came to her father's palace at Aberfraw a handsome young prince, whose name was Griffith ab Rhys, and whose romantic story Gwenllian had known since childhood. This prince was the Prince of South Wales, and his father and Gwenllian's father had been warm friends in other years. But the Normans had conquered South Wales when Griffith was an infant, beheaded his father and his elder brother Goronwy, hunted to death his brother Cynan, whom they drowned in a lake, and compelled himself to be taken in his nurse's arms to Ireland for safety and education. Prince Griffith was now grown to manhood, and came to Wales to reconquer from the proud and cruel Normans his ancestral domain. From Gwenllian's father, who was ruler of North Wales, the young prince sought aid toward the accomplishment of his purposes. Now, Gwenllian's father was old, and, though he had been warlike in his youth, he had grown prudent in his age. He was friendly with the Norman King of England, which king extended his protection to the Norman knights who had seized possession of South Wales; therefore, to encourage Prince Griffith in his purposes would be to invoke the Norman king's vengeance. So the "old gray lion" (as the Welsh bards called Gwenllian's father) resolved to oppose the young prince's schemes, but not openly, for he knew the lad's fiery race, and had been his father's friend. He made him welcome at the royal board, provided pleasures of every kind to divert him, set his daughters to amuse him, and by every means he could compass sought to enervate this young soul with luxury and ease. Nor was he sorry when he saw that his fairest daughter, the lovely Princess Gwenllian, had fallen in love with Griffith, and that, as for the young man, he was so madly enamored of Gwenllian that he could not live out of her sight. So time passed on, and the old gray lion fancied the prince had forgotten his great purpose.

There came a day when this sybaritic dream was rudely dispelled. The old gray lion awoke to the knowledge that the young prince was not only as firmly bent as ever on attacking the Norman barons who had usurped his domains, but that he had imbued the fair Gwenllian with his own fiery ambition. Together these young people came before the old man and begged that he would bless them in marriage, and then set them forth on their march into South Wales to conquer their domain. The old man was furious. He threw Gwenllian into the imprisonment of a chamber at the top of a mural tower, and secretly laid a plot to take Griffith's life. But the young prince suspected this danger, and escaped from the palace. He went at once into South Wales, made his purpose known, and flung to the breeze his ancient banner, the red dragon of Wales. His countrymen rallied round his standard with enthusiasm, and he soon had an army large enough to take the field.

Before quitting the palace, Griffith had won from Gwenllian her solemn promise that she would follow him and become his bride. The circumstance that

she was in prison when he left did not prevent her from keeping her promise. When did fair maiden pent in mediæval tower fail to win over jailers the most ferocious and terrible? It was not many weeks before she joined her lover in the wild forest of Ystrad Towy, in South Wales, and they were married. At first the young couple, maugre their royal blood, were in the depths of poverty, but, being also in the depths of love, they were well content. The princess, having run away from her father's palace, could expect no help from that quarter; the prince, though in his own dominions, had yet to conquer the power to dwell in one of the castles there abounding. So the young couple's home was in the forest of Ystrad Towy, and was but a rustic bower of leaves and wattles. From this home Griffith sallied forth with his devoted band and struggled for his ancestral rights. He became the terror of the Norman barons, whose castles he repeatedly captured and left smoking ruins. Had not the King of England been his enemy, he would have speedily routed these French adventurers from his domain, and established his dominion securely. As it was, he pursued his purpose with bitter and dogged resolution throughout many years, and would eventually have triumphed, on the death of the English king; but this event was speedily followed by the dark tragedy which befell Gwenllian, and broke the warrior's proud spirit forever.

Throughout all these years of struggle Gwenllian had been a faithful and loving wife, her hero's joy in the hour of triumph, his consolation in defeat. She took no active part in the struggle; her office was to keep the home, and to rear her sons. Three fine boys stood at their hearthstone, and from childhood learned to hate alike the Norman and the Saxon. Rhys, the eldest, was old enough to share in his father's military exploits, and accompanied him in all his movements. It was while the prince and this son were absent on a journey into North Wales that the emergency arose which called into sudden action all the courage, energy, and resolution, of the warrior's wife. The Lord of Kidwelly Castle had seized this moment to make trouble. It was necessary that the Welsh army should at once march against him. Brave and loyal as Griffith's soldiers were, they were a lawless horde in their master's absence; they would not be commanded by any chieftain but their prince. Although still a beautiful young woman in her thirties, Gwenllian had the spirit of her royal race. She resolved to command the army in person. The men received her with shouts of enthusiasm. With their princess on horseback at their head, her two younger sons by her side, they marched away to battle.

Maurice de Londres, Lord of Kidwelly, was one of the fiercest of the Norman barons who disputed Prince Griffith's right to reign in South Wales. Many hard battles they had fought, and sincerely they hated each other. The baron was now furious when he learned that the army of his foe was before his castle, threatening to capture it, under the command of a woman. He tore his beard and stamped

his feet, and swore great mouth-filling oaths by the score, to the effect that he would wreak his vengeance on the daring female when he should catch her. He had been momentarily expecting the arrival at his castle of reinforcements from England, and here were these pestiferous Welshmen before his gates, shutting him up like a rat in a trap, and with a woman at their head, too, as if in derision. To perdition he devoted the meddlesome she, who could not stay quietly at home when her husband was gone a journey; by all the saints, it was a thing to boil the blood of his veins; and again he swore till the rooks flew cawing from the Astragan tower.

But events were less cruel to De Londres than he had anticipated. The day was doomed to be a black one for the brave and devoted Gwennlian. The princess made that mistake which has been the ruin of many a more experienced general—divided her forces. Deeming it an easy task to guard the castle, she sent off the larger part of her army to intercept the arrival of the English troops for which De Londres waited, swearing and gnawing his beard the while. A Welsh traitor, whose memory is still cordially execrated (but whose name is so like a thousand others that it is not worth mentioning), led the English troops by a circuitous route to the castle, where they fell upon poor Gwennlian's handful of men without a word of warning. At the same moment, down clattered the drawbridge across the castle-moat, up rose the portcullis of the great gate, and forth rushed the Norman baron followed by his men. The result was inevitable. Gwennlian was taken, and every man of her force, alive or dead. The princess was wounded, but not fatally. And well would it have been for the fame of Maurice de Londres had the story ended here; but the muse of history has forever to blush with shame at mention of his name. His prisoner was the wife of the

Prince of South Wales; she was the daughter of the Prince of North Wales, then in alliance with the Norman King of England; she was unquestionably of the noblest lineage native to the soil they stood upon; but, more than all, she was a woman. Surely, she had claims on all there might be of chivalry in the Norman breast; but the Princess Gwennlian lives in Welsh history with the tragic appellation of "The Beheaded One." Some say that De Londres wreaked the indignity of decapitation upon her inanimate body, after death; others that she died by the same stroke of his brutal axe which thus mutilated her fair form. It seems to be thought by the old chroniclers that if Gwennlian was alive when beheaded, something is taken away from the atrocity of the Norman's act; but modern eyes can see very little palliation of the crime in this consideration.

Long and terrible was the period of vengeance with which the outraged Welsh people followed up this savage and inhuman deed—a deed unprecedented, even in those fierce and bloody times. It was received as a personal insult by every true Welshman in the land. It fired the hearts of men who had hitherto been lukewarm; it stirred the blood of those already eager for strife till they were like madmen. Long thereafter, their every battle was a victory; nothing could stand against them. The old spirit of revolt against foreign oppression seemed to have given place to a new impulse, and their warfare had become a crusade of vengeance for the woes of Gwennlian. The ambition of the prince became satisfied to the utmost; but the heart of the husband was broken. He died within two years of his wife's brutal taking-off—not in battle, violently, but at home, crushed in the prime of life by grief at the loss of the fair woman who had loved him so well, and had perished so cruelly.

MRS. GEORGE OCHRAM.

I.

CROSSING Union Square, not very long ago, wrapped in a nebulous reverie about everything in general, and nothing in particular, I was restored to the outer world by a grasp of the hand quite as cordial as could be desired. I saw before me George Ochram, a college-chum, a companion in later life, a tried friend, with whom I had spent many pleasant days on both sides the sea.

"I am very glad to meet you again, old fellow," he said, still holding my hand with a half-womanly tenderness,

"And I you. But I had thought you in Paris. I wrote you there only a week since, and in your last letter you made no mention of coming to America. You have often told me, you know, that you never expected to cross the Atlantic any more."

"I believe I have. I had no idea of quitting France twenty-four hours before I took the train for

Havre, just in time to reach the steamer. And here I am."

"You didn't use to be so precipitate, George. It must have been something extraordinary that caused you to hurry over here so suddenly."

"It was nothing extraordinary. On the contrary, it was quite natural, though the circumstance happened to be important to me."

"That's your old, cool way of stating things, George. The dissolution of the planet would be of no consequence in your eyes; or, rather, on your lips. You remember I used to tell you that, when your heart was on fire, your tongue was frozen. But let it pass. I'll not solicit your confidence. How is Paris?"

"Confound Paris! I want to talk to you of yourself and myself. Not solicit my confidence, indeed! Take that back, old fellow. You know I've always made you my confidant. I've told you everything but one thing. That is the sole secret I have

kept from you, and I propose to give you that at the earliest opportunity. I'm in great haste at this moment. Where can I see you this evening?"

"Come and dine with me at the club at seven. It's now noon. We'll have a quiet dinner, and half the night together, if you like."

"Agreed. At seven sharp." And he left me. "Some sort of change has come over Ochram," I said to myself, as he hurried away. "There is an air of excitement and nervousness about him—generally so very calm—that I have never noticed before. I should suppose it to be a woman; but he is forty, and, at that age, men are less apt to make fools of themselves than they are at thirty or sixty. And he's not the kind of fellow to let his heart run away with his reason. He's seen too many women to be a muff at forty. I'm sure of that."

II.

We had our dinner, a very simple one—just the kind I knew he liked—two or three courses only, and a single bottle of Roederer. He was in fine spirits; so very fine, in truth, that they seemed a little forced. We talked of our common acquaintances at home and abroad. We related anecdotes; we exchanged gossip of the theatres; we discussed new books. Still Ochram gave no hint of his secret, and I imagined he had not discovered his opportunity, when, removing his cigar from his lips, he suddenly broke out with, "Do you hear anything of Mrs. Horace Mason in these days?"

"Mrs. Horace Mason? Who is she? I haven't the honor of her acquaintance."

"Assuredly you have. She has been considered one of the most beautiful and elegant women in New York. She was Miss Gaston, Helen Gaston, before her marriage."

"Oh, yes! I remember her now. She was a lovely creature, and as false and selfish as she was fair. She was a confirmed flirt. She jilted dozens of nice fellows. If any woman could break a man's heart—the toughest and most elastic of human organs—she would have needed a private cemetery for her victims. I disliked her always. She had no principle, and no conscience."

"Restrain your condemnation, my dear boy, until you hear my story. It is about Helen—Mrs. Mason—that my secret is."

"Ah, I see. I recollect now that you had the reputation of having been one of her dupes. I couldn't credit the report. But I knew you showed her a good deal of attention; and yet you never mentioned her to me once. That shook my faith in you. I had always declared you a match for any woman. I wasn't so sure of it after your flirtation with Helen Gaston, or, more properly, hers with you. But that was ten years ago. You are forty now. I have confidence in men of forty—that is just about my age. I anticipate your secret. You fell in love with her; you proposed, and she laughed at you. She served you as she had served a dozen others."

"Not exactly. You have the right scent; but

you're on the wrong trail. I did not love Helen Gaston: I do love Mrs. Mason."

"The devil!"

"The angel! would be more gallant."

"But I didn't know you had ever seen Mrs. Mason."

"I never have."

"And yet you declare you love her. Ah, yes; I perceive. You love her because you haven't seen her, which is a compliment to your imagination at her expense. The passion is poetic, at least."

"Shall I recite my epic, or sing my lyric, rather, for your edification?"

"I should be glad to have you, George; for I confess that what you have already told me sets my wits wool-gathering."

"As you have said, she was a confirmed flirt. She did make some very nice fellows unhappy for a time—two or three of whom, I thought, would have too much strength and pride to become spooney over any woman. One of these, Harry Graham, a capital fellow—I liked him thoroughly—she played the deuce with. When she threw him over, it hurt him badly. He looked, for a while, as if he were in a decline, and he actually went to Havana for his health. He got over it, of course, and is now a reasonably contented husband, and the father of three lusty boys. He was a captivating youth, a few years since. Lots of girls were in love with him; but, somehow, Helen Gaston found the weak place in his armor, and thrust her keen lance through it. I felt sorry for Harry, and angry with him at the same time, that he should have let such a downright coquette get the advantage of him. He was the last man to suspect of such fatuity."

"But this is Graham's story, not yours, George."

"All in good time. This is a necessary introduction: it shows the motive of what is to come. Graham's defeat set me thinking: it excited my intellectual curiosity. I wanted to learn how Helen Gaston could exercise such power over men of experience and self-discipline. I had met her frequently in society, but had never talked with her five minutes at a time. Like you, I was not fond of her; nor did I hesitate to express my opinion of her perfidy. She must have heard of my dislike; for very soon she took obvious pains to attract me. It was just what I had desired, and might have sought. It was plain that she had determined to punish me for my presumption in daring to withstand her."

"I manifested no special indisposition to be attracted; but I managed to make her the active force. When she blazed, I seemed to catch fire; when she cooled, I froze. I always kept behind her. She felt, after repeated experiments, that she must retain the lead, or lose me altogether. I said, in effect: 'You're beautiful and charming, no doubt; but you fail to interest me particularly. Women are often bewitching; though, somehow, they never quite appeal to me as to other men.' This, I am aware, would be the sentiment and language of a coxcomb. It was all feigned on my side. I was playing a part, as I believed she was. If you will

allow me the expression, I was resisting Satan with flame, though I surmised, at the time, there was not a spark between us.

"I never accused her of being a coquette; I assumed never to have heard that she was. I felt that that would have delighted her, and it would have disclosed my line of defense, or, if you prefer, my plan of attack. She grew more and more amazed at my self-containment. Evidently she had not met a man of my (apparent) kind before. She was thrust constantly into the offensive, because I so carefully preserved the defensive. Virtually, she became the wooer, and I the wooed. It was a necessity of the situation. Not to be the wooer was to lose the battle.

"She lost her temper at last. One evening she called me a stock, an iceberg, a heartless egotist, a wretch, a mountebank, a monster, a Mephistopheles, a devil-fish, and I know not what else; ending by, 'What do *you* think of yourself?'

"After your varied and picturesque designation, I am compelled to believe that I am the groundwork of a very rare and interesting museum.' Then she laughed, and then she wept; and while her beautiful face was hidden in her delicate hands, and her whole frame tremulous with emotion, I said: 'Since you are in tears, and you call me hard names, I had better go. Let me bid you good-by.'

"I rose to depart. She sprang up, and placed her back against the door.

"You sha'n't go!" she exclaimed; and in the same breath, 'You're a brute!'

"I suppose so," I replied; 'I'm rapidly becoming a complete zoölogical collection. Good - by. Please let me go.'

"Who's keeping you?' she flashed out.

"You are, my poor child.' (I admit I was melting fast. A man is apt to, in the presence of a pretty woman all in tears, and when he has reason to believe they are shed for him.) 'You are pressed against the door.'

"Whether it was reference to the zoölogical collection, or whether it was the poor child that caused the grand eruption of that beautiful volcano, I don't know. But the next moment her arms were about my neck, her head on my bosom. This is the profound secret I have never breathed before.

"I can *not* let you go,' she sobbed out, after a while; 'and yet you don't love me; you don't care for me. I know you despise me. But I love you. I don't care who knows it. My pride has all gone. I thought I was so strong, and I'm so weak, so very, very weak. To think I should be here, and you have never told me once that you love me! Love has conquered me. I'm only a woman, after all.'

"This was too much for human nature. My intellectual curiosity was satisfied. She was not weak alone. At that moment I felt as if I would give my soul to save her a pang. The words, 'Be my wife,' were struggling at my lips. But I thought of Harry Graham and all the others; that I must not ingloriously yield, as they had done. I grew strong as I reflected, 'This may be all a *ruse*.' Once more,

'You don't love me,' murmured up in muffled and heart-breaking tones.

"You're not yourself,' I said, gently; 'you need to be alone; you'll be better alone, my—my—'

"My—my—my what?' she muttered, with a quivering sigh.

"My darling!" I cried out, from the depths of my heart. The little phrase deluged her with fresh agitation. She glided out of my arms; she sank to the floor. I tried to sustain her. Her pale face was lovelier than ever. I bent over her. Was this acting? was it reality? It was certainly real to me. I durst not linger. I snatched myself away in the lull of that fascinating tempest. In a few seconds I was in the street. How I rejoiced that I had escaped! My momentary thrall was broken in the clear air, under the open sky. The image of the faithless coquette shut out the lovely, weeping, tender, swooning, suffering woman I had almost loved. I comforted myself with the reflection that now I had learned how Helen Gaston could exercise such power over men of experience and self-discipline.

"The very week of that *dénouement* some friends announced to me that they were going to Europe to stay two years, and invited me to accompany them. I joined them, partially because I wanted to go, partially because I disrelished meeting Helen Gaston again. I knew I should meet her, for we were in the same set.

"I hadn't been abroad three months before I heard through you that she had married. I was told afterward that she had been engaged to Mason for two years—though, doubtless, without any definite purpose of keeping her engagement. She enjoyed, you know, a liberal reputation for such perfidiousness. Everybody was surprised, I heard, that she should have kept her word with Mason, who was good enough in his way, and rich, too, though very ordinary, and his intellectual armament not very heavy. She had broken faith with far better men. I'm not sure I did not resent her marrying Mason myself."

"Of necessity you did, George. I suppose I should have done the same thing under the same circumstances. Still, when she declared she loved you, and was weeping in your arms, you didn't even kiss her. Nevertheless, you resent her taking somebody else. Don't you think we men are open to the suspicion of being a trifle inconsistent, unreasonable, and conceited withal, as we declare women are invariably?"

"I presume we are, old boy. I'm by no means blind to my own faults. While I'm opening my heart, I may as well confess my belief that Helen Gaston married Horace Mason out of pique at my defection. I have never been able to get rid of that notion. It flattered my vanity to think so. For two years I carried Helen Gaston in my mind as a stimulant to my self-love—never wholly dwarfish in proportions—and for that reason her memory was very pleasant. The third year she began to slip toward my heart, as her lovely head had slipped in her father's drawing-room on that memorable occasion. I

could not keep out of my consciousness the pathetic picture of that evening—her glorious beauty shorn of all her pride, her agony of grief, her childlike trust, her innocent declaration of her love. 'Only a woman, after all,' rang incessantly through my brain, and my soul—if I own such a thing—answered, 'What would I have you else, my darling?' with ten times the tenderness I had spoken to her that tenderest word ever uttered by human tongue. I censured myself bitterly for my heartless desertion; and then, as the seasons crept by, she became a gentle and grateful memory of what would never be again. In a word, I loved her, but more serenely and spiritually than would have been possible at thirty.

"Three weeks ago I heard of Mr. Mason's death; he had then been dead four months. This gave a new aspect to the future. What had seemed impossible became highly probable. I decided to come directly to New York that I might see the woman I had so long borne in my heart, and tell her, after ten years of silence, 'I do love you truly and devotedly.'"

"And you haven't seen her yet, George? You're losing precious time, old fellow. Somebody else may be before you."

"I have called, only to find her out. When I parted with you yesterday noon, I went at once to her house. I left my card, and word that I should call again to-morrow afternoon."

"So another twenty-four hours will decide your fate, as the romancers say. I'd like to look on a man whose fate has been decided. He must be a novel spectacle."

"You shall have that satisfaction. Let me return your hospitality. Dine with me at my hotel at eight o'clock, say. I'll have dinner served in my own apartments. You'll find me, I'm sure, one of the happiest of mortals. I'm as confident of to-morrow as of yesterday. My instincts tell me of my destiny. I shall ask you, when next we meet, to drink to the health of the soon-to-be Mrs. Ochram."

III.

AT eight next day George and myself sat down to dinner. He didn't look as joyous as he would have been described in a novel; but men of forty can contain themselves; and, besides, I have noticed that there is always a certain air of depression about accepted lovers. I observed elaborate preparations for the meal—not common with him—and from this I was sure he had realized his anticipations.

While we were taking our soup, I lifted my glass of sherry, saying: "I won't wait. Allow me to propose the health of the future Mrs. Ochram."

"Not just yet," he replied. "I have a superb bottle of Château Yquem which I have reserved for that toast."

The wine was produced ere long, and we filled our glasses with something like solemnity. Once more I proposed the toast. He rose and said: "Let us drink it standing, and in silence."

"She is not dead?" I exclaimed, with a foreboding of fear.

"So far from it, she has never been born."

"What do you mean, you dealer in mysteries? Explain yourself, lest I order a strait-jacket for you."

"The entire explanation might be somewhat tedious, but it is substantially as follows: I found Mrs. Mason on my second visit, but so much changed that I would not have recognized her. I even intimated that I might have made a mistake; but she assured me I had not; that she remembered me very well. 'You were quite fond of me once, I believe, Mr. Ochram,' she continued; 'but that was some years ago, and no doubt you have fully recovered from your disappointment. The loves we have before marriage and maternity are generally mere sentimental fancies. I know I never realized that I had a heart until I became Mrs. Mason. It is very kind in you to pay me this visit of condolence. I appreciate it deeply.'"

"How does Mrs. Mason look, George?"

"She is still handsome, though rather stout and decidedly matronly, which she might well be, having had, she tells me, five children, four of them living. I believe she told the truth of her husband; that she was fonder of him than of any man she has known, myself excepted, for I am absolutely certain she did love me. Her change is not so much, after all, in her person as in her mind. She used to be distinctively fine, notwithstanding her duplicity and want of conscience. Her conversation was elegant, her manners were charming, and her intuitions unerring. I could have no more believed that she would talk as she does now than that she would be metamorphosed into a dromedary. The transmutation is marvelous. Has it arisen from her living with an ordinary man like Mason, or does matrimony vulgarize women inevitably? I admit I'm a little dazed. How could I have been fond of that woman? It must seem as strange to me as it does to her that she could ever have cared for me. If there be any world of supreme punishment beyond, I may be joined to Mrs. Mason eternally. My hair rises at the thought. Could Helen Gaston have been as Mrs. Ochram what she is as Mrs. Mason? It is not possible!"

"Let us again pledge Mrs. George Ochram. She has not been, she never will be, born. She is the one flawless woman, the ever-beautiful ideal."

Four weeks after I received this letter, dated Paris.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I reached here after a pleasant passage, and I am delighted to get back. Paris never seemed so attractive. I shall never leave it, for long, again. I am far more contented, I am now convinced, than if I had found Mrs. Mason exactly like the Helen Gaston I had left. Men of imagination are ever doomed to disappointment in marriage. Our truest wives are necessarily ideals. I love Mrs. George Ochram as I have never loved woman. Glorious creature, she is so precious that the gods will keep her with them always!"

"GEORGE OCHRAM."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NO testimony is more untrustworthy than that which pertains to numbers or proportion. In all questions of mere arithmetic the relation of the lesser to the greater is always, of course, obvious; but in the thousand things of life it is almost impossible for the majority of people to understand that *one* is only the hundredth part of a hundred. They have in these cases one fact before them, and this is all they can measure; the innumerable other facts that grade away from it, to which it bears relation and proportion, seem to be wholly uncomprehended. What we mean is well illustrated by a recent circumstance in Boston. A police-officer there has scandalized the community by asserting that intemperance is a common vice among the ladies of that city. So improbable an accusation scarcely needs refutation; and yet there are persons who seem to be half convinced by the array of evidence produced by the officer referred to. They forget that it is always easy, by bringing isolated facts together, to make for any case a good seeming; and they should know that no testimony is good for anything until it has been well scrutinized by competent persons, until the witness has been cross-examined so as to ascertain upon what facts his evidence has been grounded, and his assertions have been confronted by the testimony of others.

An officer of the police is the least competent of all men to pronounce accurately upon the prevalence of any vice or crime. This may seem at first sight wholly erroneous; crime and vice in all their forms coming continually before him, he ought, some persons will declare, to be the very person most fitted to judge understandingly of their extent and character. But is it not evident that he sees the whole subject in excessive disproportion? The tens of thousands who do not come under his observation lie far off in an uncertain mist, while crime and criminals loom up in the foreground of his mental picture; and, unless he chances to be of a philosophical and analytical turn of mind, he is sure to think of evil as the dominant force in the community. To see things in their true perspective is a rare gift. Just as a wafer held close to the eye will shut out the universe, so may a very inferior circumstance seem to one close to it to possess an immense significance—and yet it is only a wafer after all. The Boston officer who reports the prevalence of intemperance among the Boston ladies has simply lost his sense of proportion: he has seen, possibly, a few instances of the vice in unexpected places and under scandalous circumstances, and has hastily made a wholesale generalization therefrom. It is impossible that it should be otherwise.

This disposition to indict a whole community on the basis of a few special cases is as common as air. As we began by saying, an accurate sense of numbers and proportion is exceptional. Because many Parisians are fond of the *café*, the theatre, and out-of-door life, we hear it widely asserted that Frenchmen have very low domestic

and home instincts; whereas, if we take the whole of France in our survey, it will be found that the domestic instinct throughout the land is very powerful; that home is cherished and guarded; that the family there is held together by affectionate and enduring ties in a manner which other peoples might well study and imitate. In the same way, because boarding-houses in New York City are more numerous than is usual in cities abroad, the whole American people are accused of being addicted to this method of life. The fact that our whole vast country is covered with homesteads, that innumerable villages and towns are made up of independent cottages, that even many of our large cities—Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Brooklyn, being marked instances—are filled with small domiciles, that boarding-houses have as their inmates a large proportion of foreigners—all these facts are nothing. The traveler coming to New York sees under his nose a large number of hotels and boarding-houses, and immediately formulates a generalization to the effect that we are a homeless, undomestic, and consequently an immoral race of people. A similar blundering is evinced in discussions about marriage. Many people will count off a few divorce cases on their fingers, and then promptly condemn the whole institution of marriage to infamy. They cannot for the life of them, as it seems, understand the proportion between an uncounted many and a counted few.

This inability to comprehend the relation of one known instance of crime or vice to the vast number of guiltless people has many other manifestations. The testimony of the classes who collect money—ticket-sellers, conductors, etc.—is often cited as proof of prevalent dishonesty among the people. Car-conductors are in the habit, we are informed, of averring that the desire to avoid paying fare is very general. Now, we deny the competency of the witnesses. We affirm that as a rule they are ignorant, suspicious, coarse-grained, incapable of sifting and verifying their own experiences; that they substitute rough guessing for careful analysis; that they accept exceptional cases as representative ones: and further we are convinced that a little cross-examination would scatter their so-called testimony to the winds. Let one of these fellows be pushed to the wall; let him be asked how many passengers he carries a day, how many each trip, how many of these, not drunkards nor tramps, unequivocally attempt to avoid payment—and the result of these inquiries, skillfully put, would astonish the off-hand accuser.

Nothing is more evident than that people as a rule have a very rough idea of proportion in all social phenomena, and that a great deal of the scandal and accusation current in the world arises from this fact. To see accurately, weigh evidence understandingly, and judge judiciously, are very rare qualities; were this more common, at least half of the world's judgments and opinions would be essentially modified.

It is a maxim of the economists that wages under pressure of competition will always gravitate toward the lowest point under which life can be maintained. So far as economists simply aver in this a fact in the history of labor, no one can gainsay them; but if this maxim is the expression of a necessary fact—if it really be true that the laborer is to be sustained from the products of his labor only to the extent of maintaining the strength out of which these products come—then our civilization needs a radical recasting. But are we right, here in America especially, in assuming this theory to be necessarily true? Are we right in so conducting affairs that it becomes true? Is it not possible for justice, fairness, consideration, that large policy which looks forward to ends remote as well as to ends near, to greatly modify the severe operation of rigid economic law? If the mass of mankind must remain forever wretched drudges, miserably fed, housed, and clothed, compelled to ceaseless labor, deprived of every hope for a brighter future, forced down by a mysterious Juggernaut into the dust, then there has been no progress of civilization worth anything, and Christianity, Freedom, Brotherhood, Enlightenment, Education, are but idle names.

They are not idle names, however, in thousands of things; but they seem to vanish into air when some great industrial question is violently agitating the public mind. Every class of the community, every individual in the community, exists largely by the sufferance of other classes or other individuals. Rigid economic laws do not determine the status, the rewards, the prosperity of any, unless we except the great wage-class. Presidents of corporations, superintendents, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, secretaries, book-keepers, merchants, clerks, these classes are not usually paid under the strict law of competition, and do not hold their places or receive their fees simply at the prices which outside people will consent to accept. A railway brakeman must work for seventy-five cents a day because there is a host of idle fellows who will compete for his place at any price that will save them from absolute starvation; that is, these brakemen must not be permitted to earn their loaf a day because there are starved others who will do the work for half a loaf a day! How would all the well-paid clerical people in every city like to hold their positions under such a pressure as this? And yet this is what is exacted of the laboring class. Old service is to go for nothing; proved fidelity does not count; experience is not considered of market price; nothing weighs in favor of him in possession against the needs and promises of outside claimants. At the best, laborers are not overpaid in any pursuit; and if the tenure of their places must always be uncertain, their earnings continually pressed down to the lowest point, we create not only a discontented but a reckless and dangerous class. Political economy covers only half the field; it asserts how certain forces operate, but it is obvious that certain factors may step in to mitigate the harshness of these laws.

For our part we do not believe that the recent widespread and disastrous railway strikes could have occurred had there been justice and right-doing on the part of the companies. Men inflamed with a sense of injustice are very apt in their resentment to go to excesses; it is indispensable that these excesses should be brought under restraint. It will not do for a moment to permit violence, to allow laborers to dictate by force the prices they shall be paid, to sanction organizations that attempt in unlawful ways to obtain their ends. But while men of ease and position are uttering economic maxims to the work-people, and telling them how inevitable it is that labor, like commodities, must be bought at the lowest possible price, we prefer to address ourselves to that upper class—the class which supplies capital, controls and directs labor—and call it to account for its share in the recent mischief. These gentlemen should see that, unless labor receives its fair reward, unless it is elevated by training, education, and living wages, unless it can enjoy in some just measure its share of the wealth it helps to produce, the future of America will be one of anarchy, of discontented classes, of degraded peasantry; and all the once fair promises of our land come to naught. That is not the happiest land which has the most wealth; the happiest land is that where wealth is the best distributed, where labor is fairly rewarded, where the operations of so-called economic laws are modified by the interposition of such human factors as justice and brotherhood. Those who employ labor, moreover, are morally bound to consider the nature of the material, just as the engineer must be governed by the conditions of steam—they should understand its ignorance, its inflammability, its needs, its deprivations, and its ambitions, and govern with that flexible and watchful law of administration that human nature as well as natural forces exact. Wise leadership rather than arbitrary law will save us from events like those in our recent history.

Are we to go on through all the far future accumulating wealth for the few, and doing nothing to ameliorate the condition of the many? Are our great railways, our extensive mines, our immense mills, to be nothing more than devices to centralize wealth, with no thought among those who control them for the welfare of the toilers who labor night and day for their behoof? Instead of pressing down wages to the lowest point, great corporations should do everything in their power to lift up their work-people, to give them as good wages as profits permit, to promote their comfort and welfare by encouraging coöperation among them, to enlist their zeal and pride, to open ways of preferment; they should stand toward their work-people in some other attitude than that of mere purchasers of muscle, or else they will be sure to reap disorder, insecurity, hatred, and other evils more serious.

WHATEVER the political or military importance of Asia Minor to the Russians, it is of some interest to note that within the limits of their hoped-for conquests in

Asiatic Turkey are very many places of august and memorable traditions in the world's history. For the Turk's possessions east of the Bosphorus include the scenes of many momentous events. If the Russian at last succeeds in conquering them, he will have won what the Crusaders failed to do after an effort which lasted two centuries. The Christians will rule in the Holy Land. With such a conquest, not only Bethlehem and Damascus, Mount Sinai and the banks of the Jordan, but Jerusalem itself, will be crowned by the banners of the Cross. Mount Ararat, too, whence may be said to have grown forth the parent trunk of the religions alike of the Jew, the Mohammedan, and the Christian, would fall into Muscovite hands.

But the historical value of their conquests would not be confined to Palestine and the holy places—to the sacred spots once familiar with the footsteps, voice, and deeds of Christ. Much nearer Constantinople, their battalions would find themselves, perhaps camping on, at least treading, the classic soil of the Troad. Besika Bay, whither the British fleet was lately sent from Greece, is the very inlet, we are assured, where the much feeble barks of Agamemnon, King of Argos, and Menelaus, his brother-in-law, put in, freighted with the doughty Greeks, who were destined to besiege Priam's city. The Russians may find it romantic to bivouac within the excavations of Dr. Schliemann; at all events, the czar could not but feel a thrill of pride at adding to his dominions a site so famous and so consecrated to the veneration of man by the greatest of epics.

In another direction his acquisitions would be scarcely less interesting to the respecter of historical remains. In the long and lovely valley of the Euphrates—that valley by which, we may fairly infer, the Russian hopes one day to penetrate to the Persian Gulf, and thus find at once a *point d'appui* whence, sooner or later, to attack India, and an outlet for that Oriental commerce which he hopes to monopolize—in that valley are ruins as suggestive of mighty traditions, of titanic warriors, of colossal power and arrogant wealth, as any that still remain to attest the towering pride of man. The still stately ruins of Nineveh would become his, and the still not wholly revealed remains of haughty Babylon.

Another famed city of old, now sunk in sloth and decay, would become a portion of his victory. To all who have read—and to be pitied is he or she who has not, in childhood or youth—"The Arabian Nights," the name of Bagdad will always fall pleasantly and romantically upon the ear. As the city of the good Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, it is dear to the millions who have greedily devoured those marvelous tales. Bagdad, too, would become Russian. The birthplace of Homer, as well as the memorable scene of his Iliad, would pass from the Moslem to the Christian; and Aleppo, and other once great and thriving seaports of the eastern Mediterranean, together with Cyprus, that realm of romance and beauty, would change hands.

To the antiquary and archæologist this transfer of the dominion of the teeming East would be welcome.

It is probable that under Russian rule obstacles would no longer be put in the way of those researches and excavations which will some day bring to light many marvels of those departed empires, and make us more familiar with the men of old. We should probably see the walls of Jerusalem wholly revealed; the secrets beneath the soil of Babylon would become open facts; and in many places, now held as a sealed book by Turkish jealousy and dog-in-the-manger obstinacy, revelations would result from the indefatigable toils of new Schliemanns and Cesnolas illuminating periods intensely interesting to modern Christendom, as being periods during which the faith of the Christian was founded and nourished. Thus the present war may bring its contribution to learning, gained, however, at a terrible and cruel cost.

It would be a curious speculation to estimate the number of people who gain their livings by ministering to the human vanity and passion to improve the personal appearance. At least one-half of quackdom must be employed, if not in "beautifying forever," at least in removing deformities and enabling men and women to present a false front to the world. Civilization is the prolific mother of new trades and enterprises; and not the least curious among the shifts by which the ingenious put money in their purses are those which profess to remould that in the human form which Nature has left unsightly, imperfect, or inconvenient. An ingenious and speculative French doctor lately announced that by a process of shampooing he could reduce obesity the most distressing to not only convenient but comely proportions. The French, if we may credit an old English maxim, used to be regarded as a slender race; but it appears that there are corpulent Gauls, sighing, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" and ready to welcome with open arms a successful melting of it. Be it observed that the doctor's task was a far more difficult one than the art which is its exact counterpart. To fill out what Mantalini rather pathetically called "a demed outline," to fatten thinness, to round off the hollows of cadaverousness, is, to be sure, a matter requiring taste and exactness, and an artistic eye to proportion and to the due importance of the curve as a line of beauty.

Yet it is easy to see that such an art may be and is cultivated to a high degree of perfection. The skillful maker-up of the human form is dismayed by no sudden failure of flesh; no hollow defies his ability to fill out and round off; he can turn death-like pallor and bilious yellowness into the fresh and rosy hue of youth; he can make the veriest skeleton into a Falstaff or a Henry VIII., wipe the wrinkles from age; nay, he can make a Prussian grenadier of a dwarf, and a giant of a ghost.

But the most artful of stage makers-up find a limit when they come to transform a subject which is unfortunately all too fat; no amount of painting, lacing, costuming, can reduce the too solid flesh; and the actor must be brave who, being fat, ventures upon the rôle of a gloomily-romantic *Hamlet* or a sentimental *Romeo*. The French doctor, however, was sure of his shampoo-

ing; and a certain "celebrated and charming actress," Mademoiselle Montaland, full of *esprit*, of histrionic fire and sentimentality, with a face that, properly reduced, would undoubtedly be more than comely, but balked of her ambition by an ever-increasing stoutness, appealed confidently to his assistance. Fatness is unheroic; where in all history is a really fat hero—or in romance either? Byron seriously injured his health trying to keep thin; Napoleon only became fat when he had ceased to be heroic. Mademoiselle Montaland therefore submitted herself to the shampooing process of the doctor; she went through it day by day for weeks; but the flesh melted not, and, after she had submitted to the "method" two hundred and fifty times, the scales showed no diminution of flesh. The doctor sued her for five hundred dollars; in defense, Mademoiselle Montaland showed herself in court, and convinced the jury beyond peradventure that she was as fat as ever; and the doctor lost his case. So, if the lady did not lose her flesh, at least neither did she her lawsuit. If her example could induce people the world over not to confide too easily in extraordinary methods of altering the law which Nature has ordained for the body of each, it would not have been given to the world in vain. But it is to be feared that the vanity of our kind is incorrigible. As long as people are so bent on looking well that they will submit to tortures from which the early Christians might have shrunk, in order to get rid of or to alter an unsightly feature, all sorts of quackery will thrive upon their credulity.

THE seeker after summer pleasures need not be at a loss where to go or how he may amuse himself in these days of minute detail in the way of advice and instruction in the magazines and papers; or rather perhaps he will be perplexed by the very *embarras de richesses* in counsel which on every hand meets his eye. The guide-book; the seductive advertisement, eloquent in promises; the alluring illustrated paper, idealizing the sports of the country and the scenery of favorite haunts—supply him with more than ample materials for choice, both as to the place of his sojourn and as to the manner of spending his time after he has ensconced himself in it. But, after all this bewildering wealth of information, the wise

man who seeks in vacation that true, restful pleasure which best recuperates and best fits for the resumption of his world-work, will be shy of trusting to the taste and experience of others. If he is so situated that he can be selfish—if he is not obliged, in conjugal or parental decency, to take madame to Long Branch or the girls to Saratoga—he will do better not to bind himself to any cast-iron plan at all, or set out upon any venture for vanity's sake, or in search of pleasure with which he is not already familiar.

A man enjoys himself best who simply drifts to the place most suited to his taste, and permits the current of events to bring him his favorite sports; who lets these come upon him as a sudden thought, or as suggested by some occurrence arising without his volition. People who go to one place because it is fashionable, to another to say that they have been there, to a third to essay a sport for which they really have no taste, but into which they have been seduced by a glowing description or the importunities of an enthusiastic friend, are very likely to have, after all, a dreary time of it. So, too, let the angler or the sportsman, who has already enjoyed the delights of beating the forest or depopulating the brook, not be in too much haste to change his system, because somebody has assumed to become a *doctrinaire* in the pages of a periodical on the subject of trout-fishing or partridge-shooting. Too much system in an amusement is very apt to spoil it. We are reminded of this by several articles that have recently appeared on the subject of trout-fishing. This, to thousands, is the most delightful and refreshing of all sports; but it is becoming, what with strange devices of tackle, method, and piscatorial learning, a fearfully complicated science. Izaak Walton would surely laugh to scorn much of the painfully-detailed instruction that is thrust upon the bewildered wight who simply desires to "go a-fishing" as a matter of recreation and reverie, and who looks with something like dread upon the necessity of making a complicated business of catching a trout. He will do better to ignore all scientific instruction; to cut his forest-pole without fear; to bait his hook confidently in the way his own experience has suggested; and, catching such fish as he may without too much trouble or skill, to go home contentedly and eat them.

Books of the Day.

FEW men in any walk of life have been the subject of such conflicting estimates as the late Edwin Forrest. By the great body of his admirers he was vociferously pronounced the greatest, most powerful, and most impressive actor that ever donned the buskin; while throughout his career a small but influential portion of the refined public always maintained that, though gifted with commanding original force, he was deficient in artistic finish; and a still larger class, made up partly of personal enemies and detractors, assailed him with every species of ridicule, and affected to consider him a mere vulgar ranter, whose robust *physique*, stentorian

lungs, and brazen self-assertion, constituted his only claims to professional notice. At the very time when he was the recipient of public dinners, medals, orations, and such honors as have never been accorded to an actor before or since, he was persistently attacked as an injury to the stage, and declared to be "a false leader, an oppression, a bad model, and a corrupter of the popular taste." Now that he has gone, however, and it is realized what a gap his absence has left on our stage, the sober second thought of the community is making its way, and it would now be generally conceded that, if not entitled to a place in the slender ranks of the very best

interpreters of the dramatic art, he was incomparably the greatest actor that America has produced.

Nor was this diversity of view confined to his professional qualities; his private character was for many years the subject of general and acrimonious discussion. In many circles where he was personally unknown he was commonly described as a selfish and unprincipled despot, a man of coarse and low tastes, a violent ruffian, a sordid accumulator of wealth, valuing his art only as a means of personal enrichment and glorification, and a haughty despiser of his theatrical brothers and sisters; while his intimate friends and associates were equally zealous in declaring him to be a cultivated, scrupulous, and high-toned gentleman, a man of remarkable intellectual vigor and tender sensibilities as well as of violent passions, a devoted friend if an unrelenting enemy, lavishly generous to any person or object that appealed to his sympathies, with the keenest pride in his profession, and a lofty standard of professional attainment.

These conflicting opinions were freely expressed as well before as after Forrest's death, and have done much to confuse the public judgment; but at last, in Mr. Alger's authorized biography,¹ we have abundant materials for an accurate and impartial estimate. It was announced immediately after Forrest's death that Mr. Alger had been designated as his biographer, and would enter at once upon his task, and considerable impatience has been felt at the long-protracted delay in its performance; but, aside from Mr. Alger's plea of ill-health, the work itself carries abundant evidence that it could not have been the result of hasty preparation and rapid composition. Four years is none too much time to bestow upon two such plethoric volumes, which, besides an extraordinarily copious and painstaking narrative of Forrest's private and professional life, include profound and scholarly treatises on the origin, character, and uses of the dramatic art, on the theory and philosophy of the stage, on the various schools and types of acting, on the true standard of dramatic criticism, on the professional character of the player and his relation to other professions, and on the future of the drama; to say nothing of countless comments and observations on every topic of human interest, from the reality of a future life and the philosophy of marriage to the nature of rheumatism and the principles of physical culture. There is material enough in the volumes for at least three separate and independent works; and perhaps it would have been wiser for Mr. Alger and more satisfactory to his readers if he had made such a distribution. No cultured and appreciative student of the dramatic art would be willing wholly to discard the essays on the subjects we have enumerated, and to a few they will prove the most valuable and permanently attractive features of the work; but even these few will be disposed to resent the manner in which they are interpolated into the biography proper, while many readers who would have been delighted with Mr. Alger's vivid and brilliant narrative of Forrest's life will be discouraged and repelled by the voluminousness of the work and by the scholarly learning with which a great part of it is filled. It is no sufficient answer to this to say that the work is not addressed to such readers; for its avowed object is to clarify and perpetuate the name and fame of Edwin Forrest, and it is an unquestionable fact that nine-tenths of those whose approbation and applause gave Forrest his reputation would be utterly indif-

ferent to Mr. Alger's theories and nice scientific distinctions, and could under no circumstances be induced to read them. We greatly fear that the very conscientiousness and laboriousness with which Mr. Alger has performed his work will go far to defeat its main object; and we take the liberty of suggesting to him that, when the book in its present form has reached the natural limits of its audience, it will be highly desirable that a popular edition, divested of the essays that now distract the attention and break the continuity of the narrative, should be offered to that large "general public" which can be easily interested in the life of Forrest as a man and in his career as an actor, but which cannot be induced to bear the stress of thought which Mr. Alger lays upon his readers in his elaborate discussions of the principles, methods, and philosophy, of the dramatic art. Seldom has the life of any man been told in such vivid, impressive, and opulent language, and the narrative portions of the work, presented separately from the rest, would delight all classes of readers, who would be attracted as much by the beauty of the style as by the interest of the story.

Regarding the biography as a whole we may say that it partakes of the character of its subject, in that its merits and defects are alike on a conspicuous and striking scale. It would be easy to criticise it, and to point out several particulars in which the author seems to have transcended any rational theory of a biographer's function; but, in despite of all faults, it is the most brilliant and imposing literary monument ever erected to the memory of an actor.

SOCIAL satire, rather than story-telling proper, is the predominant motive of Turgénieff's "*Virgin Soil*,"¹ which is a novel only in form. In substance it is a typical history of the origin, development, and defeat, of one of those abortive conspiracies against the Government and the existing social order which are so frequent in Russia, as in all despotic countries; and its interest as well as its value arises chiefly from the extraordinary vividness with which it depicts the complicated structure, the rigid stratification, the antagonistic interests, and the chronic grievances, of Russian society. In this respect, "*Virgin Soil*" is a by no means unimportant complement to Mr. Wallace's illuminating work; though Turgénieff approaches the subject from a view-point totally different from that of an impartial and dispassionate describer. His object is to awaken the national conscience, to expose shortcomings and abuses, to lash ignorance and folly, and to confound the fools of various orders by showing them how pitiful they look when judged by a nobler and broader standard than that which they so complacently apply; and the satire which he chooses for his instrument in this case is as poignant as the wit in his previous works has been brilliant. Nothing could exceed in artistic deftness and skill the caustic realism with which he portrays the representative classes of modern Russian society—the aggressively supercilious and graspingly selfish noble, the self-complacent and serenely stupid official, the arrogant military caste, the vulgarly egotistic and greedy merchant, the social agitators, with their mingled folly and generous enthusiasm, and, last of all, the peasants with their animal-like ignorance, sluggishness, and torpidity. For the two latter classes, Turgénieff evidently feels a cordial sympathy, notwithstanding the relentless severity with which he lays bare their

¹ Life of Edwin Forrest, the American Tragedian. By the Rev. William Rounseville Alger. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co. Two Volumes. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 864. Sold only by subscription.

¹ *Virgin Soil*. By Ivan Turgénieff. Translated, with the Author's Sanction, from the French Version, by T. S. Perry. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 315.

faults; and beneath all the biting and scorn there is a stratum of genuine feeling, which shows that he does not, like too many satirists, indulge his satire for the love of it, but uses it as an effective instrument for the accomplishment of higher good. Now and then, indeed, the denunciation loses its fierceness and takes on the tones of indignant sorrow, as in the following apostrophe, which is put in the mouth of the hero of the story: "Our people has become free, but its hand, as of yore, hangs powerless by its side. Nothing, nothing is changed. In one respect alone have we surpassed Europe, Asia, the whole world. No, my dear fellow-countrymen have never slept so terrible a sleep. Every one is asleep: everywhere in the village, the city, in the *talaga*, the sleigh, day and night, sitting and standing—the merchant, the *tchinovnik* sleeps; in his tower sleeps the watchman, under the cold of the snows, beneath the heat of the sun. And the criminal sleeps and the judge slumbers; the peasants are sleeping the sleep of death; they gather in the harvest, they toil in the fields—they sleep; they thrash the corn, still sleeping; father, mother, and children, all asleep. He who beats and he who is beaten, both sleep. The tavern alone is awake, its eye always open. And, clasping between its five fingers a jug of brandy, its head toward the north-pole, its feet at the Caucasus, sleeps in an eternal sleep—Russia, the holy country!"

Of course, in a work with a purpose such as we have indicated, the story is a comparatively subordinate matter; yet in the present case the story is not without interest of itself, and it is told with the author's characteristic power, and ease, and finish. The end is penetratingly sad and tragic, but it is not depressing, and the book is, on the whole, less calculated to cause us to despond than is customary with Turgénieff's stories. For one thing the hero is actuated by higher motives than usual—his very failure is a kind of triumph; and he does what we had almost concluded that Turgénieff held to be impossible—namely, resists successfully the seductions of a beautiful and unprincipled woman.

It is not the least of the misfortunes of Edgar Allan Poe that, in order to rehabilitate his name and fame, his admirers appear to find it necessary to assail the character and impugn the motives of nearly everybody who had anything to do with him. It is not surprising that Dr. Griswold should be to them an object of bitter hostility. There can no longer be any doubt that Griswold not only, as was to have been expected, misunderstood and misinterpreted Poe, but grossly and shamefully calumniated him, deliberately inventing incidents and circumstances that would lend support to his view of Poe's character, and as deliberately suppressing or ignoring evidence that would seem to demand a more lenient judgment. He betrayed the trust confided in him as literary executor by traducing and vilifying a name which it was peculiarly his duty to protect; and he did this, so far as can be gathered from existing evidence, in order to gratify a mean personal spite and despicable professional envy.

It was certainly very unfortunate and not a little discreditable that the only authorized edition of Poe's works should for so long a period have been accompanied by Griswold's calumnious memoir, and the character of that memoir should undoubtedly be exposed and denounced as long as any one shows any symptoms of being misled by it; but it is painful to find that Mr. W. F. Gill's long-heralded "Life of Poe" has been com-

pletely spoiled by a misconception of the manner in which such an exposure can be most effectually made. Through many portions of the volume it is difficult to decide whether the author's primary intent is to narrate the life of Poe or to vituperate Griswold, and the whole tone of the work is vulgarized and lowered by the incessant recurrence to a subject that is rendered doubly disagreeable by the manner of treating it. The proper way and the only way to discredit and supersede Griswold's "lying memoir" is to provide a new, authentic, and obviously trustworthy biography of Poe—a biography which shall satisfy by the fairness and frankness of its tone as well as by the completeness of its information; but Mr. Gill is as misleading in one direction as Griswold is in another, and perhaps with less excuse. Nothing can be gained at this late day by attempting to ignore or palliate the undeniable vices and weaknesses of Poe's character and conduct. If his fame has steadily grown and widened in spite of Griswold's misrepresentations, it can certainly now stand a plain presentment of the truth; and in one whose faults wrought chiefly his own hurt, the public would readily forgive even if it could not extenuate.

This is the chief fault of Mr. Gill's work, but it is by no means the only one. He is disingenuous from beginning to end, and not seldom urges propositions which the judgment of a child would reject, and which are an insult to the intelligence of his readers. As a characteristic specimen of this disingenuousness, we may cite his treatment of that melancholy episode in Poe's life, when, after issuing prospectuses of his new magazine, *The Stylus*, he went to Washington, on money furnished by his partner, to enlist the support of the President, cabinet officers, and other public men, in behalf of his enterprise. The plain facts are, that he succumbed to a debauch immediately after reaching Washington, wrote false statements to his partner, never saw the President or any other respectable men, and had to be taken away by his friends in order to save him from utter disgrace. All these facts appear in Mr. Gill's narrative or in the letters which he is compelled to insert, and yet he has the audacity to intimate that it was the harsh and unsympathetic reception he met that drove him to drink, and to say, "There is little reason to doubt that his failure to secure the influential support so essential to his material success was mainly due to the jealous, unappreciative atmosphere of the politicians among whom he vainly worked!" Nor is this by any means a solitary instance. While obliged to admit that Poe indulged periodically in furious debauches, and that nothing could restrain him from these, Mr. Gill resents any intimation that they injuriously influenced his professional career, and seems disposed to throw upon society at large the blame for Poe's failure and sufferings. Another serious defect of the book arises from the author's reluctance or neglect to give dates. There are several important and disputed questions concerning Poe's career which a few easily-ascertained dates would effectually settle, but Mr. Gill here, as elsewhere, requires us to take his bare assertion.

There are a few fresh facts and some interesting *ana* and letters in Mr. Gill's book, and these constitute its principal claim to favorable notice. As a collection of "Poe material" it will prove useful to the future biographer, but no one will accept it as an adequate delineation of the most subtle and perplexing genius that has arisen in American letters.

It would hardly be premature to say that the "No-Name Series" has substantially failed to fulfill the an-

¹ The Life of Edgar Allan Poe. By William F. Gill. Illustrated. Boston: W. F. Gill & Co. 12mo, pp. 315.

nouncement that its contents would be from the pens of "eminent authors"—eminent authors, probably, being not indisposed to reap the advantages of an established name and fame; but it has certainly been remarkably successful in enlisting new talent. "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" we take to have been, if not precisely the work of a 'prentice-hand, at least the first serious attempt of the author in the peculiar field of fiction which it illustrates, and as such was quite worthy of the attention which it attracted; "Deirdrè," though it has been absurdly overpraised, reached above the dead level of current verse; "Kismet" fulfilled almost all the conditions of a deserved popularity; and now in the latest volume of the series we have a work from an unfamiliar and probably new hand, which is decidedly noteworthy as an achievement and of still more decided promise. "Afterglow"¹ derives a somewhat factitious freshness and interest from the circumstance of its scene being laid in Dresden, and from the chief members of its *dramatis personæ* being taken from the "American colony" there and its native hangers-on; but the distinguishing merits of the story are quite independent of its accessories, appropriate and well-imagined as these are, and lie in the dramatic force and delicate insight of the character-drawing, and in a nameless originality and piquancy of style. Though the author is probably a novice in such work, he has a well-justified confidence in his own powers and predilections, and makes no pretense of bowing to conventional methods and models. The dominant psychological school has had small influence upon him, and he portrays in a paragraph the varied gradations of a mental process to the delineation of which most current fiction-writers would devote whole chapters and then leave it with reluctance. It is a story in which the analysis of motive and the representation of resultant action are adjusted to each other with something of the skill and artistic sense of proportion that characterize the best French fiction, or that may be observed in Fielding's work, though in other respects there is little affinity between our author's method and that of Fielding. In one respect, indeed, there is complete contrast; for the refinement of thought and luminous grace of style in "Afterglow" often suggest the idea that the author is a woman—an idea that would seem to be confirmed by the fact that the female personages of the story are much better drawn than the male. Such is not the conclusion, however, that the reader will extract from the work as a whole; a more plausible inference is that the author has recently participated in student-life at Dresden, and has surveyed with a keen eye both the manners and characters of the natives and those of the several foreign colonies that for various reasons have congregated in the little Saxon capital.

Somewhat we get the impression that "Afterglow" is a mere episode in the performance of one who will devote himself to more serious and solid work; but if the impulse which produced it should prove to be a genuine natural bent, we make bold to predict that the book marks the advent of a new and original force in American fiction.

THE decided promise held out by Miss Butt in "Miss Molly" is hardly fulfilled in "Eugénie,"² which is in several respects a much less satisfactory work. There is

the same naïve freshness of treatment, and the same sparkling grace of style, but in her first work the author was dealing with scenes and characters with which she was familiar, and to which, therefore, she could impart an individual and distinctive flavor, while in "Eugénie" she is exploring an unfamiliar field, and substituting "types" for persons. The scene of the story is laid in France, and Miss Butt evidently knows nothing of France, or at least not enough to enable her to give local color to Tourville, which might just as plausibly have been placed in England, or Italy, or the United States. The introduction of a German in contrast or rivalry with a Frenchman only serves to show that her idea of the difference between the two nationalities is that a German is good-natured, and boyish, and hearty, while a Frenchman is formal, and punctilious, and mature; and the two young ladies, though pleasing, and natural, and gracious, as all Miss Butt's feminine creations are, are not French at all, but unmistakably English. Fortunately, however, whatever of dramatic interest the story possesses is not at all dependent upon the *locale* or nationality of the actors in it; and it is only when we perceive that the author has seriously attempted to portray French character and modes of life that we have any sense of failure. Perhaps the gravest artistic blemish upon "Eugénie," in comparison with "Miss Molly," is that in it the author has strayed from the easy highway of social portraiture, and striven to penetrate the lurid mazes of tragedy and passion. This ground is not only unfamiliar to her, but absolutely unknown, and the book is haunted by pale ghosts of wrong and dim shadows of retribution—such conceptions of "sin" as might be evolved from the consciousness of a young girl whose idea of the world—its wickedness and its wretchedness—is drawn from her own innocent heart. Miss Butt is evidently very young, and as innocent and artless as one of her own gentle heroines.

THE reader who, fresh from his trip through the Holy Land and the Levant, with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, takes up Mr. T. G. Appleton's "Syrian Sunshine,"³ will be apt to institute comparisons between the two works which will be somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter, though in reality, read in this way, one following close upon the other, they have the zest of contrast. Without partaking in any sense of the character of a guide-book, Mr. Warner's book is sufficiently detailed in its descriptions for all the purposes of the stay-at-home reader, and will subserve nearly all the requirements of the traveler; Mr. Appleton hardly indulges at all in objective description, and his book is evidently a reproduction, after a considerable interval, of the more salient impressions left upon his mind by the tour of Palestine and Syria, from Joppa to Jerusalem, and back again to the coast by way of the Sea of Galilee, Damascus, and Beyrout, together with the thoughts suggested by these impressions. We catch no glimpse of anything except through the author's own eyes, and more often than not the picture we are invited to contemplate is not that he actually looked upon but that reflected in his consciousness on a retrospective view. The book seems to be addressed rather to those who have personally made the tour, or who are familiar by reading with all the features of the scene, than to those whose conceptions are to be furnished *ab initio*; and not seldom a chapter whose title seems to promise much in the way of description is almost wholly occupied with

¹ Afterglow. No-Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 316.

² Eugénie. By Beatrice May Butt, author of "Miss Molly." Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 234.

³ Syrian Sunshine. By T. G. Appleton. Town and Country Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 308.

theological, metaphysical, or historical speculations, suggested by the name or the scene. Whatever the subject, however, the interest rarely flags, as the touch of the author is too light and glancing to permit him to become tedious. Mr. Appleton's style is vivid, and pointed, and epigrammatic, possessing the good qualities of sparkling, vivacious, and intelligent talk, rather than of formal and deliberate composition.

FOR a period considerably longer than that spent on stubborn Troy, well-informed novel-readers have enjoyed in Mr. Trollope's novels an effective antidote to the long-drawn dullness of summer days, on the homeopathic principle of curing like with like. Provided with one or two of his mildly-interesting, placid, ambling, and interminable stories, the summer lounge may contemplate with serene indifference the slow-creeping movement of the hours and the days, and if at the end of the period he is apt to feel that he has been nourished mentally on a milk-and-water diet, he can find ready consolation in the reflection that it was of a kind specially adapted to the season.* It makes little difference which of Mr. Trollope's stories may be selected. With two or three exceptions among his earlier works they are all alike, and the newly-published "American Senator"¹ will answer as well as any of its recent predecessors. The scene of this story is not laid in America, as would naturally be inferred from its title. During the entire period covered by the narrative the Senator is in England, collecting material for a lecture, and making himself ridiculous in a certain large and ponderous way which will strike the reader rather as characteristically English than American. The character of the Hon. Elias Gotobed is carefully studied, and is delineated with tireless (not to say tiresome) minuteness; but it is too exaggerated for a portrait and too serious for a mere caricature. To depict such a character successfully requires some sense of humor on the part of the author; and in this Mr. Trollope, with all his insinuating satire and delicate irony, is altogether deficient. In the Senator from the State of Mekewe he has drawn a very dull, pompous, and prosaic person, but apparently without knowing it. For the rest the story has the usual amount of tepid love-making, of veiled social satire, and of smooth small-talk, and finally comes to an end without the reader being able to see anything in the nature of things why it should not amble along in the same way forever.

WIDE reading, a retentive memory, and great fluency of style, are the distinguishing characteristics of Professor William Mathews's works—of "Hours with Men and Books"² no less than of the volumes that have preceded it. Any topic whatever is sufficient to start him off upon a string of lively comments and illustrative quotations; and the four books he has published probably contain the largest collection of literary anecdotes, epigrams, apothegms, and *jeux d'esprit*, ever brought together by a single writer. There is little originality of thought, and his remarks, though judicious and sensible,

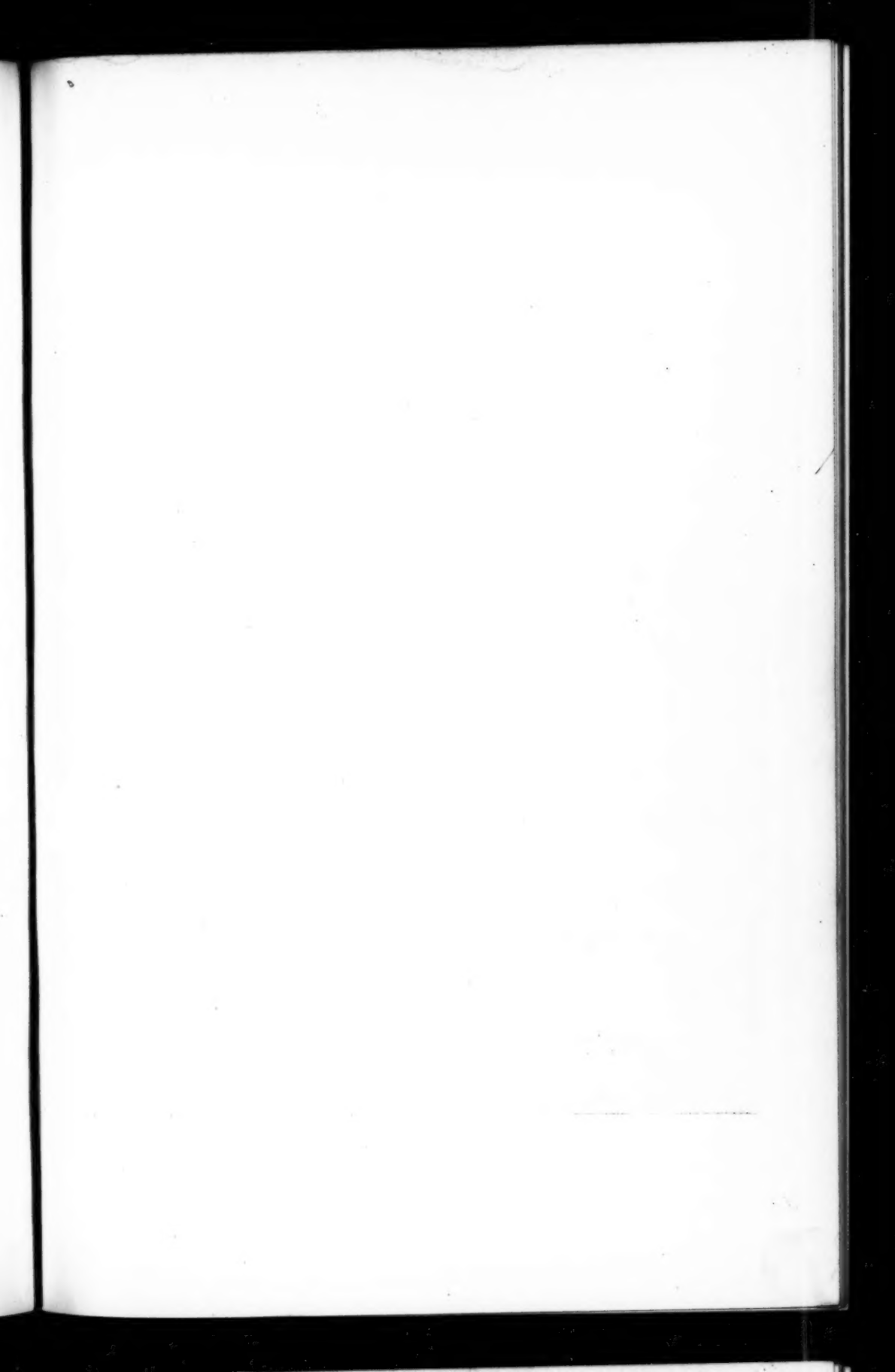
are apt to be a trifle commonplace; but he is never at a loss for an apposite story or saying, and he weaves these together with such skill that even the most familiar derive a sort of novelty from their setting. The present volume is a collection of miscellaneous essays, ranging in character from careful biographical and critical studies of Thomas De Quincey and Robert South to cursory chit-chat about "Moral Grahamism," "Book-Buying," "The Illusions of History," "Literary Triflers," "Working by Rule," and "The Morality of Good Living." A desire to furnish wholesome and refined entertainment is the inspiring motive of the greater part of the contents; but now and then the author becomes didactic, and in such papers as "Strength and Health," and "Writing for the Press," offers his public some sound and practical advice.

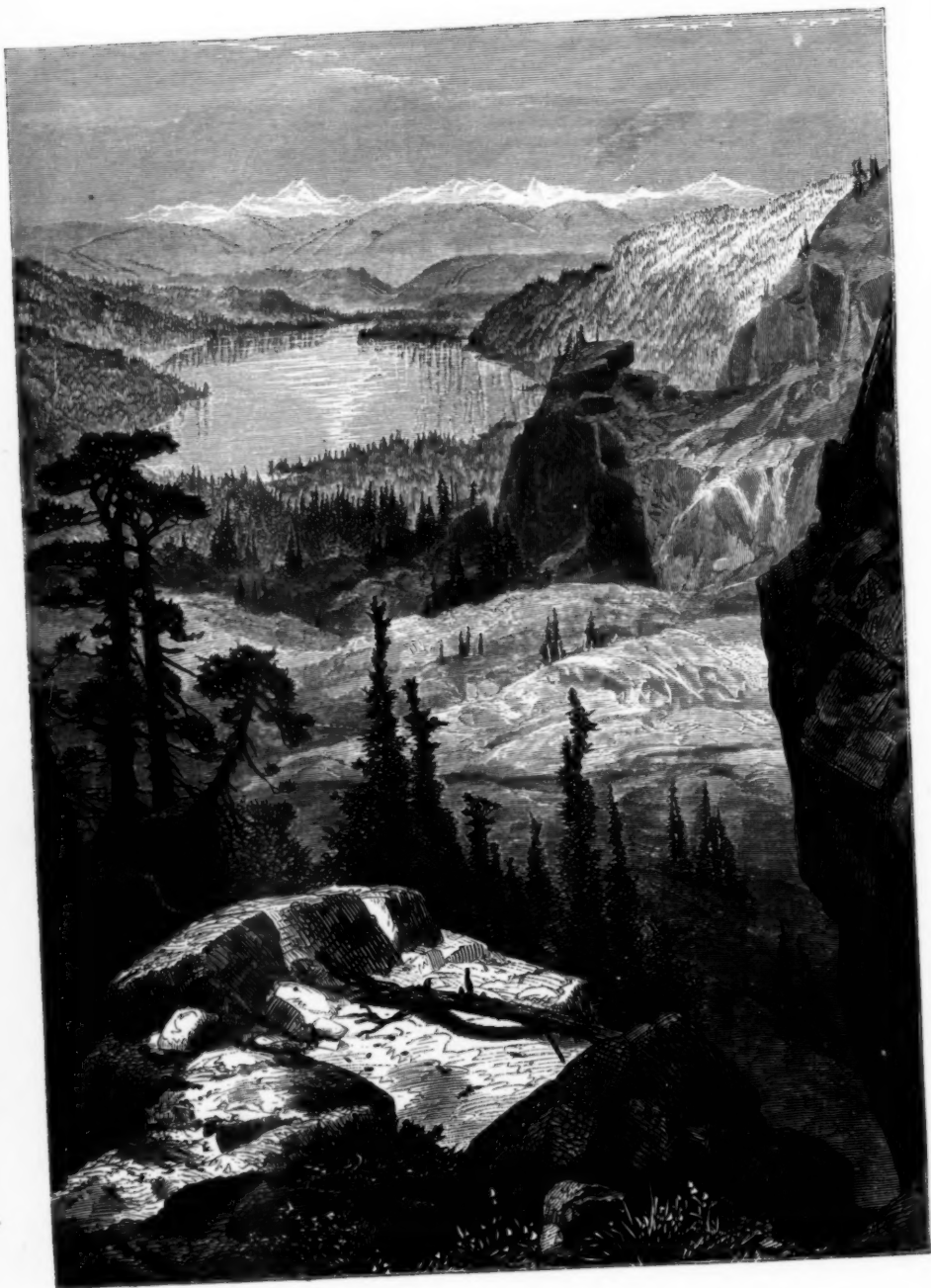
AN American Tauchnitz series—in other words, a "Collection of Foreign Authors," which shall include selections from the best current literature of France, Germany, and other European countries—the word "foreign" being used in the sense of "non-English"—has just been begun by D. Appleton & Co. The initial volume of the series is entitled "Samuel Brohl and Company,"¹ and is a translation from the French of Victor Cherbuliez. "Joseph Noirel's Revenge," the only other novel by which M. Cherbuliez is widely known to American readers, was of an intensely tragic character, and seemed to indicate that the author's forte lay in dealing with the darker and fiercer passions of human nature; but the present story is of the purely society type, and is as attractive in its easy grace and sparkling vivacity as "Joseph Noirel's Revenge" was fascinating in its gloomy but impressive delineations of the terrible workings of revenge and hate. M. Cherbuliez is a prime favorite with the cultivated and cosmopolitan readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and his stories illustrate French fiction at its highest and best. They are wholly free from that moral taint which so widely pervades current French literature; they portray domestic life in its purer and more natural aspects; they deal by preference with the arch gayety and innocence of youth rather than with the artificial vices of world-weary cynics; and they are as artistic in design, as skillful in execution, as fresh, piquant, sparkling, and vivacious in style, as the better class of French novels always are. "Samuel Brohl and Company" makes a favorable exhibit of all these qualities. Mademoiselle Moriaz is as charming and winning as one of Mrs. Oliphant's English heroines; and the social adventurer has never been more happily introduced into fiction than in the person of Samuel Brohl. The minor characters are all vividly portrayed, the descriptions are natural and effective, and the style has an indescribable pungency and wittiness which cannot be wholly lost even in translation. It is just the book for a quiet summer day, for a ride in the cars, for a snug corner in the satchel or pocket; and if appreciative friends are at hand there are many passages which one will be tempted to read aloud. In outward appearance the volume bears a general resemblance to the well-known Tauchnitz editions, but it is printed in larger type and on better paper.

¹ The American Senator. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 190.

² Hours with Men and Books. By Professor William Mathews, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 12mo, pp. 384.

¹ Collection of Foreign Authors. No. I. Samuel Brohl and Company. Translated from the French of Victor Cherbuliez. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 271.





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